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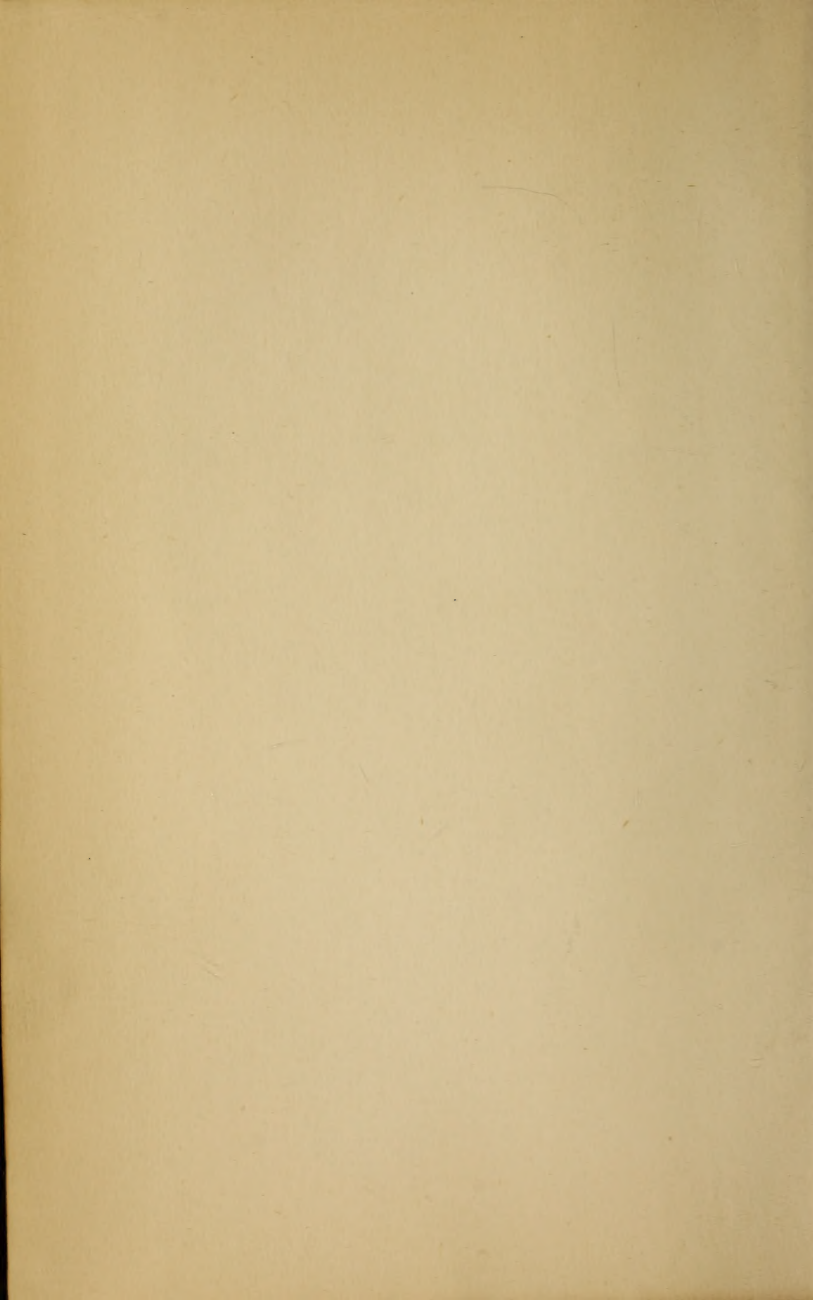
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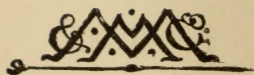
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POEMS





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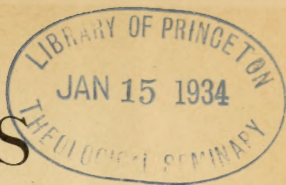
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POEMS



BY ✓✓

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER
(C. F. A.)

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY
WILLIAM ALEXANDER

D.D. OXON, LL.D. DUBLIN, D.C.L. OXON,
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH
AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

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PREFACE

I.

THE biographical portion of this Preface must necessarily be brief. Such as it is, however, it may tend to convey some notion of the circumstances by which Mrs. Alexander's life was moulded, and of the surroundings by which her poetry was tinged.

Cecil Frances Humphreys was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, a Norfolk man by birth. The Major served with distinction in the Royal Marines, and was present at the Battle of Copenhagen. He used to tell with pride how he had seen Nelson move into action and heard him cry to Captain Inman as he passed by, "Well done, Harry!" Major Humphreys became a landowner in Wicklow and Tyrone, and an extensive land-agent in the north of Ireland, where he resided for many years at

Miltown House, near Strabane. Whilst he was living at Ballykean, in the county Wicklow, a tender attachment sprang up between the Ladies Howard, daughters of the Earl of Wicklow, and Fanny and her sisters. Lady Harriet Howard in particular, a girl of much charm and talent, became a very sister of the heart to Fanny. Both these gifted natures came early under the influence of the Oxford Movement and felt constrained to spread the light that was in them. They conceived the idea of writing tracts, the prose part of which was to be contributed by Lady Harriet, whilst Fanny was to illustrate the themes with the tender and tinted pencil of poetry. For, indeed, from very early days she had "lisp'd in numbers" and supplied a weekly periodical, composed and written out in the family circle, with verses serious or comic. The tracts were published separately, began to be circulated in 1842-43, excited a good deal of observation, and were collected into a volume in 1848. In 1843 circumstances led to an event of importance in the mental and spiritual history of Fanny Humphreys. Her sister Annie (now Mrs. Maguire, widow of the Rev. John M. Maguire, rector of Kilkedy) happened to be at Leamington in 1843, where she became intimate with Miss Hook, and through her with

her brother, the famous vicar of Leeds, afterwards Dean of Chichester. Fanny visited Leamington in 1847, and for the first time at Miss Hook's house met Dr. Hook. The result was that he became the editor of her *Verses for Holy Seasons*. From this sane and masculine influence arose one of the elements which enabled her to be in a singular degree the hymnist of the whole English-speaking communion, and to appeal to all its children. There was in her an ineradicable sympathy with the great evangelical principles which in all ages and in all Churches have been the life of true religion. In her earliest years she was imbued with them by her excellent mother, and by the Hon. and Rev. William Wingfield, her first preceptor in Scripture. For many years at Strabane the deep and burning words of her beloved friend and rector, the Rev. James Smith, sank into her soul. Later on, Mr. Keble edited her *Hymns for Little Children* and endowed her with a sense of the magic, of the sacred and mysterious romance, of the Church system. But to any formidable exaggeration of this Dr. Hook supplied her with an antidote, by inspiring her with a lifelong conviction of the truth, the justice, the necessity, of the English Reformation. Of the particulars of Fanny's acquaintance with

the author of the *Christian Year*, no record has, as yet, been found among her papers. Mr. Keble edited her *Hymns for Little Children* long before she had met him. I do not quite know how the *Hymns* were brought to his notice. It may possibly have been through the eloquent and philosophical Professor W. Archer Butler—the Burke of Anglican theology—a neighbour of her family during several years of their residence at Miltown House. More probably, perhaps, the introduction came through one of the Palmer family. Lady Palmer resided near Farnborough, where Fanny was somewhat frequently a visitor and became intimate with Lady Palmer's three nieces who married three Colonial Bishops—the Bishops of New Zealand, Barbadoes, and Nova Scotia.

In October, 1850, Cecil Frances Humphreys was married in Strabane Church to the Editor of this volume, then rector of Termonamongan in the diocese of Derry, a union which was destined to last for forty-five happy years. At that time it is not the exaggeration of affection which says that she was a singularly attractive person. Her frame was lithe and active. Her face had no pretension whatever to regular beauty; but it possessed the sensitive susceptibility, the magic quickness of transition, the sacred indignation,

the flash of humour, the pathetic sweetness, with which genius endows its chosen children. The parish with which we had to deal was a wild one, with a church population of some 1,500 people, scattered over bogs and mountains for many miles. According to modern views the church was poor and mean, for the great Church movement was a distant portent, which had scarcely touched Ireland. In her own words—

“Looking down the mountain bare,
We saw the white church by the river,
And we could hear, when winds were fair,
O’er the low porch the one bell quiver.”

Her elastic step brushed the heath in all weathers, and not seldom she walked several miles to meet her husband returning from some distant tramp. It may be best here to insert a simple and beautiful letter of the present rector of Termonamongan :—

THE LATE MRS. ALEXANDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “IRISH TIMES.”

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last an article appeared from your pen on the funeral of the above-named gifted lady. In the just and noble tribute there recorded to her memory you refer to her work in the Parish of Termonamongan, County Tyrone

(not Co. Donegal, as stated), to which she came a bride in the year 1850.

Truly, as you say, "hers was not the life of the dreamy votary of verse, but was passed in the daily exercise of an exquisite sensibility for the needs and comforts of a remote Irish parish. Many a gleam of golden sunshine would she kindle as she entered a desolate home where penury and sickness struggled for the mastery. No inclemency of weather, or distance to travel, or visits of friends, were permitted to interfere with the ministrations of condolence, counsel, or charitable help."

The following facts, elicited from those who still remember Mrs. Alexander's work in the parish, fully corroborate what you have written. My churchwarden has told me of her visits to an old woman afflicted with paralysis, and, seeing that she had not sufficient bed-covering, she took off her own shawl and wrapped it around the poor sufferer. From the same source I have heard of her daily visits for six weeks to a woman suffering from cancer, and of how lovingly and tenderly she every day for those six weeks dressed the sore. Ellen Hoynes, a Roman Catholic, the woman referred to, is still living in the neighbourhood, and in all probability owes her life to the loving care then bestowed upon her.

The parish clerk still remembers her carrying soup and other nourishment to the sick and poor in the most remote parts of the parish and in the most

inclement weather, and often has he seen her returning from her ministrations of loving and practical sympathy wet through. I cannot refrain from mentioning another case differing from the above, which shows the great interest she took in all classes of the parish. She sent a man to school whose education had been somewhat neglected in his youth, and gave him a weekly allowance towards his maintenance out of her own purse, and when he had made sufficient progress Mrs. Alexander procured an appointment for him as national school teacher. As beautifully put in her exquisite hymn, "There is a green hill far away,"

She trusted in His Redeeming Blood,
And tried His works to do.

Time would fail one to tell of all her work and labour of love here. The good she did, the help afforded, her gentle, loving, self-denying ministry in this parish, will never be known "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM VERNER,
Rector of Termonamongan.

LISNACLOON HOUSE, CASTLEDERG,
22nd October, 1895.

She made and copied out, with exquisite neatness, a list of every townland in the parish, entered the names of the inmates of every house, with particulars about attendance at Sunday School, Confirmation, Holy Communion. There

is also still extant, in her hand, an analysis of a great part of Hammond's "Practical Catechism," drawn up mainly from her husband's dictation, for use in the schools. In Termonamongan, too, at Derg Lodge (kindly lent us as a residence by a relative, Sir Robert A. Ferguson, Bart., M.P.), very much of her noblest poetry was composed. During those happy and busy years, also, her eldest child was born. In 1855 we removed to the beautiful parish of Upper Fahan upon the shores of Lough Swilly. The scenery of Fahan just suited her taste and physical capacities. Her sight, which she retained with singular clearness to the last day of her life, could not take in the "farnesses" of which Isaiah speaks, the vast and distant; but the inland ocean-lake, its flashing silver belts, its dark interspaces, its tender colours, the floating clouds, the purple hills, she was observing all day long and moulding into images of beauty. Yet she was intensely practical and devoted to all the troublesome *minutiæ* of our rectory, garden, and even farm. How often have I said on returning late of an afternoon something of this sort, "Have you sold the cow? Have you shown the gardener how to prune the roses? Have you given orders to feed the pigs properly? Have you finished that poem? Yes?

then let us come into the study. Read me what you have written, and I will criticise it ferociously." At Fahan we spent five happy years, full of blessing—not least a delightful intimacy with Agnes Jones. That pure soul left her lovely home after a training at Kaiserwert to undertake the charge of training nurses in the great workhouse at Liverpool. She died there of typhus fever some years afterwards, and was buried in Fahan churchyard. Agnes Jones was decidedly evangelical, but these two holy souls loved each other for the sweet image of Christ which each saw reflected in the other. In Strabane, where we lived and worked from 1860 to 1867, there is not very much to record. She was greatly tried by the delicate health of our two sons, and we had to reside for several months at Arcachon and Bagnères-de-Bigorre. Then in 1867 came her husband's call to the Bishopric of Derry and Raphoe, at that time an opulent prelacy with extensive patronage. Here she was brought into contact with new duties and different minds. The political crusade against the Irish Church Establishment occupied our thoughts very much from 1867 to 1869. A large number of persons illustrious for station and ability came over to Ireland to see things upon the spot. It has always been said of her by those

most competent to judge that she performed all the duties of hospitality and reception with an ease and natural dignity which made her a first-rate hostess. At all times she delighted in congenial society. When she saw Bishop Wilberforce, or Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln ("Saint Christopher," as she loved to call him), her face grew radiant with pleasure. While her sympathies naturally were with those who shared her own religious convictions, she had a large measure of affection for some others. She particularly delighted in the society of Dean Stanley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Lecky,* and grew indignant when she heard a hard word spoken of any of the three. Her life was always a life of duty. While her health and strength were unbroken, there was morning service every day at the cathedral and weekly communion; in her own room, on her little table, the much-used Bible, and the little book of Bishop Andrewes' devotions. Those who know Derry know how she occupied herself with the Home for Fallen Women, to which she gave a tender and constant watchfulness, with other institutions—especially perhaps with the District Nurses'. In these

* I desire to express my gratitude to the great writer of whom Ireland is so proud, for his tender interest in this volume, and for valuable and judicious advice.

works she formed a close and tender intimacy with pious ladies not members of our Church, for whom she felt a very deep affection. Not to be forgotten were her quiet, repeated visits to very lowly homes in back streets, her tobacco and little gifts for "Old Tinny," when she was kindly welcomed by the ladies of the Nazareth Home. Her figure was familiar as she walked quickly about, with the three dogs whom she loved, on some errand of sunshine, smiling to the children at the doors as she walked by, full of gentle gaiety. Not only did she visit and instruct the poor: she was consistently anxious for the spiritual welfare of her household, and carefully catechised her maids in her own earnest, simple, downright way.

There was one peculiarity of that character to which attention should be directed. There is *one* grace which seems to be excluded from the ethics of literary people, even when they are religious—the grace of *humility*. Who ever knew a humble literary man, still less literary woman—humble, that is, within the range of literature? Even those who are otherwise humble set an enormous value upon their own performances. Few writers, perhaps, have ever been so free from this as Fanny Alexander. When she wrote, she wrote often, of course,

because an overmastering idea possessed her, and she could not rest until she had expressed it in verse. Her preparation of her work was conscientious to the verge of severity. Her use of words was most thoughtfully considerate. She could have made her own the great sentence—"The more like the style is to the thought, the thought to the soul, and the soul to God, the better." No exigencies of rhyme or number of syllables could make her condescend to mutilate the integrity of her idea. No apparent claim of rhythm or language or imagery could plead effectually with her for retention when her clear and severe judgment told her that its continued existence would impair the precision and accuracy of the conveyance of her thought. She tolerated no patches of glaring poppies in her cornfield. She was rather impatient generally of a supposed verbal improvement suggested from without. "You see what I want to say is just so-and-so, *not* something else. But your suggestion *does* say something else." Partly for this reason she disliked, with amusing intensity, changes made in hymns to suit a fitful fancy or to humour party spirit. She looked upon the thing as literary sacrilege—sacrilege against the dead in that which was best and noblest of them. When her

work was once done she did not trouble herself much about its fate. Many of her noblest hymns were written for one particular occasion, used once only, and perhaps never thought of again by her. Many lovely poems were written to please a friend, or to soothe a sorrower. To applause she was more utterly deaf than any one I have ever met. Again and again I have read to her words of lofty, of almost impassioned, commendation from men of genius or holiness, of rank and position. She listened without a remark and looked up almost with a frown. Last year some good man (I think an English Nonconformist minister) sent me a little tract. It contained a history (for whose truth the writer vouched) of a great change in the heart and life of a very worldly man. He happened to hear the hymn, "There is a green hill far away," exquisitely sung. That became the fountain of a new feeling, the creator of new yearnings, the starting-point of a new life. Mrs. Alexander almost sprang from her chair, looked me in the face, and said: "Thank God! I do like to hear *that*."

Next to her *humility* I should place her perfect *truth*. St. John speaks of "*doing* the truth." The realm of *truth*, in his conception, is not limited to language, written or articulate. It

extends to thoughts, to the whole life. Right action is truth made objectively visible. Affection is, therefore, at root a lie, and a very complicated lie. Sentimentality is either an ostentatious display of ill-regulated emotion or a theatrically made claim to a feeling which we really do not possess. To be treated as a poetess on the pose, and honoured by a scented *douche* of "gush," was abhorrent from her love of perfect sincerity. "Don't you yearn on starlit nights to be upon the Alps, high above the earth, on the line of the eternal snow?" Such, or such-like, was the question addressed by a sentimental visitor to Mrs. Alexander at a five o'clock tea. "*No*," was the downright answer, not angry, but half amused, yet sharp and distinct.

This character—based and moulded upon the best teaching of the original Oxford Movement with its profound psychology of the passive emotions and insight into the danger of playing upon them—with its severe self-analysis, its rigid reserve, its dislike of self-exhibition—might be thought unlikely to win love. It certainly would make it almost impossible to paint her as the heroine of a religious biography of the ordinary kind. Even her letters contain few expressions of religious emotion, beyond hints

full of significance to those who knew her intimately. It may be that lofty characters, like lofty hills, must have their line of snow and their caverns of ice. Yet by degrees the saint-hood, almost purposely concealed, came out. The hidden odour made its way through the cloth in which it was wrapped. From one poor home to another; from one bed of sickness to another; from one sorrower to another—there gradually spread an impression that the life of that quiet, ladylike woman was hid with Christ in God: that, as she possessed genius, which is the sanctity of talent, so she possessed sanctity, which is the genius of goodness; that Christ was with her and in her in some beautiful and marvellous way. And all the time she was a strict Prayer-Book Christian of the old-fashioned kind. It had moved her to sorrow when, in the days of "Revision" in Ireland, she had feared to see some of its principles suppressed or disowned—a fear quite removed at last. It moved her to indignation when she saw Church principles caricatured or travestied (as she thought) by extravagance. Personally, without in the least condemning or disliking choral celebration of the Holy Communion, she rather preferred the plainer service. To non-communicating attendance she was opposed. Her

husband never saw her so near hysterical emotion as when at a celebration at a Congress in a very "High" church she was prevented from communicating by the announcement (rubrical, no doubt, in a way) that no one would be received as a communicant who had not sent in notice the day before. But she was sacramental to the roots of her being, with a reverence at once sweet and awful for a great gift and a sacred mystery. She loved a large beauty in public worship, but absolutely disliked pedantic and unreal absorption in the *minutiæ* of the service, or the enforcement of a ceremonial distasteful to the worshippers generally. But she was a Churchwoman through and through, reading Scripture, and repeating the Psalms daily according to the Church's use, and attending daily service, until health and strength began to fail; then going over it partly in private, partly with her family. Up to her last illness she was a weekly communicant. If ever there had been anything hard or rigid in her religion, it softened as years went on, and as her life brought her much into contact with pious Non-conformists, especially Presbyterians—"Dear, good people!" she would say; "how kind they are to me, how ready to give for Christ's sake! I *do* like them." One therefore might have been

more prepared for the extraordinary manifestation of love upon the day of her funeral. It reminded one of what is sometimes told of the death of Italian saints—suddenly, quietly, noiselessly, from house to house, from heart to heart, the announcement spreads—"she will be buried to-day, the beloved of the poor." Upon the coffin, covered simply with purple pall, with plain cross embroidered in white, countless wreaths were piled from all parts of Ireland and England. The streets through which the long procession wound its way to the beautiful cemetery were thronged with crowds of people. The utter silence, the reverential hush, was something wonderful. On the hill-side the perfect autumn day slept with its rainbow tints. The hearse passed on, its coffin buried in flowers. We seemed, not going to a funeral, but lifted up out of time, touched by a magic and soothed by a romance which were not of earth but of Paradise. She was laid in her grave amidst the tears of a great community. The last words of hope were spoken over her by the voice she loved best. So she sleeps sweetly, until the morning breaks.

I close this part of my subject by saying one thing, and I say it solemnly. In the course of forty-five years I do not remember her, except

possibly in some brief access of irritation, to have been in a frame of mind in which, as far as my weak judgment goes, I should not wish to be in my own last hour.

II

The principle of *division* which I have adopted for the various poems in this collection will speak for itself. (1) I have aimed at getting together all the *Hymns* which she has written ; possibly a few have escaped my diligence. (2) I have placed poems on *sacred subjects* of the Old and New Testament. And here I was forced to adopt the principle of *selection* of those which seemed to me the highest and noblest. With all Mr. Masters's great generosity (of which there will presently be a grateful and detailed acknowledgment) it seemed too much to reprint several small volumes *en masse*. (3) Next follow poems *imaginative* and *narrative*. A few of these were written in very early life. Some are racy of the north of Ireland, full of a subdued humour, which makes one regret that more in this line have not been preserved. (4) Mrs. Alexander was a frequent writer of *memorial* verses, which speak for themselves. (5) Lastly will be found occa-

sional and miscellaneous verses, translations, and songs for children.

This is not a critical essay ; the writer is the last person who could criticise these poems with impartiality. A page blotted with the tears of memory and love can never contain a dispassionate examination of the literary work of the beloved dead ; yet something may, perhaps, be said by him without impropriety.

The versification is generally sweet and perfectly musical. The writers who most influenced her in early life were probably Scott, Gray, in a less degree, Wordsworth and Byron. Her first works contain much in the octo-syllabic measure. From Gray she derived important lessons in the precision of language, the weighty and well-considered epithet, the exquisitely finished antithesis. In later life she somewhat frequently adopted the Tennysonian quatrain, not perhaps so much from Tennyson himself as from a subordinate writer. The influence of Matthew Arnold left occasional traces upon form and substance alike.* Keble was, no doubt, a great favourite with her. There was a time when the *Christian Year* lay upon her table with her Bible, Prayer Book, and Bishop Andrewes. She used to say with a sigh, "when the new Lectionary comes

* See especially pp. 362 *et seq.*

into force it will kill the *Christian Year*"—and so it did. But neither Keble's versification nor his mode of expression—too often puzzling and contorted—laid any great hold upon her or was transmuted into her style. Her blank verse seems to be less successful than her other modes of versification. It has not the interwoven rings of music, the prolonged alliteration carried on from one line into the next, which gives such golden melody to Shakespeare's blank verse ; nor the awful stateliness of Milton's ; nor the easy beauty of Cowper's. It rather reminds one of the laxity of Wordsworth, when his Muse begins to grow tired.

As to substance, surely I may fairly claim for her pathos in a supreme degree—brief, pregnant, concentrated. Her power of embodying scenes from real life is very great,* *The Little White Ghost*† is as exquisite a mother's fancy of her boy grown to manhood and about to become a bridegroom as ever came from a woman's pen. How perfect in form and conception is *Dreams*!‡ What more pure and perfect love-song was ever presented by a betrothed to her priest-lover than *The Struggle*?§

* Read the little courtship scene, p. 260.

† P. 454.

‡ P. 443.

§ P. 439.

But of her Hymns it can scarcely be doubted that there are many which will never die. Only Ken and Heber, perhaps Cowper and Keble, have reached a higher strain. Mrs. Alexander had always practically present to her mind the definition of a hymn given by St. Augustine which must always remain essentially valid. It must be *sung*, or capable of being sung; it must be *praise*; it must be *to God*. But she enlarged this by the less quoted rule of St. Jerome that "those only are to be called hymns which set forth in measure the power and majesty of God, and are fixed in perpetual admiration either of His benefits or doings." There are other conditions which experience proves to be necessary for a successful hymn. "Ne chante pas qui veut" is a sensible proverb; it is especially true of hymns. A pious heart; an elementary knowledge of the prosody of eights and sixes; a persistent saying to one's self, "go to, I will write a hymn"—all this, and a good deal more than this, is inadequate to the performance of a work which seems so slight, but which is so delicate and difficult.

(1) A good hymn must be *poetry*: but poetry in essence and by suggestion, poetry with a timid air and tremulous voice, recognised by a look of bashful beauty, half hiding herself a if reverently afraid of distracting the gaze

which should be turned upward, and robbing God of a portion of His tribute. *Images* majestic, or beautiful, or pathetic, may be introduced; but their expression must be simple, natural, and brief—suggested, not expanded, for expansion is rhetoric, and rhetoric in verse is never quite earnest. *Antithesis* is a source of instruction and of delight; but the antithesis must be absolutely unbroken, and capable of being discovered by reflection, rather than ostentatiously displayed. (2) A good hymn must be *intense*, not by aiming at intensity, but by being intense—by issuing from a mind which sublimates the grosser particles of its conceptions by a heavenly fire. (3) A good hymn must possess a *unity* as entire as that of a perfect sonnet. A single alien thought or extraneous purple patch is a distraction, and distraction disgusts us in a hymn. (4) A *dogmatic* or *didactic* basis is the last and a very important element—“*teaching* in hymns.” And the teaching power of C. F. A.’s hymns is something wonderful. The Bishop of Tasmania has borne witness to this among the settlers’ children in the Bush places of Tasmania. Even when her hymns are necessarily weakened by translation the Missionary Bishops in South Africa and various parts of India have recognised this

power of instructing the heathen in the elementary truths of the Gospel. A great English mission-preacher, whose work has very often been with congregations of highly-educated men, has written that philosophical minds, advancing towards the truth, but stumbling over the statement of some dogma, have found satisfaction in the form in which it was presented to them in one or other of Mrs. Alexander's hymns. A great critic was indeed mistaken when he said—"The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, but it supplies *nothing to the mind*." He was yet more mistaken when he declared of one English hymnist that "his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The *poverty of its topics enforces perpetual repetition* ; and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." The Church does not only inherit hymns ; she is ever adding to her heritage. The beauty of salvation is as new as the return of morning and evening ; a new salvation is ever demanding and ever winning a new song.

It is believed that a thoughtful study of these hymns will justify all that has here been said of their conformity to the highest standard of

judgment. To the writer the thought often occurs that these eternal words, rising day after day from myriads of human souls, form themselves into a constant memorial of her before God. The memorial will continue ; for the preacher's influence is of a few years, the hymnist's is of all time.

WILLIAM ARMAGH.

The Editor desires to acknowledge with sincere gratitude the free and ungrudging liberality with which Mr. Masters has placed many of Mrs. Alexander's works at his disposal for this edition. A list of those with which Mr. Masters is concerned is here appended with the editions which Mrs. Alexander seems to have kept by her. The obligation extends in some instances to poems of several hundred lines, selected from the following volumes :—

Hymns for Little Children. Sixty-ninth Edition. *Moral Songs.* Fourteenth Edition. *Narrative Hymns for Village Schools.* *Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament.* *Hymns Descriptive and Devotional.* For the Use of Schools. *The Baron's Little Daughter, and other Tales.* Sixth Edition. *The Lord of the Forest and his Vassals.* Fifth Edition.

For the poem that follows (which arrived too

late for insertion in the body of this volume), and for a letter which perfectly illustrates one feature of Mrs. Alexander's character and gift, I am indebted to the affection of our much-loved friend, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle.

The spontaneousness of Mrs. Alexander's poetic genius must have struck every reader of her poetry ; but its responsiveness to call often appeared to me to illustrate its versatility and readiness as much as it evidenced the sympathetic kindliness that was always ready to give of its best. I remember that on a certain Saturday in 1871, after preparing a sermon on "The Presence of Christ in His Church," I had a dream that night which made on me so deep an impression that I wrote it down exactly as it had come to me and sent it to Mrs. Alexander, from whom I had a letter a few days after, in which she says :

"RATHMULLEN HOUSE,

"15 *July*, 1871.

"MY DEAR DEAN,—I have just put your dream into verse, and hope you will like it. Of course I was obliged to be myself the dreamer ; and I could not help bringing in Lough Swilly, being on the shores thereof. Otherwise I have kept as close as I could to the original. . . ."

“HE IS HERE.”

I DREAM'D a dream while, piping low,
 The wind did blow into the west,
 And a great tide came surging slow
 Up broad Lough Swilly's heaving breast.

From cliffs and many arch'd caves,
 To touch her inland trees and meadows,
 Came up the salt Atlantic waves—
 “Is this our lake of many shadows ?

“There's not a light on isle or bay,
 “The hills are wrapt as if for thunder,
 “The sky above is leaden gray,
 “Like darker lead the water under ! ”

The mist came down and held the plain,
 It was a dreary hour that seem'd
 Attun'd to thoughts of gloom and pain :
 I lay and, as I look'd, I dream'd.

.
 Out of the highways and the hedges
 Methought a ghastly crowd had met,
 Brown hands that seek to grasp the edges
 Of that calm throne where we are set.

The calm of culture, too refined
 For those lost creatures whom the world
 Plays with awhile, then drops behind,
 From depth to depth of ruin whirl'd.

Twice fallen souls, who fell with Eve,
 And fall again by choice of Sin,
 Who break themselves the pale and leave
 The Fold where Christ had penn'd them in.

Some wan, some haggard, some still fair,
 Sad beauty in a sullied shrine,
 The mask above the hard despair,
 The heart that aches, the eyes that shine.

Methought that in their midst did rise
 A preacher with God's blessed Book,
 Kind words he pleaded, pure and wise,
 Love in his heart and in his look.

Words tenderer, truer, wiser there,
 For that he brought to that foul place
 From his own home a purer air,
 A brightness from his wife's sweet face.

He told of love that died for hate,
 How sin corrupts and then destroys,
 He show'd them Mercy's open gates
 And sang them of celestial joys.

In vain ! in vain ! no voice, no moan,
The wind did blow into the west,
The sky was lead—the hearts were stone,
No sunbeam lit the gulf's dark crest.

Then did a charm of coloured light,
A sudden gleam, the hills suffuse ;
They stood transfigured to my sight,
A mass of delicate lilac hues.

The waves beneath ran green and blue,
Rose-tinctured where the last cloud lay ;
God's blessed sun had broken through,
God's light was lovely on the bay.

O ! beautiful, salt, sunlit lake,
Whose waters ripple to my feet,
Is there no moral charm to make
That other darkness bright and sweet ?

Still I dream'd on and heard the prayer
From the priest's lips, and saw the storm
In lurid eyes, and was aware
Suddenly of another form.

A thousand painters' hands have tried,
And with a touch almost divine,
To give again that wounded side,
The hands, the feet, the eyes' calm shine.

But not the most angelic touch
 That ever bade the canvas glow
 Show'd form or face or beauty such
 As on my ravish'd sight did grow.

He show'd His hands, He show'd the wound,
 He looked in love on that wild horde,
 A gesture pleading without sound,
 And eyes that spake without a word.

Methought out of the crowd He took
 A woman's hand, and in the bold
 Hard depths of her seared eyes did look
 Reproachful pity. So, of old,

He looked on him, the thrice forgiven,
 Till he went out to weep his fall,
 So sent He forth the woman shriven ★
 Who gave for love her best, her all.

Then said the preacher, "This is He,
 "The Christ of God, the Lord from Heaven,"
 Ah! then, the sunlight touched the sea,
 The springs leap'd up, the stone was riven.

There was a burst of broken sighs,
 A sound of lips that strove to pray,
 And penitent tears, and groans, and cries
 For pardon, as He pass'd away.

O preachers, on a desolate coast,
That call to souls, and call in vain,
The woman in the highways lost,
The men that sin and sin again :

Show them to kindle pure desire,
How one like to the Son of Man
Is walking with them through the fire,
Is sitting with the publican.

Tell them he comes in showers of grace,
Tell them he comes with wine and bread,
Where Eucharistic feasts have place,
When Whitsun skies are overhead.

And still the harp no comfort brings,
And still the soul is unsufficed,
Without the charm that breaks the springs,
The presence of the living Christ.

RATHMULLEN, *July*, 1871.

Another time I wrote to her suggesting that she should fill a gap in our Irish Church Hymnal by giving us a metrical version of St. Patrick's "Lorica," and I sent her a carefully collated copy of the best prose translations of it. Within a week she sent me that exquisitely beautiful as well as faithful version which appears in the Appendix to our Church Hymnal, which is now sung in many churches on

St. Patrick's Day, and, if sung also in all chapels, might well be, like many other hymns, a bond of union and of fellowship among all Irish Christians—St. Patrick's Breastplate, 583, Appendix. And once again I had an illustration of the quickness and fertility of her poetic power. When engaged with others in preparing a new edition of the Hymnal with music a musical friend gave me six original tunes composed by himself—not for words, he thought, nor suited for our book. I sent the tunes to Mrs. Alexander, knowing well the special difficulty of the task I was imposing, seeing that it is easier to compose music for given words than *vice versa*; and yet no words could be imagined better adapted to the music than the six hymns which I received, in response to my rather unreasonable request, within a week. Without being herself a musician she caught the very spirit of the tunes and most felicitously wedded them to words which seem as though they were the very breath that had inspired the airs.

H. H. DICKINSON.

February, 1896.

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I
HYMNS

I.*

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His precious Blood.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 332.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin ;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of Heav'n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming Blood,
 And try His works to do. Amen.

2.* EVENING HYMN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 Oh, for the pearly gates of Heav'n,
 Oh, for the golden floor,
 Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint ;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul wash'd white.
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night !

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 229.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher :
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

3. MORNING HYMN.

NOW the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,
And the shrill cock claps his wings,
And the merry lark upsprings.

When the eastern sky is red,
I, too, lift my little head.
When the lark sings loud and gay,
I, too, rise to praise and pray.

Saviour, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come ;
Thou hast oft-times seen it break
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

Child of Mary, Thou dost know,
What of danger, joy, or woe,
Shall to-day my portion be—
Let me meet it all in Thee.

Thou wast meek and undefiled,
Make me holy, too, and mild ;
Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
Help me in temptation's hour.

Thou didst love Thy Mother here,
Make me gentle, kind and dear ;
Thou wast subject to her word,
Teach me to obey, O Lord !

Fretful feeling, passion, pride,
Never did with Thee abide ;
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray.

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at my side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide.

4. EVENING HYMN.

ON the dark hill's western side
The last purple gleam has died ;
Twilight to one solemn hue
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
Birds and lambs are gone to rest,
Labour's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

Saviour, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room ;

While across the curtain white,
With a dim uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thought be Thine.

'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing Angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth
God become a Child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed,
Where I lay my little head ;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

Saviour, 'twas to win me grace,
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love
Child, and man, and God above.

Hear me as alone I lie,
Plead for me with God on high ;
All that stained my soul to-day,
Wash it in Thy Blood away.

If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee :
Darkness cannot make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep ;
Thou wilt watch around me keep.
Him no danger e'er can harm,
Who lies cradled on Thine Arm.

5. EVENING HYMN.

TWILIGHT is stealing
O'er hill and lea,
Vesper bells pealing
Call us to Thee.
Low at Thy mercy seat,
Father, Thy children meet ;
Craving Thy guidance sweet,
Bend we the knee.

Lowly confessing
Trespass and shame,
Loudly expressing
Faith in Thy name.

Praising with one accord,
Hearing Thy Holy Word,
Here, let our service, Lord,
Be without blame.

6.* ADVENT.

UP in Heaven, up in Heaven,
In the bright place far away,
He Whom bad men crucified,
Sitteth at His Father's side,
Till the Judgment Day.

And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the great God of Heav'n
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

Never more a helpless Baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with awful glory crown'd,
With His Angels standing round,
He shall come again.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice ;
Parents, children, every one,
Then shall stand before His Throne,
And shall hear His voice.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 565.

And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His right hand
And inherit the fair land
That His love has won. Amen.

7. ADVENT.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature poor and low.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white Throne ;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead ;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed ;

Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night ;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light.

And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone ;

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the Day of Judgment save.

And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home ;
Till from our hearts we love to say,
“Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.”

8.* CHRISTMAS.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 229.

He came down to earth from Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heav'n above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

9. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GLORY to God in the highest,
"Peace unto man, and good-will ;"
It broke when the dawning was highest
On the silence of pasture and hill.

When darkness was deepest in shadow,
There burst forth a beautiful light
On sheep lying down in the meadow,
And shepherds that watched them by night.

On heights by the Roman enslavèd,
On David's own Bethlehem town ;
Yet here was a "greater than David,"
But no man awoke, or look'd down.

Great ones had throng'd to the city,
Had enter'd and fasten'd the door ;
No room for the Virgin, no pity,
For her, or the Child that she bore.

Their children lay shielded from danger,
Close curtained, and cradled with care ;
"This Babe ye shall find in a manger,"
And none but the oxen were there.

Yet this was the promise of ages,
The Wonderful, Counsellor, Son,
Whose name was on prophecy's pages,
By whom our salvation is won.

Then hail we the Child in the manger,
Creator, and Saviour, and King ;
To Him shall the sons of the stranger
Their rarest and costliest bring.

And never, while Christians are living,
The song of our Christmas shall cease ;
To God shall be praise and thanksgiving,
To man shall be pardon and peace.

10. EPIPHANY.

THE wise men to Thy cradle throne,
O Infant Saviour, brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet eastern star,
Thine own baptized Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand ;

Till we have brought the fine gold rare
Of zeal that giveth all for love,
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above ;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err,
Worship, and love, and sorrow met—
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own Adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God and King,
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring.

II. EPIPHANY.

STAR of the East ! whose silver ray
Was erst the faithful Gentile's guide,
Star of our souls ! look down to-day,
And lead us to Thy cradle side.

Hither of old the wise men bore
Gift for a God, their incense sweet,
A monarch's tribute golden ore,
And balmy myrrh for victim meet.

Here, too, our hearts would pause awhile,
Sweet source of love and mercy free,
Would linger in Thy cradle smile,
And lift the voice and bend the knee.

O Christ our God, Thy name we own,
 The highest name in earth or Heaven,
 O Christ our King, to Thee alone
 The homage of our hearts be given.

O Christ our Saviour, who didst bow
 For us Thy sinless victim head,
 To wear the thorn wreath on Thy brow,
 To be embalmed amid the dead ;

We follow where our Fathers trod,
 We open too our treasure store,
 Redeemer, Monarch, Mighty God,
 Save, guide us, keep us evermore.

12.* SEPTUAGESIMA.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colours,
 He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at his gate,
 God made them, high or lowly,
 And order'd their estate.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 573.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky ;—
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one ;
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day ;—
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well. Amen.

13.* LENT.

WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 183.

When penitential grief has wept
 Over some foul dark spot,
 One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
 Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
 His Hand that brings relief,
 His Heart is touch'd with all our joys,
 And feels for all our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
 Unseal that cleansing Tide ;
 We have no shelter from our sin
 But in Thy wounded Side. Amen.

14. LENTEN HYMN.

WHEN sinks my soul in terror
 Of God who looks within,
 Convicted of its error,
 And conscious of its sin—
 The bitterness, the coldness,
 The pleasures that enthrall,
 The secret sin, the boldness,
 The pride before the fall ;

I make no vain defences,
 I only know my need,
 Christ died for my offences,
 His blood alone I plead.

The wandering sheep He findeth
That stray'd into the dark,
The bruised reed He bindeth,
And fans the smould'ring spark.

Low at Thy Cross, O Saviour !
My soiled soul I lay,
My blots of past behaviour,
My failings of to-day.
No other under Heaven
Can strengthen and forgive,
No other name is given
Whereby the lost may live.

15.* GOOD FRIDAY.

“FORGIVE them, O My Father,
They know not what they do :”
The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

No pain'd reproaches gave He
To them that shed His Blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity
Large as the love of God.

For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care :
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 115.

It was my pride and hardness
 That hung Him on the Tree ;
 Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
 Were driven in by me.

And often I have slighted
 Thy gentle voice that chid ;
 Forgive me, too, Lord Jesus ;
 I knew not what I did.

O depth of sweet compassion !
 O Love Divine and true !
 Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
 And know not what they do. Amen.

16.* GOOD FRIDAY.

HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
 That from a thousand fountains burst
 And fill with music all the hills ;
 And yet He saith, " I thirst."

All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
 On fever beds where sick men toss,
 Are in that human cry He yields
 To anguish on the Cross.

But more than pains that rack'd Him then
 Was the deep longing thirst Divine,
 That thirsted for the souls of men :
 Dear Lord ! and one was mine.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 119.

O Love most patient, give me grace ;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee ;
That parch'd dry Lip, that fading Face,
That Thirst were all for me. Amen.

17. EASTER HYMN.

O CHRIST Who from Thy guarded Tomb
On Easter morn didst break away,
A little lowly band we come
To greet Thy Resurrection Day.

We do not come like them of old
Who when the morn was breaking dark
Sought out the garden cavern cold,
Where they had laid Thee still and stark.

They came with spices in their hand,
With quivering lip and swelling tear,
And wondering, scarce could understand
The Voice that said " He is not here ! "

We seek an open sepulchre,
Whence angel hands have rolled back the stone,
And gladdest thoughts within us stir
Of death destroyed and sin o'erthrown.

No ointment in our hands we bear,
Nor spice wherewith the dead are drest,
We bring Thee praise and earnest prayer,
The incense pure Thou lovest best.

O Lord, who Thy dear Life didst give
For us in narrow grave to lie,
Teach us to die that we may live,
To live that we may never die.

Since we were buried once with Thee
Beneath the pure baptismal wave,
O send us forth like souls set free
And risen from sin's darksome grave.

Since we must one day lie alone
Within the churchyard's hallowed ground,
And other hands shall set the stone,
Or lay the turf along the mound,

Thou, whom the cold grave could not hold,
Nor death could keep with all his power,
Mark each low spot of hallowed mould,
And raise us up in Thine own hour.

For brighter Easter yet shall be
To rend the stone, to shake the sod,
When face to face we look on Thee,
O Saviour slain ! O Risen God !

18. EASTER.

HE is risen ! He is risen !
Tell it out with joyful voice,
He hath burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide world rejoice :
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
Christ hath won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds of darkness done,
Weary fast, and vigil keeping,—
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
The glad tidings to them tell
Christ hath conquer'd death and hell.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow ;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now :
Jesus all our sorrows bore,
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Three in One ! let all adore Thee,
Saints below, and saints above ;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Living the glad life of love :
Death's dominion now is o'er,
Praise to Thee for evermore.

19. THE ASCENSION.

BEHOLD the King of glory waits,
Spoiler of death, and sin,
Lift up your bars ye Heavenly gates,
And let the Conqueror in !

Who is the King of glory, Who ?
He breath'd our human breath,
By sinlessness did sin subdue,
And conquer'd death by death.

The wondrous forty days are o'er,
No more when dawn is red
He stands upon the wild seashore,
Or breaks the hallow'd bread.

Sweet sang the angels when they saw
To Him our nature given,
Who silent hail in rapturous awe,
That nature borne to Heaven.

Our King is gone to the far land
To triumph, and return ;
Not idly gazing up we stand,
And not in vain we yearn.

The talents that He gave, we hold
For Him to occupy,
Tho' He have pass'd the gates of gold,
His Presence still is nigh ;

In sweet outpourings of His grace,
In prayer, and holy rite,
And still we wait to see His face,
And still the cloud is bright.

20. THE ASCENSION.

*in pencil -
p. 125*

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veil'd Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in Heaven ;

That where Thou art at God's right Hand,
Our hope, our love may be,
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

21. TRINITY SUNDAY.

GLORY be to God the Father,
To the Son and Holy Ghost.
Let our swelling voices gather
Strains from yonder Heavenly host.

By the power divine that gave us
Life, and light, and joyous days,
And Thine own dear Son to save us,
God the Father, hear our praise.

By the form in human fashion,
Love, and tears, and bitter pain,
By Thy death, and by Thy passion,
God the Son, receive our strain.

By the gentle dove descending,
By each impulse pure and high,
Joy and peace and comfort blending,
God the Spirit, hear our cry.

Highest praise in earth and Heaven,
To the Father and the Son,
To the Holy Ghost be given,
The Eternal Three in One.

22.* ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me : "

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 403.

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

23.* ST. MARK'S DAY.

FROM out the cloud of amber light,
Borne on the whirlwind from the north,
Four living creatures wing'd and bright
Before the Prophet's eye came forth.

The voice of God was in the Four
Beneath that awful crystal mist,
And every wondrous form they wore
Foreshadow'd an Evangelist.

The lion-faced, he told abroad
The strength of love, the strength of faith ;
He show'd the Almighty Son of God,
The Man Divine Who won by death.

O Lion of the Royal Tribe,
Strong Son of God, and strong to save,
All power and honour we ascribe
To Thee Who only makest brave.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 410.

For strength to love, for will to speak
 For fiery crowns by Martyrs won,
 For suffering patience, strong and meek,
 We praise Thee, Lord, and Thee alone.

Amen.

24.* ST. MATTHEW'S DAY.

DEAR Lord, on this 'Thy servant's day,
 Who left for Thee the gold and mart,
 Who heard Thee whisper, "Come away,"
 And follow'd with a single heart,

Give us, amid earth's weary toil,
 And wealth for which men cark and care,
 'Mid fortune's pride, and need's wild toil,
 And broken hearts in purple rare,

Give us Thy grace to rise above
 The glare of this world's smelting fires ;
 Let God's great love put out the love
 Of gold, and gain, and low desires.

Still, like a breath from scented lime
 Borne into rooms where sick men faint,
 His voice comes floating thro' all time,
 Thine own Evangelist and Saint.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 420.

Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain
Of golden store that knows not rust :
The love of Christ is more than gain,
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.

Amen.

25.* ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

THERE is one Way, and only one,
Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,
To that far land where shines no sun
Because the Face of God is there.

There is one Truth, the Truth of God,
That Christ came down from Heav'n to show,
One life that His redeeming Blood
Has won for all His saints below.

The lore from Philip once conceal'd,
We know its fulness now in Christ :
In Him the Father is reveal'd,
And all our longing is sufficed.

And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down ;
Except we labour and endure,
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 411.

O Way Divine, through gloom and strife,
 Bring us Thy Father's Face to see ;
 O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,
 At last, at last, we rest in Thee. Amen.

26. ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

" I AM the Way," saith He,
 " I lead My ransom'd home,
 No man except through Me
 Can to My Father come.
 I open evermore,
 And shut the door."

And if the road be strait,
 And Heaven be hard to win,
 Christ is Himself the gate
 Whereby we enter in.
 Were ever hands like these
 That hold the keys ?

God only can fulfil
 Our infinite desire,
 O, lead us to Him still,
 O draw us higher and higher.
 In Thee alone, O Christ,
 Are we sufficed !

27.* ST. PETER'S DAY.

FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And ask'd him, "Lov'st thou Me?"

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name,
Have oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

Saint Peter when the cock crew clear,
Went out, and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from Thy Father's side
And let that sweet look win.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 416.

Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.

Amen.

28.* ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE'S DAY.

FOR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were call'd, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord ;

For him who left his father's side,
Nor linger'd by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er ;

Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climb'd the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy Head,
One of Thy chosen three ;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And pass'd from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy Face again.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 418.

Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crown'd. Amen.

29. ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE'S DAY.

WHO shall sit down at Thy right hand, Lord,
Who shall sit down at Thy left,
When the thrones are set, and the saints are met,
And the clouds for judgment cleft?

Who drinks of the cup of Christ his Lord,
Who keepeth well his vow,
Baptised in the wave of His death and grave,
Bearing His cross on his brow.

The lowly of heart, who were well content
To be servants here on earth,
Not striving for sway with kings of their day,
But princes of heavenly birth.

The patient and valiant who fought the fight,
Whom all the world assail'd,
Who fear'd not the flame, nor shrank from the shame,
Nor ever wearied or fail'd.

Like him the eager of heart and hand,
The mighty of voice and word,
Who pass'd to the light of His Master's sight,
With the flash of Herod's sword.

The martyrs in mind who long time bore
Christ's passion in their heart,
Who crucified still each wayward will
And clung to the better part.

These shall be mine, saith Christ the Lord,
On the day when crowns are shared,
But my Father alone shall give them the throne
For whom it is prepared.

30. ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE'S DAY.

LIKE two pale stars at distance seen
When silver dews are on the lawn,
And misty shadows lie between
The silent earth and breaking dawn.

So bright, so dimly seen the two
Whose names the Church has loved to blend,
So pure in Heaven's eternal blue,
Of man below so little kenn'd.

She only saith from age to age
That one wrote down a burning word,
That lives along the eternal page,
And one was zealous for the Lord.

And when men call Christ's roll of fame,
His chosen twelve in church or cot,
They speak the zealot Simon's name,
And Judas who betray'd Him not.

But all the rest to human ken
Is dark or dimly understood,
So small is the applause of men,
So great the silence of the good.

To what barbarian lands their feet
Bore Christ's dear cross we cannot tell ;
No murmur of tradition sweet
Has whispered how they fought and fell.

Enough they saw the Master's face,
For Him to live, for Him to die ;
And still their blended light we trace
Along the Church's starlit sky.

O Christ, our Sun, our Saviour dear !
Absorbing, filling all Thy Saints ;
Thy light illumines all the year,
When the sweet starlight pales and faints.

31. FOR ST. COLUMBA'S DAY.

O F God's Saints beneath, above,
Chain with links all golden,
Some day haply of our love
One is dearer holden.

As our Lord one saint approv'd
One before the other,
Giving unto him He loved,
From the cross, His Mother.

So the roll-call of His sons,
Sounding sweet and solemn,
Name we, 'mid His chosen ones,
Ulster's own St. Columb.
Not without his age's taint,
Fierce and unrelenting,
Stern Apostle, weeping Saint,
Sinful and repenting.

Creeds he taught barbaric men
Are our children saying,
Prayers he prayed in danger then
Daily we are saying.
From his home and kindred skies
Self exiled for ever,
Fond he turned his dying eyes
To this oak-crowned river.

King of Saints, of Whom we hold
Hope of our election,
Soul and spirit do Thou mould
To Thy Saints' perfection,
Till we see Thee evermore,
Ransom'd by Thy dying,
With the Saints on that far shore
'Neath Thine Altar lying.

32. COMMUNION HYMN.

O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of Life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet ;

We come to show Thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh ;
And still the blood is strong to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

O heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water makest pure !
O flesh, once offer'd on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure !

Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of Thy cross renew,
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy victim body through.

Come, bread of Heaven, to feed our souls,
And with Thee, Jesus, enter in ;
Come, wine of God, and as we drink
His precious blood, wash out our sin.

33. HYMN FOR COMMUNICANTS' GUILD

FROM many a close and crowded place,
From many a lowly room,
Out of the strife of common life,
Out of its toil and gloom,

We come, the children of a King,
Content of heart and gay,
Heirs of the grand untrodden Land
That lieth far away.

And still for strength to keep our hope,
To feed the life we live,
The Feast is spread of Wine and Bread,
And Christ is there to give.

He gives the Faith, He gives the grace,
The pardon of our sin,
The Bread divine, the blessed Wine,
Himself to enter in.

The world's temptations try us sore,
We are the last and least,
But we may kneel and taste and feel
The fulness of that Feast.

Lord, we have sought Thy table oft,
Again—again, 'tis dear,
Joy thus to be remembering Thee,
O joy to know Thee near.

Be with us at Thy sweet Love Feast,
Still feed us with Thy grace,
Till Faith's strong might be lost in sight,
And we behold Thy Face.

34.* CHILDREN'S SERVICE; HOLY
INNOCENTS.

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so High and Good and Great ?

We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave, and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make ;
We need not die ; we cannot fight ;
What may we do for Jesus' sake ?

Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 331.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

35.* CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word ;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 569.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true ;
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

36. CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

WHEN Christ into the Temple came,
Just ere His foes assail'd Him,
With voices loud above the crowd
The little children hailed Him.

Here in His house, on this His day,
Our Lord is ever nighest,
And we will sing unto our King
Hosanna in the highest !

Because to us in Baptism
A new life He hath given,
A better birth than that of earth,
And made us heirs of Heaven.

Because His vows are on our souls,
His soldiers made so newly,
To bear His cross through gain and loss,
And ever serve Him truly.

Because He loved the little ones,
And to His side He bid them,
"Suffer them ye to come to Me,"
He said to those who chid them.

Because He carries home His lambs,
And folds them by the river,
Where waters flow and pastures grow
Green in His Church for ever.

Because He saw from Heaven's bright home
A world in darkness lying,
And came to win our souls from sin,
And gave us life by dying.

So draw we nigh to Thee, dear Lord,
Who all our needs suppliest,
And sing Thy praise and shout always
Hosanna in the highest !

37. HYMN FOR AN ORPHAN HOME.

O FATHER of the fatherless,
Shepherd of Lambs that stray,
Unmother'd in the wilderness,
We praise Thy name alway.

For very lack of earth's delight,
Of sweet parental love,
Drawn closer to Thy shielding might
Our hearts go up above,

Beyond the burning bars of even,
Beyond the clear deep space,
To where our Angels up in Heaven
Do see the Father's face.

He guides us into pastures green,
He leads to bowers of bliss,
Our Father lives, the God unseen,
And Christ our Shepherd is.

For all the love that holds us here
Kind hand and pitying word,
For heavenly grace and earthly cheer
We praise Thy name, O Lord.

O Shepherd in the wilderness
Folding the Lambs that stray,
O Father of the Fatherless,
We bless Thy name always.

38. HYMN FOR FLOWER SUNDAY.

GOD, whose earth is touched with beauty,
Christ, who praised the lilies gay,
Sweet the service, fair the duty,
That we offer here to-day.

From the highways and the hedges
We have brought Thee cups of gold,
Daisies white with crimson edges,
That the children love to hold.

And the blossoms treasured greatly,
Borne from lands beyond the sea,
And rare flowers from gardens stately—
All for them, and all for Thee.

Since no love-gift ere is given
To Thy little ones in vain,
These shall lie, like stars from Heaven,
On their narrow beds of pain.

They shall light the dreary spaces,
Bring a fragrance, give a glow
To the children's weary faces,
That can never see them grow.

"Rose of Sharon, lily fairest,"
Sang of Thee, the minstrel king ;
For all tender thought Thou carest,
Every bright and helpful thing.

In the highways Thou hast sought them,
From the hedges plucked Thy flowers ;
Precious souls ! Thy blood has bought them,
Souls of theirs, and souls of ours.

Glad we bring our gifts, and leave them
For the sick child's lingering touch ;
God regard them ! Christ receive them !
Thou, not we, hast loved much.

39.* CHILD'S FUNERAL.

WITHIN the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long low graves ;
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.
Full many a little Christian child,
Woman, and man, lies there ;
And we pass near them every time
When we go in to prayer.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 575.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass ;
They cannot feel the warm bright sun
That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead ;
They cannot rise and come to Church
With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come
When all the dead will rise,
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will ope again their eyes.

For Christ our Lord was buried once,
He died and rose again,
He conquer'd death, He left the grave ;
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead ;

Because, for our dear Saviour's sake,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
And Christians only fall asleep
To wake again in Heav'n. Amen.

40.* HEAVEN.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim ;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 570.

Who shall go to that bright land ?
All who do the right :
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white ;
For that Heav'n, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

41. MARRIAGE HYMN.

LET the full-voiced organ, joy expressing,
Chant and hymn, and marriage march unwind,
For the two who come with vow and blessing,
Heart and hand in sweet accord to bind.

Type wherein the mystery is holden
Of the Lord, and of the Church His bride,
Who stands by Him in her vesture golden
With a thousand hues diversified ;

She for whose perfection and salvation
He esteemed not pain nor counted loss,
Stooped His Godhead into incarnation,
Gave His body for her on the Cross.

To His altar tenderly she guideth
With glad words this daughter and this son ;
To His human heart their fate confideth
Each His own, and now in Him made One.

Look down, Lord, at this our rite be present,
Speak the bridal blessing for this twain,
As of old the Galilean peasant
Hail'd Thee cheering all the bridal train.

Let Thy guiding hand be o'er them ever,
Life's poor water turning into wine :
And the bond that none but God may sever
Be to them a pledge of things divine.

Now to Thee who all Thy Saints shalt gather,
Bridegroom coming in the latter days ;
To the Holy Ghost and to the Father
Evermore be honour, pow'r, and praise.

42. CONSECRATION HYMN.

WITH laud and loud thanksgiving,
Thee, Saviour ! we adore,
The Dead who now art living
And shalt live evermore,—
Set in th' eternal city,
At God's right hand above,
The infinite in pity,
The measureless in love.

For Thee, the nard and spices,
And the fine linen's fold,
But not for Thee suffices
The ointment and the gold.

Things nobler still, and fairer,
O Saviour ! shall be Thine,
Man's heart hath offerings rarer,
Sweet sound and song divine.

And prayer shall grow intenser,
And love and faith more strong,
As swings the golden censer,
And swells the glorious song,
Up through the minster arches,
Up to the skies star-sown,
Where planets in their marches
Have music of their own.

Till wafted by devotion,
Our human voices call
Across the crystal ocean,
Across the jasper wall—
Unto the city golden
Where God is on His throne,
Where sweeter harps are holden
And better hymns are known,—

And blend their measure lowly
With that eternal lay,
The "Holy, Holy, Holy"
That rises night and day,
And that great song expressing
While Heaven's far echoes ring,
Salvation, glory, blessing,
And honour to our King.

43. CONSECRATION HYMN.

THY Temple is not made with hands,
'Tis lit by many a golden star,
The purple heights of mountain lands
Its everlasting pillars are.

Thee highest Heaven cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea !
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have rear'd for Thee.

Unworthy gift, and touch'd with fears,
And memories of our loved at rest ;
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,
And be Thy Presence here confest.

For welcome to the babe new born,
For strengthening hands on bended head
For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whisper'd o'er the dead.

For food Divine to souls sufficed,
For words that warn, for prayers that press—
Arise, and enter in, O Christ !
And with Thy Presence all things bless.

So, praise to Thy great Name shall rise
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,
For ever, and for evermore.

44. CONSECRATION HYMN.

CASTLEROCK CHURCH.

ARISE, Lord, into Thy resting place,
Thou and the ark of Thy strength :
We have hewn the stone, and the shrine has grown,
A place for Thy name at length.

There is none in Heav'n but Thou, to grant
Our labour consecration ;
Let Thy saints be glad, let Thy priests be clad,
Lord God, with Thy salvation.

Turn not away from this House the face
Of Thy dear anointed Son,
For Christ is alone the head corner-stone,
And the rock that we build on.

The mountains and hills proclaim God's praise,
And the blue sea by our coasts ;
And the souls He has blest should bring their best
To worship the Lord of Hosts.

Sweet sound of song, and incense of prayer,
Faith deep as the mountains hoar,
And organ's crash, like the musical dash
Of waves on a rock-bound shore.

The Heav'n of Heav'ns cannot contain Thee,
All earth with Thy praise is fill'd ;
Wilt Thou come at our need in very deed,
And dwell in the House we build ?

5. REOPENING OF DERRY CATHEDRAL,
1886.

GREAT God, the Giver of all graces,
Whom highest Heav'n cannot contain,
Yet wondrous in Thy holy places—
Arise, O Lord ! and bless our fane.

Be here, O Christ of our salvation,
As once in Israel's temple fair ;
Cleanse Thou from sin our poor oblation,
And make this house a house of prayer.

In dark old times our sires upbuilt
The walls, and dream'd a loftier shrine ;
In days still dark we have fulfilled it—
Accept the work and make it Thine.

Their voice of prayer and song of psalter
Up thro' these time-grey arches roll'd.
Come down and bless again Thine altar,
And take the new things with the old.

Bless it for nuptial benediction,
For hands upon the bended head,
For words that pardon sin's affliction,
For Creed proclaimed, and Gospel read ;

For feast divine of high communion—
The broken bread, the wine outpoured ;
The dead with living hearts in union,
The memory dear, the present Lord.

Let day by day the strain ascending
 From choir and people meet Thine ear,
 With swell of solemn organ blending,
 And order'd service all the year.

Come down and give Thy consecration,
 Make pure the heart, exalt the voice ;
 Clothe, Lord, Thy priests with Thy salvation,
 And make Thy chosen saints rejoice.

46. FOR LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF
 BUNCRANA CHURCH SCHOOL HOUSE

“ Sing ye praises with understanding.”

SING we praise with one accord,
 Sing we praises to the Lord—
 To the God of our creation,
 To the Christ of our salvation,
 To the Spirit in us dwelling,
 King of kings, and all excelling.
 Glory, honour, power and praise,
 Be unto the Lord always.

All that's fair in sea and land,
 Glorious creatures of His hand ;
 Nature smiling to her Maker,
 In our praises is partaker.
 Hill and vale and cliffs sonorous
 With the wild waves join our chorus
 To the Holiest in the height
 Giving glory day and night.

We with nobler rapture thrill,
New-created by His will
Sons of God, and heirs of Heaven,
Chosen, ransomed, and forgiven.
For the gift the Father gave us,
For the Son who died to save us,
Bid the tuneful transport rise—
Lift His praises to the skies.

Praise Him early, praise Him late,
For our high and holy state ;
Born, baptized, redeem'd for ever,
Nought but sin our souls can sever
From the Saviour Who has bought us,
From the Spirit Who has taught us.
Lord ! renew us day by day,
Never let us fall away.

For our trust is in His name,
Everlastingly the same ;
His the light, the love, the kindness—
Ours the need, the fault, the blindness.
To the sound of organ blowing,
Voice and soul, with love o'erflowing,
Lift we up with one accord,
Singing praises to the Lord.

47. MISSIONARY HYMN FOR S.P.G.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew.
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, Christians, none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Nail, and thorn, and cruel spear.
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Still Mohammed's sons adoring
Call untired their prophet's name,
Morn and eve for aid imploring,
Tell the greater chief who came ;
The true Prophet
Winning glory out of shame.

Still dark men by Ganges waters,
Sighing for a friend divine,
Count their fabled gods' avatars—
Show the Son of David's line ;
God Incarnate !
All their woes and wants are Thine.

Still the Jew his word prophetic
 Bends to meet an earthly reign,
Scorns Christ's history pathetic—
 Read him right his ancient strain ;
 Christ can give him
Israel's glories back again.

Still old Asia's sages yearning,
 Grove for truth with darkened eye
By the lamp within them burning
 While the sun is in the sky,
 Nothing dreaming
Of the glorious Light on high.

Still the earth hath cruel places,
 Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,
Still God looks on human faces
 Heavenward turned, but not to Him ;
 Slaves in bondage
Worse than of the fettered limb.

Eastward for the bright sun breaking,
 Treads the dark clouds into light,
East and west the lands are waking,
 Other feet are on the height,
 More beautiful,
Bearing words of love and might.

Haste, O haste and spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod,
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the further sod ;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truths of God.

48. FOR OUR EMIGRANTS.

THE children of our Fatherland
Are roaming far and wide,
Along Ontario's lonely strand,
By wild Waihato's side.

O'er Southern Afric's burning sod,
Thro' icebound Labrador,
They wander in the face of God,
But hear His voice no more.

Their souls for want of all things good
Within them faint and die,
Across the hills, across the flood
They cry a bitter cry.

We've knelt with you beside the shrine,
We've spoken the same vow,
The same sweet Mother set the sign
Upon our infant brow.

For us no more the pastoral strain,
No more the anthem swells,
And we should scarcely know again
The sound of Sunday bells.

The words of pardon reach us not,
No Heavenly food we taste,
And Christians with the heathen's lot,
We wander through the waste.

O hear us calling south and north,
By hill, and stream, and rock,
Send ye the faithful shepherd forth
To fold his Master's flock.

And let the Church that first did bless
The Mother of our youth,
Go with us through the wilderness
And hold the lamp of truth.

And let her words so sweet and strong
In the old measure flow,
Lest we forget the cradle song
That lulled us long ago ;

Lest in the time that's far away,
Estranged in heart and word,
Your children to our children say,
"Ye serve not the same Lord.

“ High temples thro’ your land are piled,
 God’s Presence dwells with you,
 Build us an altar in the wild
 That we may serve Him too.”

Bear on, bear on life’s gushing wave
 To heathen souls athirst,
 To all whom Jesus died to save,
 But feed the children first.

49. HYMN FOR TEACHERS’ DEVOTIONAL
 MEETINGS.

O SHEPHERD of the wandering sheep,
 Who, when Thy little lambs would stray,
 Dost seek them on the thorny steep,
 And in Thy bosom dost them lay.

We hear Thy call, Thy voice we know,
 And follow on to pastures fair,
 To hills where streams of blessings flow,
 And fain would lead Thy children there ;—

And guide them on from font to shrine,
 Ev’n from the grave of their new birth
 To altar-feast of bread and wine,
 To God from man, to heaven from earth ;—

And teach them words of love and truth,
 And holy living, pure and high—
 A present thought of God in youth,
 A comfort when they come to die—

By hymns that swell and soar above,
By Christian doctrine duly taught,
By tender tales of that dear love,
The death whereby our life was bought.

And if some words be hard and cold,
And young lips falter o'er the line,
They are but rugged husks that hold
A fruit of savour most divine.

And if our eyes no harvest see,
Still, Christ in heaven ! Thy word has might ;
And still the cup we give for Thee
Is brimm'd with beads of living light.

O Shepherd of the wandering sheep !
O Lover of the Lambs ! We pray,
The learners and the teachers keep
Safe in Thy sheltering arms away.

50.* ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE.

I BIND unto myself to-day
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.

* Translated for the *Irish Church Hymnal*. Used as a processional in York Minster at the enthronement of William C. Magee, Archbishop of York.

I bind this day to me for ever,
By pow'r of faith, Christ's Incarnation ;
His baptism in Jordan river ;
His death on Cross for my salvation ;
His bursting from the spicèd tomb ;
His riding up the Heav'nly way ;
His coming at the day of doom ;
I bind unto myself to-day.

I bind unto myself the power
Of the great love of Cherubim ;
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour ;
The service of the Seraphim,
Confessors' faith, Apostles' word,
The Patriarchs' prayers, the Prophets' scrolls,
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.

I bind unto myself to-day
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

I bind unto myself to-day
The pow'r of God to hold, and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need.

The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward ;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

Against the demon snares of sin,
The vice that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course ;
Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place, and in all hours,
Against their fierce hostility,
I bind to me these holy powers.

Against all Satan's spells and wiles,
Against false words of heresy,
Against the knowledge that defiles,
Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wound and the burning,
The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity ;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.
Of Whom all nature hath creation :
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word :
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

51. PRAISE.

WE lift our song with one accord
Do Thou lift up our hearts, O Lord,
And let Thine Angels Heav'nward bear
The incense of our praise and prayer.

We praise Thee, Lord, of all the earth,
For love and joy, for light and mirth,
For every charm of sense and right,
And blessings boundless as Thy might—

For golden suns that rise and sink
Behind the hills' empurpled brink,
For flowers that paint the summer shade,
And rivers wandering down the glade.

But most we praise the love that gave
Thine own dear Son to seek and save,
For joy all other joys excelling,
For purest light and life indwelling ;

For Him, the spotless lily flower,
The rose that bloomed in Sharon's bower,
The sun that never leaves our Heaven,
The waters for our healing given.

We wait like tunèd harp, O Lord,
Be Thine the hand to sweep the chord,
And draw a note from every soul,
And bid the music Heavenward roll.

II

POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS

Old Testament.

PART I.

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

“There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah.”
—Gen. xlix. 31.

CALM is it in the dim cathedral cloister,
Where lie the dead all couched in marble rare,
Where the shades thicken, and the breath hangs
moister

Than in the sunlit air :

Where the chance ray that makes the carved stone
whiter,

Tints with a crimson, or a violet light
Some pale old Bishop with his staff and mitre,
Some stiff crusading knight !

Sweet is it where the little graves fling shadows
 In the green churchyard, on the shaven grass,
 And a faint cowslip fragrance from the meadows
 O'er the low wall doth pass !

More sweet—more calm in that fair valley's bosom
 The burial place in Ephron's pasture ground,
 Where the oil-olive shed her snowy blossom,
 And the red grape was found,

When the great pastoral prince with love undying
 Rose up in anguish from the face of death,
 And weighed the silver shekels for its buying
 Before the sons of Heth.

Here, when the measure of his days was numbered
 —Days few, and evil in this vale of tears !—
 At Sarah's side the faithful Patriarch slumbered,
 An old man full of years :

Here, holy Isaac, meek of heart and gentle,
 And the fair maid who came to him from far,
 And the sad sire who knew all throes parental,
 And meek-eyed Leah, are ;

She rests not here, the beautiful of feature,
 For whom her Jacob wrought his years twice o'er,
 And deemed them but as one, for that fair creature,
 So dear the love he bore !

Nor Israel's son beloved,* who brought him sleeping
 With a long pomp of woe to Canaan's shade,
 Till all the people wondered at the weeping
 By the Egyptians made.

Like roses from the same tree gathered yearly,
 And flung together in one vase to keep,—
 Some but not all who loved so well, and dearly,
 Lie here in quiet sleep.

What though the Moslem mosque be in the valley,
 Though faithless hands have sealed the sacred cave,
 And the red Prophet's children shout "El Allah,"
 Over the Hebrew's grave :

Yet a day cometh when those white walls shaking
 Shall give again to light the living dead,
 And Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, re-awaking
 Spring from their rocky bed.

RACHEL.

"And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath."
 —Gen. xxxv. 19.

THE graveyard by the river lies,
 In the heart of the old hills ;
 Over the graves the sycamore
 A honey breath distils,

* "And the bones of Joseph buried they in Shechem."—Joshua
 xxiv. 32.

And from its top the mountain thrush
Breaks out in sudden thrills.

About the graves the river runs
With a low monotonous fall,
Like murmur in a mourner's heart
Who sheds no tear at all,
But ever maketh to herself
A moan continual.

It was at crimson sunset time
I sat in that quiet place,
And watched the shadows wrap the hill
From purple height, to base,
Like sorrow darkening silently
A happy human face.

The yellow furze in lines of light
Stood out on its bosom cold,
As if the gilded sunset clouds
When down the west they rolled
Had dropped upon the mountain side
A portion of their gold.

I sat beside a mother's grave
Who had travailed sore, and died—
A sun that set when into Heaven
One little star did glide—
A rose amid its opening buds
Cut off in summer's pride.

I thought of her whom Jacob toiled
In the olden time to win,
Who passed away before her arm
Had clasped her Benjamin,
Where Bethel's haunted plains are passed
And Ephrath's fields begin.

She died, when joy's full measure throbbed
Like a strong pulse in her breast—
When once again of baby lips
Her bosom should be pressed,
And yet another living son
Sink on her heart to rest.

O, lesson meet for us to learn,
With our dreams of earthly joy—
Who build our golden hopes so high,
And still without alloy,
And then they fade,—or we are gone
Like Rachel from her boy!

There is one hope that faileth not,
For it triumphs o'er the grave ;
The Patriarch saw it dimly bright
Beyond his burial cave,
I read it on that Christian tomb—
The life that Jesus gave !

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

"Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."—
Gen. xlvii. 9.

HOW rarely boyhood loves to paint
In glowing tints his future bright,
A picture where no line is faint—
Whose very clouds are touched with light.

And girlhood hails a world unknown
And reads it in her own glad dreams,
As lilies see themselves alone
Reflected in their azure streams.

But rosy clouds that morning brings,
Ere noon may deepen into thunder—
And life's dark stream has sterner things
Than silver lilies growing under.

So had *he* found, the Patriarch old,
Who, reckoning o'er by Pharaoh's chair
His hundred years and thirty, told
How evil, and how few they were.

One lingering look he backward cast—
Those long dim years lay steeped in gloom,
And through the mist that wrapped the past
He saw but shapes of sorrow loom.

The parting of his youth was there,
The cheated love in Leah's bower,
The lingering toil, the long despair
For Joseph lost in evil hour.

And such a reckoning thine must be,
When time shall disenchant thine eyes,
Fond youth ! and life's reality
Break on thee with a sad surprise.

But not for this bright hope forego
Or scant one glowing dream of pleasure,
Though life shall never find below
A cup to hold thy brimming measure.

For thoughts of great and glorious things
That move thy soul with inward force,
Are but thy spirit's secret springs,
Uprising to their awful source—

The touches of a hand divine
Still lingering on thy soiled face—
Throbs in that deathless heart of thine
That pants for its immortal place.

Dream on ! but pitch thine hopes still higher,
Like eagles soaring to the sun ;
The wildest stretch of man's desire
Can ne'er surpass what Christ has won.

There, where for Him down sunless skies
Eternal Hallelujahs stream—
The truth of thine ideal lies,
The substance of thy youthful dream.

MOSES' CHOICE.

“Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God,
than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”—Heb. xi. 25.

HE dwelt in glory, where the light
Fell soft by day in Pharaoh's halls ;
And painted lamps the livelong night
Flung ghostly shadows on the walls.

All sounds were there of love and sport,
Sweet song of lute, wild laughter ringing,
The splash of fountains in the court,
And birds in stately gardens singing.

And cups, that on their carven ledge
Bore shapes that seemed to hail with joy
The wine that bubbled to their edge,
Were proffered to the Hebrew boy.

And wrinkled seers that hour by hour
Traced starry dreams on silent stone—
And wiser yet, to whom each power
Of Nature's secret things was known,—

Came round him with their wisdom weird,
And bade his sharpened reason soar
Through shadowy realms, half known, half feared.
And taught him all Egyptian lore:

But more he loved the scanty fare,
The shepherd's toil by vale and hill,
The wandering in the desert bare
With one bright vision leading still.

And other music set on fire
His youthful soul, with cadence strong—
Such strains as rush'd from Miriam's lyre,
Winged with prophetic words of song.

Rather he chose to suffer woe
With God's own people in the wild,
Than wrapped around with regal show
To bear the name of Pharaoh's child.

O, blessed choice! and such be ours—
For better far some quiet place,
Where simple men in lowly bowers
Love God's great Name and seek His face,

'Than joys mid hearts to folly given,
Where pleasure drives the hours away,
Without a thought of God or Heaven—
Or dream that lasts beyond to-day;

Where world-wise men with scornful sneer,
Tell of high deed, and holy word,
O rather like that meek old seer,
Our choice be those who love the Lord.

THE MANNA IN THE WILDERNESS.

“And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost upon the ground.”—Exod. xvi. 14.

THE long low streaks of crimson lay
Fringing the level sands,
As night was blushing into day
O'er Israel's pilgrim bands.

Hot went the fiery sun below—
Red-hot he comes again,
Then what is this like beaded snow
That whitens all the plain?

Never from distant Sinai's height
The frost-wind wandering here
Hath bound in silver fetters bright
The desert parched and drear.

Never as gentle as a kiss
The snow flakes falling round
Dropped on its breast—then what is this,
Like hoar frost on the ground?

Haste, Israel ! press the measure down,
Ere yonder sun have power,
To melt the desert's crystal crown—
This is God's manna-shower.

We, to that unreaped harvest drawn,
Come watch their labours gay,
Who gather, 'neath the fragrant dawn,
Their sweet food day by day.

Our careless lips say day and night,
“ Give us our daily bread,”
How little dream we of the might
That erst the manna shed.

The times of old bright pictures bring,
We give them little heed—
That clamouring host, that small white thing
Like coriander seed,

Found, though they never saw it fall,
When the dew left the land—
Are precious types to us, to all,
Of God's sustaining hand ;—

Are types of faith in Christ above
That day by day returns,
Hangs on the fulness of His love,
Receives but ever yearns ;

Of grace that feeds our inward part
Renewed but still the same,
The small thing leavening all the heart,
We saw not when it came.

They sought each morn their measure sweet
The food the Lord had given—
Come we each day to Jesus' feet,
And find the bread of Heaven !

THE VICTORY OVER AMALEK.

“ And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed.”—Exod. xvii. 11.

ON red Rephidim's battle plain
The banners sank and rose again ;
The tumult of the wild affray
Rolled round to Horeb's mountain grey,
Rolled down to thirsty Meribah,
As Israel's host swept past,
And Amalek's fierce battle-cry
Came surging up the blast.

Above the strife the leader hung
With hands upraised, and suppliant tongue,
And still his wearied arm was stayed,
And still the unceasing prayer was prayed,
Till evening held the setting sun
Wrapt in her mantle pale,
And Amalek, and all his host
Rushed routed down the vale.

Then ask us not why day by day
The same sweet morning prayers we say,
Why night by night our evensong
Peals in the same soft strain along
Why children seek the mother's knee
At eve to lisp their prayer,
While lingers rosy-fingered sleep
O'er their fringed eyelids fair.

Nor say "ye vex God's patient ear,
And vain the strains that linger here—
A soulless form, a weary round,
A cry that hath no echoing sound,—
Ye hear no voice,—ye see no sign—
Adown Heaven's crystal stair,
No white-robed angels gliding bring
An answer to your prayer."

Nay, but God loves the constant cry,
He wills the words should never die
That speak our needs—Prayer pushes prayer
Up into Heaven's sublimer air,
There round the throne eternally
They pass, and still repass—
Our whispers are the airs that breathe
Above the sea of glass.

Within His temple shrine of old
He bade the Priests their watches hold ;
Still through the carven cedar flowers
The deep chant swelled at solemn hours,

Still day by day the incense burning
Crushed out its odours sweet,
Still, morn and eve, the lamps were lighted
Before the mercy-seat.

And Nature with her quiet force
Of powers that keep their ordered course,
And circle on we know not why,
Doth teach a hidden rule more high ;
The dews may drop to feed the earth,
But why should planets glow ?
Why should the golden daisy cups
Look yearly from below ?

Yet night by night, so calmly pale
The stars through Heaven's blue ocean sail,
Yet year by year like scattered beads
The wild flowers come to deck our meads.
All have their places and their parts
In Heaven's sublime decrees,
And words that seemed to wander wide
Shall find their end like these.

A fiercer foe have we to check
Than Israel's dreaded Amalek,
And our dear Church hath many a charm
To prompt the lip, and nerve the arm—
Service, and psalm, and litany,
Strong prayer, and solemn rite—
Like Aaron holding up the hands
That wearied on the height.

PART II.

CALEB AND JOSHUA.

“And Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jephunneh, which were of them that searched the land, rent their clothes ; and they spake unto all the company of the children of Israel, saying, ‘The land which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land.’”—Numb. xiv. 6, 7,

THE mist-wrapp’d mountains stand like grisly shadows,

The driving clouds come blinding from the west,
O’er the black marshes, and the dripping meadows,
And the swollen river’s breast.

The clouds hang heavily in leaden masses
On the hilltops, or wildly eastward roll ;
The struggling wind moans in the mountain passes,
Like an imprisoned soul.

Who now could call up gleams of sunny weather,
Flooding the plain, and dancing on the rill,
And those soft shadows of the purple heather,
Straining th’ unclouded hill?

Ah, no ! like rainbow tints that children capture,
Even from our grasp unrealized they part ;
Dream as we will, the summer’s golden rapture
Thrills not the wintry heart.

And hard it is, when visible shadows bound us,
Tied to its duties, by its chidings vex'd,
With all of this world ever, ever round us,
To realize the next.

Hard was it haply in the desert lonely,
For those two hearts that tedious forty years ;
Caleb and Joshua—found faithful only,
Amid a people's fears.

When night by night, a ring of fiery lustre,
The hot sun burned into the dead white sand ;
When day by day, in the same weary cluster,
The tents stood on the land ;

And like the scanty plumes at some poor burial,
A few tall palms at furthest distance placed,
With their stiff shadows broke the blue ethereal
Of the monotonous waste :

Hard was it to call up the cornfields golden,
The purple vintage by the brook of grapes,
The giant cedars in the forest olden,
The graceful mountain shapes.

Yet for all this, through all the lone recesses,
Of those wild hills shall summer smile again,
The stream shall dimple to her bright caresses,
The flowers shall paint the plain.

Yet for all this, in Canaan Caleb's daughters
 Dwelt by the upper and the nether springs,
 Still Joshua led through Jordan's riven waters,
 And o'er the necks of kings.

Yet for all this, true faith is eagle-sighted,
 Steadying her gaze though the weak heart will
 shrink,
 Into the land of sun and moon unlighted,
 O'er the dark river's brink,

Into that summer where these wintry sorrows,
 That wrap us round and round shall fall away,
 Where from past joys no light the spirit borrows,
 Christ is its Light for aye !

THE DEAD.

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE ON ASCENSION DAY.

“ He that toucheth the dead body of any man shall be unclean
 seven days.”—Num. xix. 11.

I HEARD the bells clang out, that told
 It was the Lord's Ascension Day.
 Leisurely the great river rolled,
 Keeping its own eternal time ;
 And from the thorn and from the lime,
 Sweet came the breeze of May.

Two wasted tapers flared and died,
 Beside a little cradle bed,
 Two sleeping babies lay inside ;

No need for mother's lullaby,
A white cloth at their feet did lie,
A white cloth at their head.

Soft primrose flowers that first unfurl
Were strewn amidst the snowy bands,
As like they lay as pearl to pearl,
As still, save when the mother press'd,
With restless lip those lips at rest,
Or kissed the waxen hands.

Yea, Christian mother, fold them fast,
Thou dost not fear defilement given ;
No need of sprinkling ashes cast
On garment soiled and weeping face,
Polluted by that last embrace,
Until the seventh day's even.

Those pale twin brows were washen clean,
The shadow of the Cross is there ;
Fair shrines where God Himself has been,
(And never Grecian reared a fane,
With marble of such delicate vein,
Or chiselled work so rare.)

One fleshly form within the veil,
For sinner's sake has passed to-day,
And evermore the curse doth fail,
Because the glory that He set
On our man's nature lingers yet,
And we are hallow'd clay.

O blessed creed for joy or pain,
And soothing e'en our worst distress,
Teaching that these shall live again ;
Love unrebuked may linger now,
O'er the closed lip, and kiss the brow,
And hoard the silken tress.

These bodies of our pain and woe,
Wherein the spark of life divine
Was born, and nursed, and struggled so,
Like costly odours that all day,
Burn dimly in a lamp of clay,
Before some Indian shrine.

These bodies that weigh down the soul,
Shall live again in form and frame,
Though death have revell'd on the whole,
When the grave's victory is o'er,
And pain, and sin can hurt no more,
How chang'd, yet still the same !

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.

And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills,
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,
The hill side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,

And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

RAHAB.

“ By faith Rahab perished not with them that believed not,
when she had received the spies with peace.”—Heb. xi. 31.

RISE up, rise up, O Rahab ;
And bind the scarlet thread
On the casement of thy chamber,
When the battle waxeth red,

From the double feast of Gilgal,
From Jordan's cloven wave,
They come with sound of trumpet
With banner and with glaive.

Death to the foes of Israel !
But joy to thee, and thine,
To her who saved the spies of God,
Who shows the scarlet line !

'Twas in the time of harvest,
When the corn lay on the earth,
That first she bound the signal
And bade the spies go forth.

For a cry came to her spirit
From the far Egyptian coasts,
And a dread was in her bosom
Of the Mighty Lord of Hosts.

And the faith of saints and martyrs
Lay brave at her heart's core,
As some inward pulse were throbbing
Of the kingly line she bore.

As there comes a sudden fragrance
In the last long winter's day,
From the paly silken primrose
Or the violet by the way.

And we pause, and look around us,
And we feel through every vein
That the tender spring is coming
And the summer's rosy reign.

In the twilight of our childhood,
When youth's shadows lie before,
There come thoughts into our bosoms
Like the spies to Rahab's door.

And we scarcely know their value,
Or their power for good or ill,
But we feel they are God's angels,
And they seek us at His will.

And we tremble at their presence,
And we blush to let them forth,
In some word of tender feeling,
Or some deed of Christian worth.

Yet those guests perchance may witness
In that awful battle day,
When the foe is on the threshold,
And the gates of life give way :

When the soul that seeks for safety,
Shall behold but one red sign—
But the blood drops of Atonement
On the cross of Love Divine !

THE WARNING ANGEL.

“And an Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim.”

—Judges ii. 1.

AN Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal,
Up to the place of tears,
From where in the deep forest-calms
The ancient wind was singing psalms,
And all in tune, the tall green palms
Bow'd down their feathery spears.

The Angel spake at Bochim to the people,
And like a whirlwind swept
His words of anger, as he told
Of heathen shrines within the fold,
Of heathen altars on the wold,
Till all the people wept.

They wept, like husbandmen in summer weather
Who watch the ripening corn,
And see the crimson poppy stain
The yellowing sea of golden grain,
Like drops of blood : and all in vain
Their idle spring-time mourn.

Cometh the Angel of the Lord full often
And standeth by our homes,
Not in his visible presence bright

Passing from Gilgal's palmy height
With word of power, and arm of might,
Yet evermore he comes.

Perchance he takes death by the hand and standeth
Low knocking at our door,—
We miss one little lambkin's bleat,
The gabbling voice so wild and sweet,
The tottering of uneven feet
Along the nursery floor.

Perchance he comes with sickness in his quiver,
And stirreth all the deeps
Of our whole inward life, and tells
Where in our bosom's secret cells
In its green grove some idol dwells,
Some sin unheeded sleeps.

But whether with sharp pain he come, or sorrow,
Happy who own him near ;
Who o'er the bier, and by the bed,
Feel his white wings and know his tread
And softly say with bended head,
"An Angel hath been here !"

Yes, he hath come up surely to our Bochim
Out of the green palm-wood ;
So hearken we God's awful word,
Lay bare our bosom's bleeding chord,
And make an offering to the Lord,
Even where the Angel stood,

GIDEON'S FLEECE.

“ And Gideon said unto God, Let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece.”—Judges vi. 39.

ALL night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew ;
All night long the green corn in the valley
Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,
As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown,
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops ;
Silver frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver frosted all the mountain-tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain,
Sought his white fleece mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom,
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare ;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,
Heaven-besprinkled when the earth was dry ;
Mystic type too of her sad declining,
Who doth desolate, and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the Presence
Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
When the fulness of His Spirit droppeth
On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
Of her glory and her grievous fall,
Hath that sacrament of shame and splendour
To thine own heart not a nearer call ?

There are homes whereon the grace of Heaven
Falleth ever softly from above,
Homes by simple faith, and Christian duty,
Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love :

Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
Where the earnest lip of love distilleth
Words, like water running through and through.

There are children trained in truth and goodness,
 Graceless, careless in those holy homes,
 There are hearts within those Christian temples,
 Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,
 Haunts of prayerless lips, and ruined souls :
 Where some lonely heart, in secret, filleth
 Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls :

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
 Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
 Feels a tender Spirit, in the darkness,
 Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ ! be with us, that these hearts within us
 Prove not graceless in the hour of grace ;
 Dew of heaven ! fill us with the fulness
 Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

SAMSON.

“ And they called for Samson out of the prison-house, and he made them sport.”—Judges xvi. 25.

“ **B**RING the captive from the prison,”
 Quoth the lordly Philistine,
 “ To-day we hold high festival
 With banquet, and with wine.

Call all Philistia's nobles,
From the sea to the mountain gorge,
Call the maiden from the millstone
The warrior from the forge ;

“ From all the rich corn country
'Twixt the hills, and the sandy plain,
Where five great cities ride like ships
Upon a golden main,
From Gaza where the fish-god
Hath many honoured shrines,
To Ashdod, and to Askelon,
And Jaffa on her wave-washed throne,
And Ekron girt with vines ;

“ From fair pomegranate gardens
Red as the blushing east,
From thickets hung with oranges,
Like gold-lamps at a feast,
Come to the hall of Dagon !
Come throng his temple court !
To-day we bring the strong man forth
To make the people sport.”—

The eagle cast a shadow
As he sailed to and fro,
On far Lekiah's limestone cliff,
And on the sward below ;—
The white clouds flung strange figures
On the corn, and the waving grass,

While the blind man ground in his prison-house,
Bound with his chains of brass.
But shades and lights more wonderful
Were in that lone dark place,
For the shadow of his own great deeds,
Was on the blind man's face.

At Timnath in the vineyards
He heard the lion roar,
And the Lord's Spirit mightily
Came on him as of yore ;
Three thousand warriors bore him down
From Etam's rock again,
And he cast away their cords like flax,
And slew his thousand men.

Once more he bore the Gazite gates
Up Hebron's weary hill,
And at his side a woman's voice
Was sounding, sounding still.
And ever while his heavy hand
Ground in the prison drear,
"The Philistines be upon thee,"
Was sounding in his ear.

In the chambers of its darkness,
When the Christian soul lies low,
Counting o'er his former graces ;
And the spiritual foe

Shows his armies without number,
Shows his weapons keenly tried,
Let him look up through his blindness,
For the Lord is on his side.
When the wicked triumph greatly,
And the Dagon of their sin
Hath conquered both with guile and sword,
Cast down the servants of the Lord
And quenched good thoughts within ;
Then let them tremble where they stand,
For the Lord's vengeance is at hand,
And He is sure to win.

Come forth, thou blind old champion !
The people call thee now,
The day of wrath is come at length ;
For lo ! the seven locks of thy strength
Show grisly on thy brow.
A glorious death thou com'st to die,
A nation's wail thy funeral cry ;
Lay hand upon the pillars twain,
And as they lean, and bend, and fall,
Lie down beneath the crushing wall,
Upon thy thousands slain.

HANNAH'S OFFERING.

“ Therefore also have I lent him unto the Lord, as long as he liveth, he shall be lent unto the Lord.”—1 Sam. i. 28.

TO Shiloh from the mountains,
Where Ephraim's grapes are trod,
The mother brought her offering
Unto the house of God.
The merchantmen from Edom
Give spices rich for gold,
But she doth bear a gift more rare,
Unto that sacred hold.

There are lambs in Ephraim's pastures,
Pure as the drifted snows,
That lie on the brow of Lebanon,
For ever, like a rose.
There are heifers in her valleys,
And costly gifts they are—
But she doth bring a living thing,
That is more precious far.

The little face that nestled
Into her heart at night,
The lips that lisping “ mother,”
First thrilled her with delight.
He that in all home music
Was her one golden chord ;
She brings him now to shrive her vow,
And leaves him with the Lord.

The brow of the child Nazarite
Was open as the morn,
Whereon like gold-fringed cloudlets
Lay the bright locks unshorn—
The baby hand that rested
In hers was pure from stain,
As she brought him nigh to the old priest's eye,
Nor brought him forth again.

O mothers, by the cradles
Of your baptizéd sons,
Weaving a web of happy years,
For those belovéd ones,
As in each passive feature
Some glorious hope ye trace,
And a long bright shade by the future made,
Lies on the sleeping face ;

Give them a fate more noble,
In your unspoken thought,
Than earth, with her dreamy greatness
And fame, hath ever brought.
Bring them a free heart-offering,
Back to the God Who gave,
By the vows that were said on the infant head,
Over the hallowed wave.

O Christian, when thou bringest
An offering to God's shrine,
Take of the thing that is closest twined
Around that heart of thine—

The hope, or the pride, or the dearest love
That ever thy soul has known,
Lay them down there, in Christ's own care,
And He will bless the loan.

THE HARPING OF DAVID.

“And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed and was well.”—I Sam. xvi. 23.

THE cloud is on the monarch's soul,
Foreshadower of his future doom ;
So mists, before the thunders roll,
Come down and wrap the hill in gloom—

Go, call the gentle Bethlehemite,
And bid him wake his sweetest lay,
Perchance that music, pure and light,
May drive the threatening fiend away.

The shepherd boy has brought his lute,
He sings, he strikes the pliant chords !
Each ear is caught, each lip hangs mute,
On the sweet air, the wondrous words.

He stays his hand, the impassioned strain
Along the lofty palace dies ;
The listening courtiers breathe again,
The cloud has left the monarch's eyes.

Ah, no ! the measure died not all—

The echoes of that golden rhyme
Are ringing on, from fall to fall,
For ever down the stream of time.

At matin hour, in vespers low,

They ring, they ring, those silver bells,
For praise, for plaint, for joy or woe,
Whene'er our strain of worship swells.

The fair cathedral's arches grand,

Her marble saints with lifted palms,
Her carven pillars ever stand,
Wrapt in a dream of rolling psalms.

The grey old walls beneath the yew,

With modest porch, and taper spire,
Have ripened to their music too,
Rung from the clamorous village choir.

When wakeful men, with ears unstopped,

Through weary hours have told each sound
That broke upon the dark, then dropped
Into the pulseless silence round,

While the strained eye impatient longs

For the first throb of breaking light,
What snatches of those heavenly songs
Have come to him at dead of night ?

Some grand Laudate's lofty roll,
 Some tender penitential wail,
 Have made a music in his soul,
 Sweeter than any nightingale.

Come, blessed Psalms ! when mists of sin,
 Over my soul beclouded lie,
 Pierce through the wide world's strife and din,
 And bid the evil spirit fly.

Come, blessed Psalms ! when weak and lone
 My heart breaks down, and finds no aid,
 And let me find in your deep tone
 Some voice of comfort ready made.

For who shall find, in pain or loss,
 Words of such sweet, sustaining power,
 As those that hung about the Cross,
 And soothed my Saviour's dying hour ?

THE BURIAL OF SAMUEL.

"And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah."—1 Sam. xxv. 1.

THIRTY days amid the hills of Ramah
 Doth the voice of lamentation swell,
 Like the murmur of a mighty river,
 When the winter floods are on the fell,

Like a wind imprisoned in the gorges
Of the mountains, moaning as it sweeps—
But no tempest in the valley struggles,
And no torrent tumbles from the steeps.

All the Israelites make moan together
With a lamentation loud and sore,
For the seer is gathered to his fathers,
They shall hear the prophet's voice no more.

Bear him, bear him slowly to the burial,
Haunted as ye go is all the air,
With a thousand sweet and solemn fancies,
Memories of the great man that ye bear.

Like a sudden incense borne from Shiloh,
Round the cold corpse comes a fragrant breath,
And a young child with a linen ephod
Girded, glideth by the car of death.

There's a look upon the sharpened features
Of the old man, strangely like the grace
And the glory of unclouded childhood,
As it smiles upon that phantom face.

Sure those lips have held a high communion
And those ears a wondrous Voice have heard,
When the call came through the darkened chamber,
And the child made answer, "Speak, O Lord."

For his smile is shadowed in its brightness,
As by some great glory pass'd away—
So the hills that have been gold at sunrise,
Wear a deeper purple all the day.

Lo! the kingly Benjamite beside him
Walketh once again with stately tread,
And the withered hands are raised in blessing,
And the oil is poured upon his head.

But the prophet's heart is full of sorrow,
And some natural tears unbidden spring,
For he sees the rending of the mantle,
And he mourneth for the fallen king.

Sons of Jesse, tall of form, and goodly,
Seven brave warriors pass before the seer,
Look not on their beauty, or their stature,
For the Lord's anointed is not here.

Call the youngest, call him from the sheepfold,
In his eye a spirit pure and free,
On his cheek the colour of the morning,
Call him from the sheepfold! this is he!

Slowly, slowly now the visions vanish,
Israel's wail comes up upon the ear,
Prayers of pleading, words of love and warning,
All are over—lift the silent bier!

Leave the old man—leave him with his Father,
Dark and lonely in that quiet place
Lonelier shadows on his heart have fallen,
Darker griefs have deepened on his face.

An ungrateful people's causeless clamour,
Sons regardless of their father's call,
And his dream of hero-goodness broken
On the hard heart of rebellious Saul.

But the tree that blossomed well in summer,
Blossoms sweetly at the autumn's close ;
Graces nursed in childhood and in manhood,
In old age are sweeter than the rose.

Here is incense, richer than in Shiloh
The child-Levite from the altar sent,
Deeds of love and mercy and devotion,
All the fragrance of a life well spent.

Calmly slept the fair child by the altar,
As he waited for God's voice of dread—
Calmer doth the good saint sleep in Ramah,
Waiting for the Voice that wakes the dead.

SAUL.

“But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul.
—I Sam. xvi. 14.

I STOOD beside the shadowy lake,*
I watched the glorious brimful tide,
In lines of foamy music break
Against her shingly side.

The wild hills by her waters kiss'd,
Hung round her soft as soft might be,
They glimmer'd through a silver mist,
Down on a silver sea.

And where their darkest ridge upheaves,
A rich red light was streaming o'er,
—Like a great heap of crimson leaves,
Piled on a purple floor—

Red in the western heaven on high,
Red in the burning lake below,
And deep-red in the Eastern sky
That kindled with the glow.

So like, methought, a noble life,
Attempered well in every part,
No jarring element at strife
With God's grace in the heart.

* Lough Swilly, “the Lake of Shadows,” an arm of the sea in the north of Ireland.

I came another eventime—
The long blue tide had ebbed away ;
A sullen ridge of sand and slime
Under the mountains lay.

The crimson light in heaven might burn,
The purple hue might wrap the hill,
But down below was no return,
For all was dark and still.

Wandering along the lonely shore,
The curlew gave her sorrowful call,
Like a good angel weeping sore
Over a sinner's fall.

For that wild scene was like a heart
Whence God's full tide of grace is driven,
That dwells in wilful sin apart,
And hath no share in heaven.

I thought of Ramah's regal feast,
I thought of red Gilboa's plain,
Of bright hopes in that kingly breast,
Of that unworthy slain :

Of all the promise rich that lay
Around thy glorious youth, great Saul !
Of stubbornness that spurned at sway,
And pride that marred it all.

Sweet lake ! again thy tide shall draw
Soft rippling to thy mountains' feet—
Against thy nature's gentle law
Thy wild heart never beat.

But never more God's holy dew
Came to that God-forsaken man,
Till wilfulness, rebellion grew,
And pride to madness ran.

O, when we read with wondering eyes,
The hero's greatness, and his sin,
Self-doubting be the thoughts that rise,
Sharp be the glance within !

We too would walk our own wild way—
Our hearts are wilful every one,
Ever the hardest prayer to pray,
Is Christ's, " Thy will be done."

So catch we Nature's lesson still,
Her harmony of hue and tone,
That heart, and mind, and fretful will,
Move to God's will alone.

THE DEATH OF DAVID.

“So David slept with his fathers.”—I Kings ii. 10.

KING David sleepeth in his fathers' grave—
 O for one echo of that deep dirge-strain,
 Mourning so well the beautiful and brave,
 That rang erewhile o'er Gilboa's royal slain !

O for a murmur as of his own Psalms,
 Touching all hearts, like a great wind at play,
 That sports with Nature in long ocean calms,
 And green earth valleys, all a summer's day.

From his calm face the shadows sharp and strong
 Of olden days have passed, and left it still ;
 From his closed lip the last low lingering song,
 Like the last echo flung back from a hill,

Has died away ; and never, never more,
 So bold a hand shall sweep the silver lyre,
 So true a tone shall teach to kneel and soar,
 So sweet a voice shall lead the saintly choir.

Warrior, and king, and minstrel more renown'd
 Than ever touched fair fancy's noblest chord,
 Saint with a wondrous weight of glory crown'd,
 At once the type and prophet of his Lord.

He hath gone down into the shadowy vale—
 What though his face with many tears was wet,
 Though sin's remorseful cry, though sorrow's wail
 Swelled from that harp to heavenly music set ;

Still in that grief we read a deeper sorrow,
The awful mystery of a suffering God,
Still from that sharp, sin-laden cry we borrow
A voice that mourns where our own feet have trod.

What though his warrior-eye might ne'er behold
On green Moriah's side the white stone flower,
For which his red right hand had piled the gold,
Planning God's temple in his happier hour ;

Still like a dream before his eye it slept,
Its chambers flooded with a golden glow,
A strange bright place where faintest odours crept,
From cedar-flowers eternally in blow.

And he had heard a grander music thrilling
Where needs no temple's marble wall to rise,
Had seen his glorious ritual's fulfilling,
And known the One-sufficient Sacrifice.

As a great mountain on a stormy eve,
After a stormy day, stands dimly shown,
—How many times we saw the grey mist weave
A murky mantle for his crest of stone !—

Now a brief sunset splendour wraps his brow,
A crimson glory on a field of gold,
Yet the wild tide is breaking dark below,
Nor from its shaggy side the cloud has rolled—

So dim, so beautiful we see thy form,
 Conqueror and saint, man sinning and forgiven,
 Around thee wrapt earth's shadows and its storm,
 With here and there a glimpse of purest heaven.

But the morn breaks, a morning without clouds,
 A clear calm shining when the rain is o'er,
 He lieth where no mist of earth enshrouds,
 In God's great sunlight wrapped for evermore.

Psalmist of Israel! sure thou hearest now,
 If sweeter strains than thine can ever be,
 A sweeter music where the elders bow,
 Striking their harps upon the crystal sea.

New Testament Subjects.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

SAW you never in the twilight,
 When the sun had left the skies,
 Up in heaven the clear stars shining,
 Through the gloom like silver eyes?
 So of old the wise men watching,
 Saw a little stranger star,
 And they knew the King was given,
 And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story,
 How they cross'd the desert wild,
 Journey'd on by plain and mountain,
 Till they found the Holy Child?

How they open'd all their treasure,
Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering ?

Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar ?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our heart's best treasures bring,
Love, and Faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

“HE CAME DOWN TO NAZARETH.”

THERE was of old a poor man's house,
Within a lowly eastern town,
Wherein our blessed Saviour lived,
When He to earth from heaven came down.

There did He live a little Child,
Was subject to His parents' sway ;
There worked, perhaps, with willing hand,
And grew in wisdom day by day.

The breeze blew fragrant from the hills,
The blue lake gently murmured, near :
But sweeter than the mountain's flower,
And purer than the water clear,

Was Sharon's rose beneath that roof—
 The holy Child so pure and fair,
 In meek obedience year by year,
 Love's perfect pattern lingering there.

O let us often seek in thought,
 That cottage-house in Galilee ;
 And by this blest example learn,
 What Christian children ought to be :

Then show within our own poor hearts,
 Obedient love and duteous care ;
 And Christ, Who was a peasant Child,
 Shall come Himself and bless us there.

"BAPTIZED IN JORDAN."

STILL bright and blue doth Jordan flow,
 Between his banks all rough and bold,
 And round the far forgotten shore,
 Where Jesus was baptized of old.

And only from the woodland near,
 The lonely ringdove comes to sing,
 Where erst the Spirit like a dove,
 Came down upon her silver wing ;

And where the voice of God was heard,
 In silence o'er the desert sod ;
 And round the rocks that saw and felt
 The presence of the Triune God.

Still in Thy Church, O Lord, flow on
 The waves of Thy baptismal grace ;
 And still the holy Dove comes down,
 As soft they touch each infant face.

And still above the new-crossed brow,
 The three great names of God are spoken ;
 And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Are near to bless that healing token.

Oh, as Thy children wander on,
 Still o'er them brood, Thou Threefold Power ;
 And still the vow be on their souls,
 They breathed in their baptismal hour.

THE DOVE.

O GENTLE dove, Spring's harbinger,
 How much I love to hear,
 From budding larch in boisterous March,
 Thy woodnote sweet and clear !

When in our fields the daffodil
 Just shows her golden sheath,
 And here and there a primrose rare
 Comes peeping underneath,

Then as the cold morn struggling out
 Lights lawn and leafless trees,
 And scarce a note from woodbird's throat
 Comes on the ruffling breeze,

I hear across the windy dawn
Thine oft-repeated strain,
And memories fraught with holy thought
Come surging thro' my brain.

I see in distant Palestine
The sacred Jordan flow,
And lilies that heard the Saviour's Word
Along his banks in blow.

There Jesus bore man's baptism,
There God's great word was said,
And the form was thine that Love Divine
Bade hover o'er His head.

I see a slow emerging world,
A slow retreating sea,
A raven dark from a stranded ark
And a lonely olive tree.

I see the dove, kind messenger,
Caught in by Noah's hand,
With the leaf sere that told hope near
To that imprison'd band.

As once Thy Spirit like a dove
On Thy "Beloved" was pour'd,
So let Thy grace find resting place
In this poor heart, O Lord !

In the world's strife to Thee I flee,
 Let Thy hand take me in—
 Safe in Thy fold Thy wanderer hold,
 And keep from shame and sin.

LENT.

“And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying,
 I will, be thou clean.”—S. Matt. vii. 3.

THOU Who didst touch the leper foul,
 And cleanse him with the word “I will,”
 Have mercy on Thy sinful child,
 Touch me too in Thy mercy mild,
 My plague is fouler still.

He bore the brand upon his flesh,
 Mine lieth deep and dark within,
 Down in my heart where bad thoughts hide,
 Where passion reigns, and wrath, and pride,
 The leprosy of sin.

The leper felt his fearful doom,
 But I am cold and slow to see
 My strength how weak, my sins how great,
 The misery of my lost estate,
 And all my need of Thee.

'Tis Thou alone canst make me clean,
 O Blessed Saviour, if Thou wilt,
 And 'tis Thy will, full well I know,
 To wash me all as white as snow,
 For this Thy blood was spilt.

I cannot feel Thy healing touch,
 I cannot see the river flow,
 The cleansing water, and the blood,
 But I can bring to that pure flood,
 My load of sin and woe.

This deep corruption cleanse, O Lord,
 Unseen, but open to Thy sight ;
 My sinful soul doth trembling stand,
 Touch it with purifying hand,
 And make the scarlet white.

“TROUBLE NOT THE MASTER.”

“DEAD is thy Daughter, trouble not the Master”—
 Thus in the Ruler’s ear his servants spake,
 While tremblingly he urged the Saviour faster
 Up the green slope from that white-margined Lake.

The soft wave weltered, and the breeze came sighing
 Out of the oleander thickets red ;
 He only heard a breath that gasped in dying,
 Or “Trouble not the Master—She is dead.”

Trouble Him not. Ah ! are these words befitting
 The desolation of that awful day,
 When love’s vain fancies, hope’s delusive dreaming
 Are over—and the life has fled for aye ?

We need Him most when the dear eyes are closing,
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,
When the soft lines are set in that reposing
That never Mother cradled with a song.

Then most we need the gentle Human Feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great Love Divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

Then most we need the Voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith—
Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth ;
Only believe, for I have conquered death.

Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,
But ever in the fulness of perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet,
We cannot see the lamb in Abraham's bosom,
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent—neither moan nor cheering,
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold sleeper
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise ?

Come to us, Saviour ! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true Belief.

Come ! with that Human Voice that breaks in weeping,
Come ! with that awful Tenderness Divine,
Come ! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

“SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”

LIKE a young flower of early May,
That children pluck and leave to die,
The ruler's little daughter lay,
With cold pale cheeks and sunken eye,
Out-stretched upon the little bed,
Where oft she slumbered calm and light,
They left the maiden stiff and dead ;
No faded blossom half so white.

The childless mother weepeth sore,
The mourners make a louder moan ;
But Christ has pass'd the chamber door,
And chid the mourners' scoffing tone.

The hand that clothes the hawthorn tree,
 When spring returns to deck the plain,
 Gives warm and bright that human flower
 Back to her mother's breast again.

O, work of joy ! O, work of love !
 He holds her hand, He bids her rise,
 Her lip grows red, the eyelids move,
 The child looks up with wondering eyes.
 Then who should fear a dying bed,
 Or who in hopeless sorrow weep,
 Since Jesus stands beside His dead,
 And whispers soft, "They do but sleep."

AT JACOB'S WELL.

"Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink."—St. John iv. 7.

THE noonday's sun from Ebal's crest,
 On Shechem's valley fell ;
 A weary Man sat down to rest,
 Alone by Jacob's well.

The woman with her pitcher hied,
 Down to the deep well's brink :
 She little thought Who sat beside,
 And ask'd her for a drink.

She little dream'd what lips were those
 That made that poor request :
 Lips whence the living water flows,
 Wherewith all hearts are blest.

O, often to our hearths and homes,
When least we know or think,
Athirst, and weary, Jesus comes,
And bids us give Him drink.

He asks us by some daily care,
Some claim of common life ;
Some heart that hath a grief to share,
Some work with kindness rife.

Make haste, and hear thy Saviour's call,
Let love and pity plead ;
Make haste, and let thy pitcher fall,
And do the tender deed.

So from the depths of love divine,
The streams of grace shall pour ;
Wash that sin-wearied soul of thine,
And let thee thirst no more.

THE STORM.

"It is I, be not afraid."—St. John vi. 20.

FROM all the low green hills that crown
The waters of that inland sea,
The loosen'd winds rush'd madly down,
And swept the lake of Galilee.

A little boat was labouring sore,
While darker still the dark night grew ;
And the sea rose from shore to shore,
By reason of the wind that blew.

'Twixt sea and sky a darken'd speck,
She drifts along the stormy deep ;
No Saviour on her wave-wash'd deck,
Lies pillow'd now in quiet sleep.

But who is this that walks the storm,
With even step, and calm, firm eye?
They tremble as His awful form,
On the wild waters draweth nigh.

"'Tis I," He saith, "be not afraid."
Then fast the storm-clouds fled away ;
And still as flowers in summer glade,
Around His feet the foam-wreaths lay.

O Saviour, when on life's dark lake
The waves are roaring darkly round ;
When conscience bids the spirit quake,
And sin, and grief, and pain abound ;

Stand Thou upon the stormy shore,
Walk Thou along the uneasy wave ;
Say to me, Sinner, fear no more,
For I am drawing nigh to save.

Draw nigh, O Lord, reach forth Thine hand,
Come up into the ship with me :
So shall I soon be at the land,
The heavenly land where I would be.

“PEACE, BE STILL.”

FIERCELY came the tempest sweeping,
 Down the lake of Galilee ;
 But the ship where Christ lay sleeping,
 Might not sink in that wild sea.
 When He rose the tempest chiding,
 When He bade the waters rest ;
 Calm the little ship went gliding
 On the blue lake's quiet breast.

And the white waves rushing past her,
 Round her keel lay smooth and still ;
 For the wild waves knew their Master,
 And the winds obeyed His will.
 Thou Who heard'st those seamen pleading,
 Waking at their anguish cry—
 Sleep not now, when comfort needing,
 Saviour, unto Thee we fly.

When at night our homes are shaken,
 And the howling winds we hear—
 As in terror we awaken,
 Keep us safe from harm and fear.
 When the waves of pride or anger,
 Rise to vex our hearts within :
 Keep us from a greater danger,
 From the passion storms of sin.

THE BLIND MAN BEGGING.

THE blind man in his darkness,
Beside the highway sat,
He heard the trampling footsteps
Throng to the city gate,
They told him Christ of Nazareth
That hour was passing by :
And "Jesus, have Thou mercy,"
Was then the blind man's cry.

And when the people chid him,
Still louder cried he,
"O Jesu, Son of David,
Have mercy upon me."
O, joy ! He stands and calls him,
O gush of great delight !
His pitying words have given
The blessed gift of sight.

We too had sat in darkness,
Lost in our sin and care,
With blind eyes turned to heaven,
That saw no Saviour there :
If Jesus had not made us
His own by love and grace,
Here in His Church to serve Him,
And see at last His face.

Then let us rise and follow,
 Since Christ has called us in,
 And cast away the garments
 Of slothfulness and sin ;
 Till from our dim dark vision
 Each scale be rent away,
 And we behold His glory,
 And see the perfect day.

“HE SET A CHILD IN THE MIDST.”

A GENTLE and a holy child,
 Was sure that little one of old,
 Whom Jesus took into His arms,
 And to His own Apostles told :

Ye cannot enter into heaven,
 If still your hearts are proud and wild,
 Except your hearts converted be,
 Like little children pure and mild.

Had we been waiting at His side,
 When Jesus taught His people thus,
 Uplooking in His holy face,
 Could He have chosen one of us ?

O ! not unless our childish hearts,
 In simple truthfulness obey ;
 Unless our souls be guileless found,
 And meek and gentle, day by day.

O Saviour, make us good and mild,
And fill our hearts with simple joy,
And bless us with Thy gentle hand,
As Thou didst bless that Jewish boy.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

IN the pleasant sunny meadows,
Where the buttercups are seen ;
And the daisies' little shadows
Lie along the level green ;

Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near ;
For the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

Hill and plain he leads them over,
Where at noon the shadows sleep,
Where the richest purple clover
Grows along the sunny steep :

Where, within the mountain hollow,
Cool the shining waters flow ;
And the sheep their shepherd follow,
For his gentle voice they know.

Christians are like sheep abiding
In the Church's pasture free ;
Jesus is our Shepherd guiding,
And the little lambs are we.

O sweet Shepherd, gently lead us,
Lest we fall or go astray ;
With the bread of heaven feed us,
That we faint not by the way.

Pasture green and clover blossom
Are types of heavenly love ;
Jesus, bear us in Thy bosom
Safely to Thy fold above.

THE ASCENSION.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veil'd Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in Heaven.

That where Thou art at God's right Hand,
Our hope, our love may be,
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

“WHEN JESUS SAW HIS MOTHER.”

WHEN Jesus saw His mother stand
Beside His cruel cross of death,
In all His pains He thought of her,
And soothed her with His dying breath.

O perfect pattern, spotless love !
In life, in death, we learn of Thee,
Whose human heart so warmly beat,
To teach us what a child should be.

Ours cannot be as pure as Thine
Who, all Thy holy childhood dear,
Didst never vex Thy mother's soul,
Nor cost her eye a single tear.

But give us tender loving thought,
To feel a mother's inward care ;
And still, with many a little art,
To soothe the grief we cannot share.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

I N the rich man's garden ground,
Many a precious bud was found ;
Dark blue leaf or silver bell,
Wrapt within its silken shell.

But a bud more rich and rare,
Waited for its blooming there ;
Where the Lord's dear body lay,
Folded in its white array.

Soon those buds shall give to light
Their rich blossoms blue and white,
Sooner yet to wondering eyes,
Shall the Lord of life arise.

Once in the baptismal wave,
All our sins, as in Thy grave,
By a type were buried low,
Teach us, Lord, to leave them so.

Us from sin and death to save,
Thou didst lie in Joseph's cave ;
Let our evil nature be,
Buried still, and dead with Thee.

II.

THERE was within a garden fair
A rich man's burial cave,
No form of man had moulder'd there,
It was a new-made grave.

But in that lonely narrow cell
The mystery was wrought,
The resurrection miracle
Whereby to man was brought

Assurance of a wondrous change,
A balm for pain and strife,
A recompense for all the strange
Unequal things of life.

With spice and myrrh His bed they made,
The women came to weep,
And there the Prince of life was laid
And slept His three days' sleep.

But vain the Hebrew's stern award,
The heathen's bitter scorn,
The priest-seal'd stone, the Roman guard,
He rose on Easter morn.

As comes the dawn in red and gold,
And none the moment know,
As flowers their thousand leaves unfold
And no man sees them blow ;

So, silently, as flower or flame
 He pass'd at break of day,
And then the attending angel came
 And roll'd the stone away.

O resurrection mystery,
 In thee we have our part,
O risen Lord, we look to Thee,
 Our very life Thou art !

That when we die, for Thou hast died,
 We rise again to keep
An everlasting Easter tide,
 Glad waking from short sleep.

III

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND IMAGINATIVE.

THE YELLOW DAMASK CHAIR.*

O H ye of generous soul, and gentle blood,
Who love the annals of the great and good ;
Who love to trace their memory on earth,
Who trod their destined course in silent worth ;
Who, in this age of direful innovation,
Hold fast the principles of conservation ;
Who reverence ancient customs, and revere
The usages your ancestors held dear :
To such, I fondly hope, not all in vain,
I dedicate my brief memorial strain.

* The complaint of the yellow chair was heard to proceed from a lumber room in a remote part of a nobleman's mansion in the North of Ireland, where its venerable author was condemned, amidst dust and rubbish, to languish out an old age of uselessness and neglect.

You know to prize, and you will guard with care
The memoirs of a yellow damask chair.
But to you levelling miscreants, who hold
That nought is good and worthy that is old ;
Who, in the spirit of this modern time,
Reform even virtue, till ye make it crime.
Who 'stead of flowered satin, would relax
On vile cane chairs, with small indented backs ;
You who would scorn my antique form, and hear
My retrospections with unhallowed sneer ;
Read not one line, away, away, and spare
The harrowed feelings of a high-backed chair.

Alas ! 'tis many a year ago,
And days of joy, and hours of woe
Have flitted by, since I was new ;
Since I was fresh in form, and hue,
Unsullied with a stain ;
Then Bourbon filled his lineal throne,
And that loved Monarch was our own,
Whose like we ne'er shall see again.
Like shadows on the mystic glass,
Dawns on my mind each bygone scene,
Successively they rise, and pass
Away, as tho' they ne'er had been ;
Since I was placed, all reverently,
Within a chamber long, and high,
And gladly felt approving eyes,
And heard the voice of pleased surprise.

Methinks even now I hear him talk,
That dear old Earl with gartered knee,
How stately he was wont to walk,
How gently to sit down on me ;
With velvet coat of violet hue,
And ponderous buckles in his shoe.
Ah ! Nobles looked like Nobles then,
That now look just like other men.
He passed away, and all was changed,
Thro' his wide hall another ranged,
And time sped on : but memory stays
With rapture on my happiest days ;
How gladly glided hours along
To that unconscious, jovial throng :
How courteous was our noble Lord,
How blithe in drawing-room, gay at board :
With what complacence would he eye
The mouldings of my drapery,
When Noble Lady, richly drest,
My satin couch all lightly prest !
Another change— they went, all, all,
That wont to seek that festive hall,
I wist not where, but they were gone ;
And I was left, for years alone.
For years I watched my splendours fade,
I marked the sunbeams, as they played
Day after day, I've seen them fall
On that old picture on the wall,
With powdered hair, and broidered fan
The picture of my Lady Anne :

Alone, save some old woman came,
Who took my cover off and then
Would wipe the white dust from my frame,
And reverently put it on again.
At length they oped my living tomb,
And once again the daylight shone,
And lighted up the quiet room,
Where I had stood so long alone.
And I heard whispers thro' the dome,
And deep surmise, and echoed fears,
Which told me they were coming home
Who had not seen that hall for years.
They came. Where were ye visions sweet
Of forms that I was wont to see?
And fondly hoped again to greet,
Deceitful, vain, expectancy!
Where were the hoops, and ruffles rare,
The buckled shoes, and powdered hair,
The unbending dignity of air,
Where were the shapes I pictured, where?
Yet in the faultless form, and face,
Of her, the Lady of our hall,
That needed not one added grace
I looked, and had forgotten all.
And I had just begun to trace
Within my young Lord's glancing eye,
And in his stature, and his mien,
A memory of days gone by;
A glance of what his sires had been:
When, 'stead of smiling eyes, like those

That wont well pleased to light on me,
The laugh of loud derision rose
In merry peals of mocking glee.
Methinks, I could, that hour, have borne
If he had laid me on the fire ;
But thus to load, with cruel scorn,
The firm supporter of his sire :
To laugh at me, who aye upheld
The Lords of his most noble name,
Better that he at once had felled,
Or laid, me on the crackling flame.
But 'tis not all,—for by my side,
Where soft his sires have prest the ground.
He oft has past with hasty stride,
And sometimes cleared me at a bound.
Nay once (could yellow damask blush,
I sure should deeply blush to say
The shame of that disgraceful day,)
He past me with a sudden rush,
And, desecration ! dared to touch
With varnished shoe, my satin couch,
But 'tis enough :—I will not say
Each change from splendour to decay.
I will not pause on each light word
Of careless scorn, that I have heard.
I will not tell how I've been slighted,
Nor dwell on that degenerate race
Of rosewood slight, with cane united,
Who hold, but do not fill, my place :
Things better fit to grace the state

And bear the form, of Fairy Queen,
Than solid men of worth, and weight,
Men, such as I have seen.
Men, that I ween as soon had sate
On that thin web the spider flings,
As trust their forms revered and great,
To such fantastic fragile things.
I will not say how even then
A gleam of former pride arose,
When Lord or Lady deigned again
On my old cushion to repose.
How I have blessed auspicious fate,
When she the gentle, and the fair,
Has graced the tarnished yellow chair.
Or when, perchance at evening late,
A graceful form was on me thrown,
Ah, how unlike the rigid gait,
With back unbending as my own,
Of him !—But wherefore turn again
To cherished scenes beloved in vain ?
It may not be, I've caught the last,
Last look of that long gallery,
And every form I loved to see,
Like setting star away has past ;
But not to rise again to me.
Yet 'tis some solace in distress,
Some soothing to my loneliness,
The seat where nobles loved to rest
By ruder form shall ne'er be prest.
For I have borne the bold, the bright

And high-born Maid, and belted Knight,
 And statesman worn with toilsome thought,
 The comforts of my couch have sought :

And no Plebeian shall recline
 Within these honoured arms of mine.
 Past are my splendours, vanished all,
 Borne down on time's resistless surge,
 While I am left to weep their fall,
 And sing my former glory's dirge.
 Still blithe, from yonder hall I hear
 The voice of mirth, and joy, and song,
 And there the noble, and the dear,
 Still blest and blessing glide along.
 While I disabled, and forgot,
 Fast moulder in this desert spot.
 No eye to weep, no heart to share
 The sorrows of a faded damask chair.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.*

TWAS midnight, on St. Andrew's eve,
 The stars were shining chilly down
 On Narva's old beleaguered town,
 Where, glittering in their wintry ray,
 The mighty Russian's army lay.
 Long, long, at tale of that fell fray
 The haughty Muscovite shall grieve ;
 Long, long, the Russian maid shall tear

* This poem, like that which precedes it, was written in early youth.

The ringlets of her flaxen hair ;
And Russian matron weep their fall,
Who sleep by Narva's gory wall.
To-night upon that frozen plain
Their thousand banners gaily fly,
And sword and buckler give again
The lustre of that starry sky ;
To-morrow, and their blood shall dew
The white snow with a crimson hue,
While the boy Swede triumphant waves
His flag o'er thrice ten thousand graves.

The Czar's pavilion stands alone,
Some twenty paces from the camp ;
No light within of torch or lamp,
Only the flickering embers lent
A twilight radiance to the tent ;
On helm, and spear, and buckler shone,
And there, an ancient Cossack sate,
And there, a Councillor of State ;
And there, the wondrous Chief, who planned
To civilise a barbarous land ;
The high of soul, yet wild of heart,
Who bade the generous light of art
Throughout his mighty realm be known,
And tamed all natures but his own.
In musing mood he silent sits,
And quaffs the half-drained cup by fits,
Or marks the firewood wane and die.

Sudden, before the Monarch's eye,
The lofty tent grew dark and dim,
And, 'twixt the entrance way and him,
There rose a savage form and grim,
With swarthy brow, and scattered hair :
His body wrapt in Swedish vest,
And a Turkish sabre at his breast ;
With foot unshod, and ankle bare ;
And the glance of his eye was stony and chill,
As the beams that play on a frozen rill.
The red blood left the Monarch's cheek,
And thrice he rose, and strove to speak,
And thrice did the falt'ring accents die
Beneath the spectre's glassy eye.
If all the snow on Russia's plains
Melted in one ice draught had been,
And poured that instant through his veins,
He had not felt so cold, I ween,
As when that form, or man, or sprite,
Lifted a finger, long and white,
And silent beckoned him away ;
He would have given his throne to stay,
But such a spell was in that glance,
He dared not pause but must advance.

Forth from the Imperial tent they hied,
The Monarch, and his ghostly guide,
Behind the Czar, before the ghost,
There's not a sentry at his post,

There's not a sign, or sound of war,
Only the banners drowsily wave ;
Inly muttered the furious Czar,
And he ground his teeth for very spite,
" Beshrew the heart of each sleeping knave,
I'll chop off their heads with the morning light."
Still on, and on, the spectre speeds,
The Monarch following where he leads,
Thro' the silent camp they go,
And he leaves no footprint on the snow,
But onward he goes and no word lets fall,
Straight to the city's hostile wall.
He made no sign, and he breathed no name,
But the drawbridge fell as he onward came,
And in the unwilling Monarch went.
He's far from all that fear or love him,
Within a hostile battlement,
And Sweden's banner waves above him.
Still rapidly on doth the spectre glide,
There's not a soul in the silent streets,
Save the guards that stand on either side,
As still as ghosts in their winding sheets :
Thus on they sped for one weary hour,
Till they paused by an ancient chapel tower,
And there there rose on the Monarch's ear,
Mingled voices of mirth and fear,
For there came a voice from each hollow grave,
Like the far-off roar of the Baltic wave,
And each grey pillar, and antique rafter,
Rang with wild shouts of savage laughter.

The trembling Emperor felt for his sword,
 But he had forgotten to buckle it on,
 And he strove to speak his 'larum word,
 But his tongue was as stiff as a ridge of stone,
 The hairs were bristling on his head,
 When the pavement yawned beneath his tread.
 And a gleam of lurid light came forth,
 Like the meteor fires that dance in the north.
 Into the gulf stepped the spectral elf,
 And the Emperor followed, in spite of himself.

Loud, and more loud, grew the frantic din,
 And wondrous the scene he saw within,
 By the firelight red, by the torches' glare,
 There were thirty figures standing there,
 Each was clad like his ghostly guide,
 In garments rough of the wild wolf's hide,
 Savage of mien, and ghastly all,
 And they seemed to the Czar to be playing at ball.
 Thirty figures, and all the same,
 With terrible voice, and with noiseless tread,
 They hurried on with their wondrous game,
 And each ball that they played was a Sovereign's
 head.

There was William of England, with princely glance
 And they played with him against Louis of France,
 They gave the Emperor's head a fling,
 And bowled it right at the Spanish King,
 They dashed the Saxon against the Pole,
 They bade the Dane with the Dutchman roll,

They flung the Pope and the Prussian down,
With many a lubberly German clown,
The Grand Signior rolled here and there,
And the warrior Charles with his martial air :
Quoth one of the mummers, " Much we need,
A ball to play against Charles the Swede."
Said another spectre, " We only wait,
For the head of the Emperor, Peter the Great."
The silent guide with a ghastly grin,
Raised his finger, long and thin,
He raised his hand and pointed right
At the Imperial Muscovite.
Instantly, with a wild halloo,
The thirty drew each a scimitar,
Aside their reeking balls they threw,
And furiously rushed at the trembling Czar.
It's ill to deal with a desperate man,
Hotly the Muscovite's high blood ran,
Strongly he seized, and down he threw
The first that sprang of that savage crew,
Another came on, and to earth is rolled :—
When loudly cried that Cossack old,
" Awaken, awaken, Imperial Sire,
Your Highness has tumbled me into the fire."
Louder yet the minister said,
" Awaken, your Majesty's broken my head."
Up starts the Czar, right well content,
To find him in his own good tent,
His own broad banner waving o'er him,
And Cossack and Councillor lying before him.

THE RISING AT AIX.

THE dead-cart rolleth up and down,
 Through the old town of Aix,
 The death-bell tolleth fearfully,
 And the Priest at the altar prays.

And the few men that tread her streets,
 Like frightened phantoms stare
 Each in the other's face, to see
 If the plague-mark be there.

She lieth at the Loosberg's foot,
 A silence-stricken town,
 Save when the bell tolls fearfully,
 And the cart rolls up and down.

“ Ah me ! that death should be so grim,
 That life should be so sweet ! ”
 He looks from his house in the Neu-Market,
 Down on the silent street ;

He sees the grass through the pavement grow,
 He hears the death-bell ring :
 “ O death, grim death is terrible,”
 Quoth the good knight shuddering.

The lady sat beside her lord,
 His boy was on her knee ;
 “ Good father, Christ can raise the dead
 Art thou afraid ? ” quoth he.

She was the fairest, noblest dame,
In all the Rhenish plain,
Who looked down on the Neu-Market,
And heard her lord complain.

The Priests are praying at the shrine,
The death-bell tolleth on ;
Why is the lady's eye so strange ?
Why grows her cheek so wan ?

He tore away the golden clasp,
Aside the silken vest ;
Ah me ! ah me ! the red plague-spot
Is on the lady's breast.

The Lady Joscelind is dead,—
“Go delve the church's nave,
She shall not lie with the common herd,
All in one common grave.

“The gold ring on her left hand finger
Let none presume to stir ;
Therewith I plighted her my troth,
And I was true to her.

“And bring me hither my diamond ring,
The ring with diamonds three,
And leave it on her right hand finger,
For she was true to me.

“ And bear her to the Apostles’ Church,
If one be found to delve,
And leave her deep down in the nave,
In care of the Holy Twelve.”

The good knight mourneth hopelessly,
“ O death, grim death is dread.”
The child is whispering in his play,
“ Christ raiseth up the dead.”

The clocks had stricken twelve at night,
Out of the church’s spire ;
The wax lights shone from the altar high,
Dim through the solemn choir.

There were many hearts awake that night,
Some by the dying bed,
Some all alone in burning pain,
Some wailing for the dead.

And some that trod those stricken streets
For deeds of shame and crime :
O, strange that human hearts should be
So hard at such a time !

They came to the church of the Holy Twelve,
They paused, and spoke aside,
“ She has gems of cost on her dead fingers,
Might grace a living bride.”

They brought the shovel and the torch,
 Into the cold dark nave,
Where the stone was stirred, and the earth was loose,
 On Lady Joscelind's grave,

They lifted up the coffin lid,
 The pall of satin white ;
And the diamonds three on her fair right hand,
 Shone out like stars at night.

And they saw the lady's cold pale face,
 Shrouded and swathed within :
Was it the damp church air that moved
 The band beneath her chin ?

The boldest man in the company
 Has touched that jewel rare ;
The corpse sat up in her shroud, and looked
 Around with a ghastly stare.

The bells had chimed in the Neu-Market,
 The clocks had stricken four ;
The knight hath heard a hasty knock,
 Down at the outer door.

He heard it from his lonely couch,
 Where all night long he tossed,
And muttered, " None hath power to give
 Again what I have lost."

The child has wakened with the noise,
He rose in his little bed ;
" O father, I have dreamt all night,
Of the rising of the dead."

" Lie still, lie still. My servitor,
Go to the outer gate :
Who cometh to the house of woe,
And dares to call so late ?

" There are no dying here to shrive,
There are no dead to shroud ;
Unbar, unbar in haste, I say,
And see who knocks so loud."

" O, master, as I hastened down,
I looked forth on the street,
The lady standeth at the door,
Wrapped in her winding sheet."

The knight has laughed a bitter laugh,
In his hopeless misery,
" Death hath her in his iron grasp,
She may not loosened be.

" When did he ever give again
The prey that he had won ? "
" Christ has conquered death, father,"
Whispered his little son.

And mournfully, and urgently,
The voice below doth cry,
“Unbar the door, my dearest lord,
It is none else but I.”

“When my good steed shall leave his stall,
And mount my chamber stair,
I will believe that Joscelind
In flesh and blood is there.

“I will believe my buried love
Unsepulchred has been,
When he shall stand, where now I stand,
Then will I let thee in.”

The whole house shaketh wondrously,
From cellar unto roof,
There is a sound on the winding stair
Like the tramp of a charger's hoof.

And up each narrow landing place,
The good steed safely trod,
Straight to the sinner's side, who dared
To doubt the power of God.

“Unbar, unbar the door in haste,
She is given me back,” he saith,
“I have wronged the mercy of the Lord,
I had neither hope, nor faith.”

There was a costly altar-cloth
The richest e'er was seen,
It hung in the Apostles' Church,
Behind the altar screen.

There were four figures carved in stone,
O'er the western portal proud,
A knight, and a child, and a steed unyoked,
And a lady in her shroud.

The lady wrought the altar cover
The knight the marble gave,
In memory of her who rose
Out of that church's nave.

The house stands still in the Neu-Market,
Where their calm age flowed on ;
A summer twilight, when the sun
From the grey sky is gone ;

When pure and soft, a chastened light
Is shed o'er all the earth,
A beauty that is perfect peace,
But hath no touch of mirth.

For never smile was seen to play
On that sweet face again,
That had been tired in a shroud,
And in the grave had lain.

They laid them in the Apostles' Church,
The noble and the dame ;
Death was not terrible at last,
When to the knight he came.

A brave young warrior laid the stone
Over each honoured head,
And graved with pious hand thereon,
"Christ raiseth up the dead."

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

"O MY daughter ! lead me forth to the bastion on
the north,
Let me see the water running from the green hills
of Tyrone,
Where the woods of Mountjoy quiver above the
changeful river,
And the silver trout lie hidden in the pools that
I have known.

"There I wooed your mother, Dear ! in the days that
are so near
To the old man who lie dying in this sore be-
leaguered place ;
For time's long years may sever, but love that liveth
ever,
Calls back the early rapture—lights again the angel
face.

“ Ah, well ! she lieth still on our wall-engirdled hill,
 Our own Cathedral holds her till God shall call
 His dead ;
 And the psalter’s swell and wailing, and the cannon’s
 loud assailing,
 And the Preacher’s voice and blessing, pass un-
 heeded o’er her head.

“ ’Twas the Lord who gave the word when His people
 drew the sword
 For the freedom of the present, for the future that
 awaits.
 O Child ! thou must remember that bleak day in
 December
 When the ’Prentice-Boys of Derry rose up and shut
 the Gates.

“ There was tumult in the street, and a rush of many
 feet—
 There was discord in the Council, and Lundy
 turned to fly
 For the man had no assurance of Ulstermen’s en-
 durance,
 Nor the strength of him who trusteth in the arm of
 God Most High.

“ These limbs, that now are weak, were strong then,
 and thy cheek
 Held roses that were red as any rose in June—

That now are wan, my daughter ! as the light on the
Foyle water,
When all the sea and all the land are white beneath
the moon.

“ Then the foemen gather’d fast—we could see them
marching past—
The Irish from his barren hills, the Frenchman
from his wars,
With their banners bravely beaming, and to our eyes
their seeming
Was fearful as a locust band, and countless as the
stars.

“ And they bound us with a cord from the harbour to
the ford,
And they raked us with their cannon, and sallying
was hot ;
But our trust was still unshaken, though Culmore fort
was taken,
And they wrote our men a letter, and they sent it
in a shot.

“ They were soft words that they spoke, how we need
not fear their yoke,
And they pleaded by our homesteads, and by our
children small,
And our women fair and tender ; but we answer’d,
‘ No Surrender ! ’
And we called on God Almighty, and we went to
man the wall.

“There was wrath in the French camp; we could
 hear their Captains stamp,
 And Rosen, with his hand on his cross'd hilt,
 swore
 That little town of Derry, not a league from Culmore
 ferry,
 Should lie a heap of ashes on the Foyle's green
 shore.

“Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral
 Church
 Above the tide-vest river looks eastward from the
 bay—
 Dear namesake of St. Columb, and each morning,
 sweet and solemn,
 The bells, through all the tumult, have call'd us in
 to pray.

“Our leader speaks the prayer—the Captains all are
 there—
 His deep voice never falters, though his look be
 sad and grave,
 On the women's pallid faces, and the soldiers in their
 places,
 And the stones above our brothers that lie buried
 in the nave.

“They are closing round us still by the river; on the
 hill
 You can see the white pavilions round the standard
 of their chief;

But the Lord is up in Heaven, though the chances
are uneven,
Though the boom is in the river whence we look'd
for our relief.

“ And the faint hope dies away at the close of each
long day,
As we see the eyes grow lustreless, the pulses beat-
ing low ;
As we see our children languish—Was ever martyr's
anguish,
At the stake or in the dungeon, like this anguish
that we know ?

“ With the foemen's closing line, while the English
make no sign,
And the daily lessening ration, and the fall of
staggering feet,
And the wailing low and fearful, and the women stern
and tearful
Speaking bravely to their husbands and their lovers
in the street.

“ There was trouble in the air when we met this day
for prayer,
And the joyous July morning was heavy in our
eyes ;
Our arms were by the altar as we sang aloud the
Psalter,
And listen'd in the pauses for the enemy's surprise.

“ ‘ Praise the Lord God in the height, for the glory of
His might ! ’

It ran along the arches and it went out to the
town :

‘ In His strength He hath arisen, He hath loos’d the
souls in prison,

The wrong’d one He hath righted, and raised the
fallen-down.’

“ And the Preacher’s voice was bold, as he rose up
then, and told

Of the triumph of the righteous, of the patience of
the saints,

And the hope of God’s assistance, and the greatness
of resistance,

Of the trust that never wearies and the heart that
never faints.

“ Where the river joins the brine, canst thou see the
ships in line ?

And the plenty of our craving just beyond the cruel
boom ?

Through the dark mist of the firing canst thou see
the masts aspiring

Dost thou think of one who loves thee on that ship
amidst the gloom ? ”

She was weary, she was wan, but she climb’d the
rampart on,

And she look’d along the water where the good
ships lay afar—

“Oh ! I see on either border their cannon ranged in
order,
And the boom across the river, and the waiting
men-of-war.

“There’s death in every hand that holds a lighted
brand,
But the gallant little *Mountjoy* comes bravely to
the front.

Now, God of Battles, hear us ! let that good ship
draw near us.

Ah ! the brands are at the touch-holes—will she
bear the cannon’s brunt ?

“She makes a forward dash. Hark, hark ! the thun-
der crash !

O Father, they have caught her—she is lying on
the shore.

Another crash like thunder—will it tear her ribs
asunder ?

No, no ! the shot has freed her—she is floating on
once more.

“She pushes her white sail through the bullet’s leaden
hail,

Now blessings on her Captain and on her seamen
bold.

Crash ! crash ! the boom is broken ; I can see my
true love’s token—

A lily in his bonnet, a lily all of gold.

“She sails up to the town, like a Queen in a white gown ;

Red golden are her lilies, true gold are all her men.
Now the *Phœnix* follows after—I can hear the women’s laughter,

And the shouting of the soldiers, till the echoes ring again.”

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She has glided from the wall, on her lover’s breast to fall,

As the white bird of the ocean drops down into the wave ;

And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices singing,

And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph stave.

“Sing ye praises through the land : the Lord with His right hand,

With His mighty arm hath gotten Himself the victory now.

He hath scatterèd their forces, both the riders and their horses.

There is none that fighteth for us, O God ! but only Thou.”

And of these heroic times, if the tale be told in rhymes,

When the statesman of the future learns no lesson from the past ;

When rude hands are upsetting, and cold hearts are
forgetting,
And faction sways the Senate, and faith is over-
cast ;

Then these Derry men shall tell—who would serve
his country well,
Must be strong in his conviction and valiant in his
deed,
Must be patient in enduring, and determined in se-
curing
The liberty to serve his God, the freedom of his
creed.

THE CHILD OF THE RHINE.

I.

HE dwelleth where the waters shine,
Of that broad stream, the German's boast,
Where, night and day, the lordly Rhine
Goes singing by his castled coast.

Though on his ear the murmurs fall,
He cannot see the blue waves glide
By Ehrenbreitstein's storied wall
To meet the Mosel's silver tide.

On garden green and vine-clad hill,
Round Coblenz fair the sunlight streams,
Through all his frame he feels the thrill
Of warmth and gladness in its beams.

But not for him the shadows fade,
 Or deepen on the mountain grey ;
 He never watch'd the ripple, made
 By the light oars, sink slow away.

All real things of shape and size
 In his child's spirit have no place,
 For never on his sealèd eyes
 Hath outward object left a trace.

Still Nature wears a form and hue
 By his own thoughtful soul imprest ;
 He walks with things he never knew,
 In darkness, yet the child is blest.

The quiet soul, so gentle, frames
 No wish for that great good, unknown ;
 He treasures up men's words and names,
 And gives them colours of his own.

He laugheth loud in childish glee,
 His mother singeth some old strain,
 He creepeth softly to her knee,
 And makes her sing it o'er again.

He feeleth with his little hand
 O'er all the face he loves so well,
 And, listening, doth not understand
 The tale he wins her still to tell.

'Tis sad to watch those eyes uplift
Their fair lids, fringed with golden hair,
Yet know that God's most precious gift,
Bright power of vision, dwells not there.

But underneath God's glorious heaven
I ween there is a sadder sight—
It is when God's good gifts are given
And men misuse the precious right.

The earth is green, the Rhine is blue,
Yet here are eyes that stream or flower
Hath never charm'd ; and God is true,
Yet here are hearts that mock His power.

The blind of soul, the blind of sense,
They dwell beneath the same roof-tree,
She darker of intelligence
Than, in his natural blindness, he.

For dull and dim, as mists that fold
The Drachenfels' broad summit bare,
To her, bright Truth, the strong and bold,
Doth veils, and clouds, and shadows wear.

Poor earth's inventions—tales and dreams—
These to her blind child she has taught,
And he, cut off from sights and gleams
And pictured forms, nor knowing aught

Of images that minister
Unto her wandering fancy's need,
Perchance doth not so widely err,
And holds in thought a purer creed.

She leads him to the old church pile,
What time they sing the solemn mass—
He stands within the pillar'd aisle,
He feels the glowing incense pass ;

He sees no gorgeous windows dim,
No vested priests around him bend ;
He only hears the chanted hymn,
The prayer he cannot comprehend.

To "Father, Spirit, Son," they sung
Those strains that, lingering, swell and faint ;
He cannot tell that foreign tongue,
He kneeleth to his mother's saint.

Seldom he speaks to Him who erst
Himself to mortal needs drew near,
Nor sent the little children first,
To servant loved, or mother dear.

Yet leave the child his simple thought
Of one great Being throned above,
His sense of power that bows to nought,
His faith in all-pervading love.

Leave him his own dream-haunted night,
His meek content, his thoughtless bliss,
Nor tell him that strange power of sight,
Unknown, unsought, may yet be his.

Go, tread to-day the rose in dust,
To-morrow brings a flower as fair,
But he that tramples childhood's trust
Shall find no second blossom there.

II.

The vines are bending to the ground
Beneath their summer burden bright,
Through all the Rhine-land goes a sound,
The murmur of a strange delight.

Full fifty years the holy vest
Has lain in sacred mystery seal'd,—
Come forth, ye troubled, and find rest,
Come forth, ye sickly, and be heal'd.

The mother whispers of strange things,
And wonders wrought for faithful men ;
In the child's soul a dream upsprings
Of the bright world beyond his ken.

A voice from old imperial Trèves,
Responsive thousands catch the cry ;
Long pilgrim hosts, like swelling waves,
Pour on to that cathedral high.

From many a vine-wreath'd hut and hall
 Where Danube's troubled waters ride,
 From shores that hear the murmuring fall
 Of that fair sea without a tide ;

From citron-groves where Spaniards roam,
 That weary pilgrimage they take,
 And Gaul's gay peasants leave their home,
 And Erin's island echoes wake.

The church is crowded, choir and nave ;
 From altar screen to open door
 Fresh thousands still a blessing crave,
 Fresh thousands thronging still adore.

Within the Lady Chapel fair,
 Aloft the awful relic stands,
 The grey old Bishop sitteth there,
 And blesseth all with lifted hands.

Round the High Altar slow they came
 To kiss that honour'd vest divine :
 Where was His honour to whose name
 Men rear'd of old that costly shrine ?

Round the High Altar, two by two,
 They pass'd without a word or strain,
 Then, turning round in order due,
 They pass'd it, silent, back again.

Yet here the sick man came for health,
And here the sinner came for aid,
And here the rich man brought his wealth,
And here the earnest-minded pray'd.

Not unto Him of old who wore
Such humble garb in Jewish land ;
The prayers, the vows, the tears they pour
To mouldering work of human hand.

III.

She leaves behind the murmuring waves,
Fair Coblentz, round thy pleasant homes ;
With lingering step to lordly Trèves
The mother and her blind child comes.

His little hands across his breast
The child has folded piously,
And ever cries : " O holy vest,
O vest most holy, pity me ! "

A sunbeam, breaking through the trees,
Falls on his cheek so warm and bright,
The poor child almost thinks he sees
And knows the ecstasy of light.

" O mother, mother, linger not ! "
He strains her weary hand and cries ;
" I die to kneel on that blest spot,
And learn to know thee with mine eyes.

“ I yearn to see this pleasant heat,
 To watch old father Rhine ride by,
 I hear the trampling of his feet,
 I know his hoarse and hollow cry.

“ How could he bear our little boat,
 I felt no arms encircling me ?
 O holy coat, most holy coat,
 Make me to know what others see ! ”

They wander on by hill and bower,
 He hears no voices whispering round,
 One strange bright hope absorbs all power
 Of grateful scent, or pleasant sound.

And still across his little breast
 His hands are folded ; piteously
 He crieth out : “ O holy vest,
 Have mercy on my misery ! ”

There's many an angel carved in white
 On the tall pillars' chapiters,
 And blue-eyed boys as fair as light
 Are singing with the choristers.

But not one form of sculptured grace,
 Nor breathing boy in that fair choir,
 Is beautiful as he, whose face
 Pales with its own intense desire.

She leads him round the altar high ;
With trembling limb, with quivering throat,
And up-raised face and straining eye,
He kneeleth to the holy coat.

IV.

The Rhine runs gladly, as before,
By castled crag and vine-wreath'd cot,
The child beside his low-roof'd door
Sits once again, and sees him not.

The stream is broad and bright as ever,
But the child's heart is glad no more ;
His short sweet laughter minglcth never,
Now with the water's sullen roar.

The sleep that was so full of dreams,
His wakeful, joyous, tranquil night
Is clouded over, and it seems
No more its fancied forms are bright.

One glorious gleam flash'd through his brain,
Wherein each other light wax'd dim ;
'Tis vanish'd now, but ne'er again
His own old stars shall shine for him.

He loved so much in forest bowers
The rustle of the soft green leaves ;
He loved to listen when long hours
The home-birds twitter'd in the eaves.

The music of the murmuring wave,
 The wild-bee's hum, the whispering rain,
 Tones that yet dearer transport gave,
 Sing as of old—but sing in vain.

Then bitterer feelings wring the breast—
 Whom should he love, or whom believe,
 If all who said they loved caress'd
 His weakness only to deceive?

The torturing dread—the chilling doubt—
 The hollow hopelessness—begin,
 Worse, worse than changeless night without,
 The gathering vacancy within.*

And that fond faith of childish years,
 That meekly trusted and obey'd—
 That held no doubts, that had no fears,
 How is its simpleness betray'd!

O mother, was it meet to guide
 The heart thou couldst have taught to cling
 Close to His own Redeemer's side,
 And leave it with that powerless thing?

And when thy false words urged him on,
 And lured him down the devious track,
 Was there no deeper, dearer tone
 To call the cheated wanderer back?

* I may be allowed to record with mournful pleasure that this verse was added by the late Professor W. Archer Butler, upon reading this poem in manuscript.

Where was her warning, sweet and stern,
The mother of his second birth ?
Ah ! she has stain'd her own pure urn
With the polluted streams of earth.

In many an old religious land
Her once true notes are false and vain,
And she has forged with her own hand,
And rivets still her children's chain.

Dear Church, along our English dells,
Still pure as in thine earliest years,
Thy sweet voice, echoed by church-bells,
Comes floating down to peasant ears !

Still round thy shrines thy poor bereaved
In Christ's own presence meet to pray,
And, none rejected, none deceived,
Bear all His choicest gifts away.

Oh, if one, wandering from thy fold,
Hath in *her* pictured paths found pleasure,
Who singeth the good strains of old,
But sings them to another measure ;

If he have touch'd enchanted ground,
And love to roam and linger there,
Oh lure him back with the sweet sound
Of thy pure creed and simple prayer ;

And with the spirit, stern and strong,
 That fill'd thy martyrs' souls undaunted,
 And with the sympathies that throng
 Round thine old churches, angel-haunted !

And if thy pleas in vain be said,
 Then show the doubt, the grief, the gloom,
 The soul untrain'd, the heart misled—
 The blind child's solitary doom.

THE LEGEND OF STUMPIE'S BRAE.*

H EARD ye no' tell of the Stumpie's Brae ?
 Sit down, sit down, young friend,
 I'll make your flesh to creep to-day,
 And your hair to stan' on end.

Young man, it's hard to strive wi' sin,
 And the hardest strife of a'
 Is where the greed o' gain creeps in,
 And drives God's grace awa'.

Oh, it's quick to do, but it's lang to rue,
 When the punishment comes at last,
 And we would give the world to undo
 The deed that's done and past.

* This ballad embodies an actual legend attached to a lonely spot on the border of the county of Donegal. The *language* of the ballad is the peculiar semi-Scottish dialect spoken in the north of Ireland.

Over yon strip of meadow land,
And over the burnie bright,
Dinna ye mark the fir-trees stand,
Around yon gable white?

I mind it weel, in my younger days
The story yet was rife :
There dwelt within that lonely place
A farmer man and his wife.

They sat together all alone,
One blessed autumn night,
When the trees without, and hedge, and stone,
Were white in the sweet moonlight.

The boys and girls were gone down all
A wee to the blacksmith's wake ;
There pass'd ane on by the window small,
And guv the door a shake.

The man he up and open'd the door—
When he had spoken a bit,
A pedlar men stepp'd into the floor,
Down he tumbled the pack he bore,
Right heavy pack was it.

"Gude save us a'," says the wife, wi' a smile,
"But yours is a thrivin' trade."—
"Ay, ay, I've wander'd mony a mile,
And plenty have I made."

The man sat on by the dull fire flame,
 When the pedlar went to rest ;
 Close to his ear the Devil came,
 And slipp'd intil his breast.

He look'd at his wife by the dim fire light,
 And she was as bad as he—
 "Could we no' murder thon man the night ?"—
 "Ay, could we, ready," quo' she.

He took the pickaxe without a word,
 Whence it stood, ahint the door ;
 As he pass'd in, the sleeper stirr'd,
 That never waken'd more.

"He's dead !" says the auld man, coming back—
 "What o' the corp, my dear ?"
 "We'll bury him snug in his ain bit pack,
 Never ye mind for the loss of the sack,
 I've ta'en out a' the gear."

"The pack's owre short by twa gude span,
 What'll we do ?" quo' he—
 "Ou, you're a doited, unthoughtfu' man,
 We'll cut him off at the knee."

They shorten'd the corp, and they pack'd him tight,
 Wi' his legs in a pickle hay ;
 Over the burn, in the sweet moonlight,
 They carried him till this brae.

They shovell'd a hole right speedily,
They laid him in on his back—
“A right pair are ye,” quo' the PEDLAR, quo' he,
Sitting bolt upright in the pack.

“Ye think ye've laid me snugly here,
And none shall know my station ;
But I'll hant ye far, and I'll hant ye near,
Father and son, wi' terror and fear,
To the nineteenth generation.”

The twa were sittin' the vera next night,
When the dog began to cower,
And they knew, by the pale blue fire light,
That the Evil One had power.

It had stricken nine, just nine o' the clock—
The hour when the man lay dead ;
There came to the outer door a knock,
And a heavy, heavy tread.

The old man's head swam round and round,
The woman's blood 'gan freeze,
For it was not like a natural sound,
But like some one stumping o'er the ground
An the banes of his twa bare knees.

And through the door, like a sough of air,
And stump, stump, round the twa,
Wi' his bloody head, and his knee banes bare—
They'd maist ha'e died of awe !

The wife's black locks ere morn grew white,
 They say, as the mountain snaws ;
 The man was as straight as a staff that night,
 But he stoop'd when the morning rose.

Still, year and day, as the clock struck NINE,
 The hour when they did the sin,
 The wee bit dog began to whine,
 And the ghaist came clattering in.

Ae night there was a fearful flood—
 Three days the skies had pour'd ;
 And white wi' foam, and black wi' mud,
 The burn in fury roar'd.

Quo' she—"Gude man, ye need na turn
 Sae pale in the dim fire light ;
 The Stumpie canna cross the burn,
 He'll no' be here the night.

"For it's o'er the bank, and it's o'er the linn,
 And it's up to the meadow ridge—"
 "Ay," quo' the Stumpie hirpling in,
 And he gied the wife a slap on the chin,
 "But *I cam' round by the bridge !*"*

And stump, stump, stump, to his plays again,
 And o'er the stools and chairs ;
 Ye'd surely hae thought ten women and men
 Were dancing there in pairs.

* So in the legend.

They sold their gear, and over the sea
To a foreign land they went,
Over the sea—but wha can flee
His appointed punishment ?

The ship swam over the water clear,
Wi' the help o' the eastern breeze ;
But the vera first sound in guilty fear,
O'er the wide, smooth deck, that fell on their ear
Was the tapping o' them twa knees.

In the woods of wild America
Their weary feet they set ;
But Stumpie was there the first, they say,
And he haunted them on to their dying day,
And he follows their children yet.

I haud ye, never the voice of blood
Call'd from the earth in vain ;
And never has crime won worldly good,
But it brought its after-pain.

This is the story o' Stumpie's Brae,
And the murderers' fearfu' fate :
Young man, your face is turn'd that way,
Ye'll be ganging the night that gate.

Ye'll ken it weel, through the few fir trees,
The house where they wont to dwell ;
Gin ye meet ane there, as daylight flees,
Stumping about on the banes of his knees,
It'll jist be Stumpie himsel'.

LOST FOR GOLD.

SHE stood by the hedge where the orchard slopes
Down to the river below ;
The trees all white with their autumn hopes
Look'd heaps of drifted snow :

They gleam'd like ghosts through the twilight pale,
The shadowy river ran black ;
“ It's weary waiting,” she said, with a wail,
“ For them that never come back.

“ The mountain waits there, barren and brown,
Till the yellow furze comes in Spring,
To crown his brows with a golden crown,
And girdle him like a king.

“ The river waits till the Summer lays
The white lily on his track ;
But it's weary waiting nights and days
For him that never comes back.

“ Ah, the white lead kills in the heat of the fight,
When passions are hot and wild ;
But the red gold kills by the fair fire light
The love of father and child.

“ 'Tis twenty years since I heard him say,
When the wild March morn was airy,
Through the drizzly dawn—“ ‘ I'm going away,
To make you a fortune, Mary.”

“Twenty Springs, with their long grey days,
When the tide runs up on the sand,
And the west wind catches the birds, and lays
Them shrieking far inland.

“From the sea-wash’d reefs, and the stormy mull,
And the damp weed-tangled caves—
Will he ever come back, O wild sea-gull,
Across the green salt waves?

“Twenty Summers, with blue flax bells,
And the young green corn on the lea,
That yellows by night in the moon, and swells
By day like a rippling sea.

“Twenty Autumns, with reddening leaves,
In their glorious harvest light,
Steeping a thousand golden sheaves,
And doubling them all at night.

“Twenty Winters, how long and drear !
With a patter of rain in the street,
And a sound in the last leaves, red and sere ;
But never the sound of his feet.

“The ploughmen talk by furrow and ridge,
I hear them day by day ;
The horsemen ride down by the narrow bridge,
But never one comes this way.

“And the voice that I long for is wanting there,
 And the face I would die to see,
 Since he went away in the wild March air,
 Ah ! to make a fortune for me.

“O, father dear ! but you never thought
 Of the fortune you squander’d and lost,
 Of the duty that never was sold and bought,
 And the love beyond all cost.

“For the vile red dust you gave in thrall
 The heart that was God’s above ;
 How could you think that money was all,
 When the world was won for love ?

“You sought me wealth in the stranger’s land
 Whose veins are veins of gold ;
 And the fortune God gave was in mine hand,
 When yours was in its hold.

“If I might but look on your face,” she says,
 “And then let me have or lack ;
 But it’s weary waiting nights and days
 For him that never comes back.”

LILIAN.

“GOOD sir, ’tis but a poor child’s grave,”
 The old man to the stranger said,
 And he bowed down his silver head,
 And plucked a weed that dared to wave

Amid the flowers that decked the mound.
“And dost thou ask me why the ground
Is trimmed, and tended so,
When all around is rough and wild?
'Tis but a peasant's simple child,
That lieth here below.

“Few lines are on the rude head-stone,—
Ay, stranger, trace them every one;
The strength of these old eyes is gone,
But I remember me, there came,
First, rudely carved, a wild-flower wreath,
And then a cross, and then the name
'Sweet Lilian,' underneath.

“It is a tale of my young day;
Sir stranger, wilt thou bide a space?
Still hotly falls the sun's bright ray
On the old dial's face.”

The old man's glistening eye is full,
His words are words of grief and love,
The stranger hath a pitying heart;
He sitteth down, but not above
That low green grave; a space apart,
Where some rude hands had dared to pull
A bulwark from the old church wall,
And the hewn stone in fragments fair,
Lay scattered round; he sitteth there:
The old man telleth all.

“ It was a glorious morn in May,
 Like this, whereon we two are met,
 The sweet church bells were ringing yet
 Chiming our Whitsun holiday.

“ I leaned across my cottage gate,
 (Down by the laneside dwelt we then,)
 There came poor Richard of the glen,
 A widowed man, without a mate,
 The child that wrought her mother's loss,
 He bore her gently in his arm,
 To sign her with Christ's Holy Cross,
 And bless her in His Name from harm.

“ The font, within the Church was dressed,
 The solemn Pastor stood thereby,
 And the bright gifted water blest,
 In Name of the Great Trinity.

“ And Richard said into my ear,
 ‘ Come, be thou godsire to the maid,
 I have no friend or kinsman near,
 The christening must not be delayed.’

“ We had been comrades in our youth,
 I answered ‘ Yes,’ for very shame,
 And out of kindness in sooth.
 And too, across my heart it came
 ’Twere pity the eternal gate
 Were shut to one poor desolate,

Upon Christ's ransomed earth ;
Because no brother of His band,
Would speak her plighting vows, and stand
To witness her new birth.

“ So, by the font my place I took,
The solemn Priest in snowy vest,
He opened wide the Holy Book ;
The child in poor white garments dressed,
The woman gave her tenderly.
Methought that as they gave the child,
Up in my face she looked and smiled,
She looked and smiled at me.

“ And when the solemn words were spoken,
The words of love, and hope, and grace,
And her brow bore the sprinkled token,
I looked again into her face,
As almost thinking it would be
Changed with that wondrous mystery :
The large bright drops were hanging o'er
Her eyes, she looked, and smiled at me,
As she had smiled before.

“ Because the earthly vessel wears
No sign of that which it enfolds,
Even as the root in winter bears
No semblance to the flower it holds,
And man in faith must labour here,
Till Heaven's light make his vision clear.

"But by that faith I knew full well
 What spirit in the child did dwell,
 How Christ Himself did fill her heart,
 For she of His own Church was part,
 An heir of Heaven's eternal light,
 If she but truly held her plight,
 And kept her blood-washed garment white,
 With faith, and holy deed.
 And at my heart lay heavy still,
 How I had vowed God's Holy Will
 To teach her, and the Christian Creed,
 Whereby the holy fight is fought ;
 I wended homeward with the crowd,
 And pondered in my inmost thought,
 On what my lips had vowed.

"Good sir, the morn most dark and grey,
 May have its sunny hours ere noon,
 And buds that have been late in May,
 Have borne their blossoms bright in June.
 And soft as sunshine seen through tears,
 And slight as spring flowers nursed in dew ;
 So frail, and fair, through earliest years,
 Our Lilian's childhood grew.
 The village dames did prophesy,
 She would not live out her first spring,
 And when the fifth went lingering by,
 They vowed it was a marvellous thing,
 The like they never knew.

“She learned to love me, my sweet charge ;
 Whene’er I sought the lonely glen,
 She knew me from all other men,
Ay, long before she went at large,
 And she would gently kiss my cheek,
 And stroke it with her fingers weak.

“But I did never meet her eyes,
 That were like streams in winter, deep,
And darkly blue, yet full of glee,
Like those same waters, when they leap
 Up in the summer sunshine free,
 But to my soul that vow would rise.

“Her sire grew reckless, rude, and wild,
 He never prayed our prayers at all,
He was not fit to teach the child.
 And neighbours whispering, let fall
Strange stories of wild comrades met,
 In his lone house when suns were set.

“Thy father must have told thee tales,
Of the wild work in these our dales,
 When the good Charles was king.
Ah ! how should flowers of faith take root,
Or holiness bear precious fruit,
 ’Mid them who mocked each holy thing ?
Who burst in twain each hallowed tie,
 Denying what God’s Spirit wrought ?
She had her home with such, and I
 Was bound to see her taught.

“ The flower is but a little thing,
It perfumes all the gales of spring,
God feeds it with His dewdrops bright,
And never yet the heart has beat
Too mean, too lowly, too unmeet,
To do its proper part aright ;
Nor hand has been too weak, or small,
To work for Him, Who works in all.

“ I told the Pastor all my woes,
And fears for Lilian’s sad estate,
And he did tell me words, like those
I spake to thee of late ;
And bade me pray right earnestly,
For her soul’s final victory.

“ The good old Priest, he would not leave
Her foot to wander where it would.
To him the evil and the good,
Were children all ; and he did grieve
If one poor sinner went astray,
And prayed, and sought him night and day ;
As shepherd on some barren track,
If one small lambkin be not found,
Seeks all the desert region round,
Until he bear the lost one back.

“The lamb that his own arm had borne,
And with the holy water crossed,
Upon her soul’s baptismal morn
He would not see her lost.

“And many a time when winter’s snow,
Along the trackless glen lay white ;
And when the summer sun did glow,
At early dawn, at pale twilight ;
Or when the sultry noon was hot,
I saw him seeking the lone spot.

“And many a time I found him there,
In that poor cottage rude and bare,
Sweet Lilian with uplifted head,
Intent on holy rule or prayer ;
While the deaf grandam in her chair
Sat spinning out her weary thread.

“’Twas marvellous how the good Priest loved
Those hours of childish communing :
It seemed the old Saint, tried and proved,
Whose foot th’ eternal threshold trod,
Loved best the pure and gentle things,
Come freshest from the hand of God ;
And his dim eye would catch the light
Of her sweet smile so glad and bright,
As night is beautiful, when day
Just tints it with its purple ray.

“Thus did he sow the precious seed,
 And fast and fair the blossoms grew,
 She could not write, she could not read,
 That gentle child ; and yet she knew,
 To my poor thought, far more in sooth
 Than learned age or lettered youth.

“The good church bells did never chime,
 But Lilian came there every time,
 Till the old man would laughing say,
 ‘Sweet Lilian’ told the hour of day ;
 (This name they gave her for the grace,
 And gentleness of her sweet face.)

And when she knelt with downcast eyes
 The village dames a sigh would give,
 And say the poor child could not live,
 She was so young and wise.—

“It was the first month of the year,
 And good King Charles would hunt the deer,
 Within Sir Geoffrey’s park ;
 A gallant sight to see, good sir,
 The whole small hamlet was astir,
 While yet the morn was dark.

“The frost that with his iron hand,
 Had bound the stream, and held the land,
 For many a bitter day,
 Had loosed his hold, and all the earth
 As prescient of the spring’s new birth,
 In wintry garb looked gay.

“ Three times I saw the chase sweep by :
How loud and deep the good hounds cried !
Each man of that high company,
How bravely did he ride !

“ The earliest snowdrops just had burst
With pure white leaf their verdant shell,
They always sprang and blossomed first
In Lilian’s sheltered dell.

“ At early morn the child would go,
Of those sweet flowers, as white as snow,
A posy fresh to bring,
And tied it with a silken thread ;
And when I asked, she smiled, and said,
That it was for the king.

“ The chase was o’er at middle day,
Short time for food or rest might be,
The monarch’s towers were far away,
And all the hamlet stood to see,
As he came from the hostel room,
While waiting round in their due course,
Were belted knight, and squire, and groom,
To see the king to horse :

“ When in her Sunday kirtle dressed,
Holding her simple offering,
Sweet Lilian through the people pressed,
And knelt before the king.

"She told him, she had been to cull
 Those flowers for him at morning fair ;
 And the good king so beautiful,
 With his long flowing hair,
 And his dark melancholy eyes,
 He did not bid the fair child rise,
 But stooped down 'mid his smiling band,
 And raised her with his royal hand.

"Then with such sweet and gentle look,
 So fatherly and mild,
 Kindly the simple gift he took,
 And to his lip, and to his breast,
 With grateful action courteous pressed,
 And answered to the child,
 Fair maiden, this good horse of ours,
 He will not let us ride with flowers,
 Thy fragrant gift I may not take,
 But thou shalt wear for Charles's sake,
 What Charles's hand has bound.'
 The monarch took his light gold chain,
 He tied the posy round and round,
 And gave it to the child again.

"The king rode from the hostelry,
 The people shouted loud and clear ;
 There stood in little Lilian's eye
 And on her crimson cheek a tear,
 I know not if 'twas joy, or fear,
 Or haply a dim shadow drear,
 From sad futurity.

“ Poor innocent ! that glittering band,
She gave it to her father’s hand,
She caréd not for gold at all,
But ever told me she loved best
The flowers the king’s own lip had pressed,
And still at each high festival,
She wore them in her vest.

“ Thus lovelier, better, year by year,
The poor man’s child did grow more dear,
And wise, and gentle in our sight.
For never yet the heart has beat,
Too mean, too lowly, too unmeet,
To do its proper part aright,
Nor hand hath been too weak, or small,
To work for Him Who works for all.

“ I saw thee viewing o’er and o’er,
From eastern cross to western door,
Yon ancient church right curiously,
The pointed windows moulded rich,
The buttress tall, the fretted niche,
Where saintly image wont to be.

“ O, stranger, hadst thou seen it then !
In its first beauteous form ; ere men
Did reverence superstition call,
And plucked the stone-work from the wall,
And broke the font, and dared to tear
From tomb, and shrine, the carving fair.

" They rose who said, 'twere shame to kneel,
 Those ornamented walls within,
 That the loud organ's solemn peal
 Was mockery and sin ;
 That the Great God Whom Christians sought,
 Loved hastier prayer, and strain less sweet :
 And costly gift, and time, and thought,
 Were not for Him an offering meet.

" I am a man of simple wit,
 Unfit to strive, unapt to teach,
 I could not answer to their speech ;
 And yet the honey-drop, I ween,
 Is none less sweet in lily sheen,
 For the fair cup that holdeth it.

" And sure the temple high and vast,
 That God's Own Hand has made,
 The shadowy mountains standing fast,
 The long green aisle of forest shade,
 Proud Nature's own eternal shrine,
 Is beautiful as eye may see,
 And outward things are for a sign,
 And ever teach us silently.

" And scarce I deemed, they much misused
 God's precious gifts of all abused,
 Who brought Him back a part,
 The costly things that wealth commands,
 The curious work of cunning hands,
 Perfection of fine art.—

“ But when they told me the dear prayers,
That night and day to all my joys
Had comrades been, and soothed my cares,
Were idle form, and empty noise,
I knew their words were false and vain,
For deep in my own heart there rung
An echo to each hallowed word,
As when the harp is featly strung,
And by the sweetness of the chord,
We know how true the strain.

“ But they had lost that soothing tone,
And their proud hearts waxed worse and worse,
Quiet and calm of soul were gone,
For all our blessings came a curse,
The heavy curse of evil strife,
Upon our peaceful peasant life.

‘ They laid the tomb and altar low,
They poisoned many a simple heart ;
And Richard to the wars would go,
And for the Commons’ part.

“ ’Twas said he fell at Marston Moor ;
The grandam in her grave was laid,
The child was desolate and poor,
She had been welcome to the shade
Of my poor roof tree ; but there stayed
That hour, at old Sir Geoffrey’s park,
Stern men of aspect cold and dark ;

They shut the poor man's lowly door,
 They said the maiden must be sent,
 To earn an honest livelihood,
 Her sire had served the Parliament.
 Ah me ! their judgment was not good,
 She was too young and innocent.

"There passed a stranger up the way,
 Where Lilian stood alone with me,
 And whispered how she might not stay
 In her old home ; the man was grey,
 Into my face with strange wild eye,
 He looked up, as he passed us by,
 'The king is slain,' quoth he.

"Sweet Lilian laid in mine her hand ;
 The snow whereon we three did stand
 Was dark beside the poor child's cheek ;
 Said she, 'Tis many a weary week
 Since we have been to Church and prayed,
 Let us go there and ask for aid
 From God in Heaven, for our good king.'
 'Child,' quoth the old man, wondering,
 'The king is with the Saints at rest ;
 When thou shalt bend the knee again,
 Pray for the miserable men
 Who smote that royal breast ;
 And for the land whereon the stain
 Of his dear blood doth rest.'

“The traveller asked me of the time
And of the place, and of the priest ;
I told him it was long a crime,
At holy tide, at fast, or feast,
To worship at our Father's shrine,
And for I saw his heart was true,
I told him of the faithful few,
Who with the holy Pastor met,
And still the bread mysterious ate,
And drank the consecrated wine.

“But even this was o'er, I said,
Close search for the good Priest had been
Ten days, and he had not been seen,
And some avowed that he was dead,
And some men spake of tyranny
That might not reach beyond the sea.

“I told him, too, of mine own fear,
Of the lone doom of Lilian dear,
And how our hearts were sunk and chill,
For we had none, for good or ill,
To counsel or to cheer.
And he did wring my hand, and say,
‘Take courage, brother, work and pray.

“‘The gales of spring are rude and cold,
Yet patiently the flowers unfold
Their fragrant breath, their colours bright ;

And never yet the heart has beat
 Too mean, too lowly, too unmeet,
 To do its proper part aright,
 Nor hand has been too weak or small,
 To work for Him, Who works for all.'

"There have been weeds in garden bowers,
 By chance winds thither brought,
 That have grown up amid the flowers,
 And there have stood long summer hours,
 Yet, nothing of their fragrance caught.
 And hearts have been in Christian land,
 With names enrolled in Christ's Own band,
 And brows that bore His cleansing mark ;
 Yet knew not of His spirit mild.—
 She was a woman stern and dark,
 To whom they gave the child.

"The tears were in mine eyes ; I prayed,
 And almost on my bended knee,
 Sith I was godsire to the child,
 That she might dwell with me.

"Alas ! the dame was harsh and stern,
 She led her weary nights and days,
 She nothing knew of childhood's ways,
 And how should she their nature learn ?
 She had no children of her own,
 And in her lonesome she had grown

E'en like the rock, whereon there fall
No drops of water day by day,
To wear its ruggedness away :
Hers was a cruel thrall.

"I seldom saw my darling then,
And she did never make complaint,
Only to mine earnest ken
It seemed her voice did grow more faint,
And I could count, she grew so thin,
The small bones underneath her skin.

"She never spake of usage hard,
Only after doors were barred,
When birds and lambs are gone to rest,
And children should be long abed ;
A little hand my latch has pressed,
And she has come and asked for bread.

"And neighbours told me they had heard
In the dark night a childish moan,
All day rude blow and angry word,
And hours of toil beyond her years,
And threats that mocked at childhood's fears :
Ah me ! that woman's heart was stone.

"A woman might perchance have borne,
A man had power to hold his own :
But one poor little child alone,

With that hard bondage daily worn,
Oppressed, unloved, and over-wrought,
It was a miserable thought.

“ And I could hardly rest at night,
For thought of Lilian’s wretched plight ;
And when my children slept around,
The music of their breathing deep,
Would fail to lull my soul to sleep,
With its deep regular sound.

“ Till weary with my long unrest,
I have risen up by night, and gone
Out in the trouble of my breast,
To wander through the twilight wan.

“ One morn, within the old park wall,
I stood beside the trodden track,
Where erst the happy peasants all,
Had pressed to Church, and lingered back.

“ The first faint streak of early dawn,
Just lifted up the night-clouds grey,
And whitening all the silver lawn,
The pearly dew like hoar-frost lay.

“ The lark’s first song rose clear and sweet,
Fresh from his purple clover bed :
I heard the sound of coming feet,
But ’twas so light a tread,
That I drew back a little space,
As thinking fays might haunt the place.

“ Sweet Lilian through the glistening grass,
Came with quick step and frightened air,
Straight to the church wall did she pass,
And somewhat in her hand did bear.

“ She looked so pale and spiritwise,
I thought at first it was her ghost,
Lingering awhile in fleshly guise,
Around the spot she loved most.

“ By the north door she entered in,
I on her footsteps softly crept :
That door scarce closed that once had been
So carefully and duly kept,
Save when the solemn church bells chimed,
For evensong or matin prayer,—
Into a window tall I climbed,
To see what did she there.

“ Dear heart ! it was a marvellous sight
The eastern heavens were all alight,
And through the arched east window tall
Its shivered rose of fair design,
The slanting rays now stainless all,
Broke in in many a silver line.

“ And by the tomb of that red knight,
Who wore the cross in eastern fight,
Sweet Lilian sat ; and she had spread
Her simple feast of meat and bread,

What I and others ne'er denied
Unto her earnest prayer.
There sat an old man at her side,
The Pastor with his thin white hair.

"O ! but our hearts were cold and dull,
That knew not where our Priest to seek ;
God's ways are wise and wonderful,
His tools are small and weak.

"With words of gratitude and praise,
The Pastor broke the simple food,
And drank the water clear and good,
And she sat by him, with a gaze
That almost made her eye grow bright,
With its old innocent delight.
I thought as I did on them look,
Of the old tales of Israel,
And of the Prophet by the brook,
And how the Lord, unchangeable,
Was still a Lord of life and love,
And for the raven sent the dove.

"He by the altar knelt and prayed,
And she without the rail did bow,
I could not hear the words he said,
But the strong murmur deep and low,
Filled all the lonely church ; and then
As echo answers from the hills,
When some wild strain of music thrills,
There came her soft 'Amen.'

“Then both his hands on her bent head
He laid, and blessed her ; and she came
Forth from the church ; and to the dame
Went back while yet the sky was red.

“I kneeling lonely, in the hush
Of mine own chamber, ere the blush
Of that bright morning in the skies,
Had broken on my children’s eyes,
Did ponder in my prayer,
How much that little hand had wrought,
How slow to hers, how cold my thought,
How full of selfish care.

“Due portion from that hour I laid
Each day aside for Lilian’s store,
With smiles and kisses she repaid,
But spake not, nor I questioned more.

“This was not long : the summer time
Had passed her glorious middle prime,
And long ere yellow autumn browned
With sober touch, her foliage fair,
The good old Priest no more was there.
I know not if the foemen found
At last, their hotly hunted prey,
Or if the good man went away
To labour some more grateful ground :
One knew, but she would only say,

He bade us watch, and work, and pray :
And never came she as of yore,
At twilight, to my cottage door.

“The autumn days grew shorter still,
And Lilian waxed more faint and ill,
She did not moan, she did not weep,
But ever walked with us like one
Who longeth to lie down and sleep,
Yet lingered still, her work all done ;
Like birds that hang with their white wings
Just on the verge of the blue sea ;
Till autumn faded utterly,
All beautiful and fragrant things
Die then ; and so died she.

“That woman of ungentle mood,
One morn beside my threshold stood,
And told, half angry, half in fear,
Ere dawn the child had been away,
And sure she must have wandered here.
I had not seen her all the day :
And the stern woman’s cheek grew pale,
And neighbours gathered at the tale,
And all with anxious face ; for we
Did love the child exceedingly.

“Women, and youths, and bearded men,
We sought her in each hamlet home,
And through the park, and up the glen.

At length I whispered, 'Let us come
To the old church ; by word or dell,
No spot loves Lilian half so well.'

" Good sir, it is a piteous tale :
We found her by the chancel stair,
Where last with him she knelt in prayer,
E'en at the altar rail,
Thereon reclined her little head,
In her closed hand the king's gift lay,
We tried to take those flowers away,
And found that she was dead.

" Without a pang, without a sob,
It seemed the child's sweet soul had fled
From its poor dwelling quietly,
Up to His presence, Who has said,
' Let little children come to Me.'

We felt for but one little throb
Of pulse or heart, in vain ; 'tis strange
How man will tremble at that change !

How we did watch most earnestly
Those eyes, for but one gleam of life,
Though the next moment they might be
Wet with the anguish of its strife.

" I knew she would not find unrest
Again, or weariness, or loss :
I knew that for the dewy cross,
I saw on her pale brow impressed,

Henceforth would be a golden crown ;
 And yet the tears dropped slowly down.
 It was a natural grief, good sir,
 None other breathed on earth like her.

“ We laid her underneath this sod,
 And each one in his heart did trust
 Our sister’s body to the dust,
 Her soul unto the living God ;
 For none was there to speak aloud,
 The holy words above her shroud.

“ But I do never seek the place,
 But over my whole soul will creep
 Thoughts of her gentleness, and grace,
 And patient goodness, like the deep
 Sweet murmur of some river’s flow,
 That we have dwelt by long ago,
 And seem to hear again in sleep.

“ She was a token unto me,
 Of truth veiled up in mystery,
 A sign that prayer is answerèd,
 So strongly, e’en to outward sense,
 Had the Great Spirit’s influence,
 On her young soul been shed.

“ Alas ! our hearts are slow to faith,
 That Spirit worketh every day ;
 Can we not trust Him when He saith,
 He heareth all we say ?

“And thus I learnt, how poor low things
Do service to the King of kings,
Led on by His own might.
For never yet the heart has beat
Too mean, too lowly, too unmeet,
To do its proper part aright,
Nor hand hath been too weak or small,
To work for Him, Who works in all.”

The stranger riseth to depart,
With moistened eye, and softened heart,
Like one who in the desert ground
Perchance a little spot has found,
A fountain clear as morning dew,
With green grass planted all around,
And sweet flowers springing through.
He had but come in idleness,
To scan those arches old and grey,—
A thought of love and holiness,
A dream of peace and blessedness,
That stranger bore away.

THE BARON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

“**I** LOVE the winter violet blue,”
The child said to her mother,
“With its sweet scent and purple hue,
It blossoms through the rain and snow,
And never heeds what wind may blow,
Sure earth has no such other.”

And she made answer quietly,
 That lady beautiful to see,
 Bending the child above,
 "The likest thing in all the earth
 To that sweet flowret's modest worth,
 Is pure unselfish love."

And her eyes shone with double light
 Through the long silken fringe,
 Around their lids so shrunk and white,
 And on each cheek glowed strangely bright
 The spot of hectic tinge.
 Amid the fair child's ringlets free
 Played her long fingers wan,
 "You must love your father tenderly,
 Clarice, when I am gone.

"When he comes weary from the chase
 He will not meet my glad embrace,
 Nor chide again in playful mood,
 The weakness of my woman's blood,
 As shrinking I essay
 The heavy corselet to unlace,
 And take the visor from his face
 After the battle day.

"No hand but yours to mix the cup,
 When he is vexed and hot."—
 The little child looked meekly up,

Through locks that cast a golden glow,
Upon her delicate young brow,
Like sunrise on a hill of snow ;
“ O, sweetest mother, do not go ;
You know he loves me not.

“ He bids me sternly from his sight,
He cannot brook my voice to hear ;
His large dark eyes so fiercely bright,
That look so soft when you are near
As shaded clouds of summer light,
To me are black as winter night.

“ He gives no kisses to my cheek,
Like those he gives to you,
Why is it,—gentle mother, speak—
He cannot love us two ?
Has his broad breast a heart so small,
That it can care for one alone ?
And how may love to him be shown
Who loveth not at all ? ”

So quick the breathing came and went,
Against that lady's wasted side,
For sorrow as the child replied,
That every breath was like a sob,
And you could hear the pulses throb,
Like short rough waves too closely pent,
Of an uneasy tide.

Far up, far up, in turret high,
 With loophole looking to the sky,
 That lady's chamber lay ;
 Whence they could see the tall trees toss
 Their topmost boughs in middle air,
 And down below the small white cross,
 On roof of the carved chapel fair,
 Gleam in the sunset ray.

“ My child, my child, did He not love,
 Who hung for thee thereon ? ”
 (Slowly doth her finger move,
 Until it showeth steadily,
 Sign of best love and agony,
 That little cross of stone.)

“ And where for Him was mercy dear,
 Or pitying thought, or soothing tear ?
 Who loved Him as He loved ?
 Did they not scorn His gentleness ?
 Did they not mock His soul's distress,
 And meet His melting tenderness
 Unsoftened and unmoved ?

“ And you are His, sweet daughter mine,
 Whom shadowed o'er by His own sign,
 We vowed His cup to share—
 To love, to suffer, and to do,
 These are the marks His children wear ;
 And seems the path too rough for you,
 The cross too sharp to bear ?

“Nay, truest hearts love on, my child,
And look not for return,
And love is gentle, patient, mild,
Nor knoweth aught of words that burn,
Of fierce reproach and anger stern.
E'en selfish worldly hearts have caught
A warmth by others given ;
But that which gives its own for nought,
Is like the God of Heaven.”

The little maiden bowed her head,
Her soft cheek blushed a deeper red,
And tears came swimming o'er her eyes,
Like rain, 'twixt earth and summer skies ;
But ere the sunset's golden touch
Had faded from that cross of stone,
The shower had passed, the cloud was gone—
The child knelt by her mother's couch.

Her gentle eyes, all blue and clear,
To Heaven were lifted trustingly :
“Good Christ, keep Thou my father dear,”
Thus meekly did the maiden pray,
“And guard him in the battle fray,
And make him to love me.”

The Moldau flings her silver spray,
Round Rosenberg's green summer woods ;
The mighty Danube rolls his floods,

By tower, and hamlet, far away.—
 Sir Otho is the bravest knight,
 That battles for Duke Conrad's right,
 He hath a princely sway.

I ween it were a long day's ride,
 But if you left the Moldau side,
 When matin prayers were sung,
 Ere you had reached the last Church tower,
 That owned Sir Otho's feudal power,
 The vespers would have rung.
 The foremost by the Kaiser's steed,
 Sir Otho rides in battle fray ;
 And bards have sung his glorious deed,
 Full many a night in festal lay.

And he has set above the shrine,
 With reverent hand God's holy sign,
 But wore it not within ;
 For where the Cross of Christ doth reign,
 There wilful sin may not remain ;
 The proudest man in all Almaine
 Is he ; and pride is sin.

Sir Otho had a gentle bride :
 The fairest rose in all the land,
 He plucked it with his mailed right hand,
 He twined it round his battle brand.
 O shame upon the warrior's pride !

Shame on his heart ! not even she
So lovely in her innocent joy,
Can make him bow to Heaven's decree,
Because he has no boy ;

While he, his house's ancient foe,
The Lichtenberg's young lord, who gave
His plighted troth in the same hour,
And bore home to his bridal bower
The daughter of Rodolph the brave,
Has two fair sons to show.

And when in council-hall of late,
The chieftain by his rival sate,
Sir Eldred asked in jeering mood,
" How suits the dove the goshawk's nest ? "
Hot flowed Sir Otho's fiery blood ;
He cannot brook a jest.

Sweet Spring hath many a blossom bright,
That cold winds wither at their birth,
'Tis well that cold looks cannot blight
The living flowers of earth.

But silent now within the hall
Of Rosenberg, the festal call,
The banner droops upon the wall.
The very Moldau's voice is dull ;
The gentle dame so beautiful,

Whose smile alone the poor man loved,
 Far better than another's gold,
 And blest her softly as she moved,
 With pious truth so meekly told,
 And sweet bright looks for young and old ;—

She in the cold Church chancel lieth,
 Without a smile, without a word.
 Sir Knight, the fair and noble dieth,
 Even like the common herd.

The pavement stone lies on her breast,
 But over it, a tomb is dressed
 And the bright sunbeams as they fall
 In coloured lines along the wall,
 See day by day, reflected there,
 The image of that lady fair,
 With carved lip, and sculptured hair,
 And white hands ever joined in prayer,
 On her cold bosom pressed :
 And angel form, with wings dispread,
 And palm in hand, beside her head.

And since in life her hands were seen
 Thus, oftentimes, when in prayer she bent,
 Therefore, that marble monument
 Still bears a semblance faint,
 Of what she is, and what has been,
 Bright angel, praying saint.

The Baron's heart is sorely wrung,
He shuns the chase, he spurns the wine,
He kneeleth low at holy shrine,
O, God is good to old and young,
And they will seek His sympathy,
When hearts are torn, when eyes are dim
Who never in prosperity,
Or served, or cared for Him.

So he has doffed the warrior plume,
And duly at the matin time,
He kneeleth in his spirit's gloom,
And duly when the vespers chime,
Beside his lady's tomb.

When first the warrior thither came,
Sweet violets, and roses red,
By the white image of the dame,
Lay on her marble bed.
He took the garland from its rest,
He set it in his unmailed breast,
It seemed to soothe his grief;
And ever after, day by day,
Thereon a bunch of sweet flowers lay,
Fresh gathered, for the chief.

He never thought what little hand
Had culled them, ere the dew was dry ;
What tiny fingers tied the band ;—
He never thought whose soft clear eye

Looked glistening on his inward throe,
 And in her simple heart had planned
 This solace for his woe.

O, strange it is, how man will bear
 His heart to God's Own House of prayer :
 And when the solemn organ swelleth,
 And when the Holy Writing telleth,
 Of His sweet mercy dear,
 Who was so lowly, pure, and true,
 Who died for us so tenderly,
 And bade us like good deeds to do,
 As loving, and as meek to be—
 The words shall fill his ear ;

And his voice mingling there will borrow
 The strain of penitential sorrow ;
 Yet unrepented still within
 Lurks deep his bosom's cherished sin,
 And he will go to-day, to-morrow,
 And be, as he has been.

Sir Otho is as cold and proud,
 In his dark sorrow, now ;
 As in his hours most blest, and bright.—
 The rugged mountain's flinty height
 Is none the softer for the cloud
 That rests upon its brow.

The child is in the turret tall,
The warder passes to and fro,
She hears the river's murmuring fall,
She sees the green trees wave below.

She kneeleth low on bended knee,
She lifteth up her blue eye clear,
"Good Christ, keep Thou my father dear,"
Thus meekly doth the maiden pray,
"And help him in dark sorrow's day,
And make him to love me."

Devoted love, and gentle thought,
Are meetest for the saints on earth :
Good deeds are infinite in worth,
The tokens of that better birth,
By God's good Spirit in us wrought :
And if they fail to do their part,
On others their own charm impressing.
Surely, they come back to the heart
That gave them, with a double blessing.

The wild rose in the desert placed,
Unfolding all in vain the power
Of her sweet perfume to the waste,
Herself grows lovelier every hour.
The stream runs broader as it flows ;
And kindlier, sweeter, meeker grows,
Each day the child within the tower,
The Baron's solitary rose.

The Baron to the fight has gone,
Pain, sorrow, love are all forgot,
His helm is donned : who answers not,
When Conrad calls his own ?

The fair child at her lonely sport,
Has heard the heavy warriors tramp,
Has heard the eager chargers champ,
Beneath her in the castle court.

And hastily she climbed into
The narrow casement, tall and high,
Thence looked down with an eager eye
And soon his stately form she knew,
Who never to that casement threw
The comfort of one kind adieu.

For the first ray of morning light
Was gleaming on his armour bright,
And she could trace on azure field,
The grey goshawk that decked his shield ;
And she could see on his helmed head,
The mingled plumes of white, and red,
Shake in the early air :
As slow the arméd train rode out,
With trumpet clang, and martial shout.
She watched them till her eyes grew dim,
Then soft she sang her morning hymn,
And prayed her daily prayer.

“’Tis a good alms and sweetly given ;
God bless the little lady’s hand,
It is the smallest in the land,
That brings us home the gifts of Heaven.”
Thus the poor villagers would say,
When angel-like the blue-eyed maiden
Came gliding down the rugged way
From that old mountain fortress, laden
With simple things, that poor men know
Can lighten pain, or soften woe.

The gentle maiden, motherless,
They loved her, with the love that longs
Its kindly feelings to express ;
And in their simple-heartedness,
The good old dames would sing her songs,
And lull her in their arms to sleep.
And old men told her many a tale,
Of wars, that made her cheek grow pale,
And woes that made her weep.

They told how wounded men had lain,
Long nights upon the battle plain,
With festering flesh, and thirsty soul,
And none had brought the cooling bowl,
No loving wife, no duteous daughter ;
And they had died with hearts on flame,
And parched lips, praying in God’s Name,
For one poor drop of water.

And when the lonely innocent
 Back to her turret chamber went,
 Oft would she sit and think
 Of prayers breathed o'er and o'er again,
 By the parched lips of dying men,
 That asked in vain to drink.

They little think, the high and great,
 Who lead the war, or sway the state,
 How much of safety and success,
 To soft words breathed in gentleness
 By simple lips are due,
 And pleadings of the faithful soul ;—
 For God in Heaven will save the whole,
 For the sake of the holy few :
 And the spell of poor men's quiet prayers
 Is brooding o'er them unawares.

Little he deemed, that man of pride,
 When oft the axe was turned aside,
 And battle spear that might have sent
 The sinner to his punishment,
 Who pleaded for his grace ;
 Where little children's angels dwell,
 In presence of the Invisible,
 And see the Father's face.

The child sits in the turret tall,
 She hears the warder pacing near

And sometimes the old seneschal
Will come to question of her cheer,
She kneeleth low on bended knee,
“ Good Christ, keep Thou my father dear,”
Thus meekly doth the maiden pray,
“ And shield him in the battle day,
And make him to love me.”

The child hath heard the seneschal
Speak to her maidens in the hall,
“ The messenger came yesternight,
Right heavy tidings did he bring ;
He saith it was a fearful fight,
The Baron is not with the King.”

The women's cheeks grew pale with fear,—
“ It is not two days' march from here,
And it was yester eve ; ”
Still as they spake the child drew near ;
Perhaps they did not well believe
That one so young would heed their word,
Or one so slighted could not grieve,
They thought, for that stern lord.

“ Pray God the Baron be not slain,”
The old retainer said again ;
“ He rides not with the Kaiser's train.”
“ Or haply he is wounded sore,

And lieth on the battle plain,"

A maiden said, and spake no more,
Because the child's full eye she saw,
Fixed on her face in silent awe.

Then did they whisper ; and go out,
Where each might speak her dread and doubt,
Unheard of her, who did not moan,
Nor weep, there being left alone.

Only, to herself she said,
" There's none to help, there's none to bring
One drop of water from the spring,
To cool his burning head."

The child kneels in the turret tall,
The warder did not pace that day,
For all was terror and dismay
Within the castle wall.
She rose up with a calm, fixed face,
That neither wept at all, nor smiled,
Only she said, " God give me grace :
There's none to help, there's none to bring
One drop of water from the spring ;
I am his only child."

She took her grey cloth mantle fine,
The pitcher in her small hand fair,
Wherein she mingled with due care,
Fresh water and old wine.

Her maidens saw her passing out,
And one did to the other say,
"There will be stragglers from the rout ;
The lady should not walk to-day,"—
"Nay, but the poor child's heart is lonely,
She beareth in her hand a boon,
She goeth to the hamlet only,
She will be back ere noon."

The child is at the Moldau side,
(For she hath seen at break of day
Some weary horsemen ride that way,
And they were from the battle fray.)
Nor needed she another guide,
Than that dark stream whereon were borne
Bright broken plumes and banners torn,
Whose flood was purple dyed.

And on through field and open glade,
All through that pleasant vine-dressed land,
The pitcher in her little hand,
She journeyed on, and never stayed.

The broad sun told the middle day,
And still she hastened on her way ;
The broad sun faded in the west,
She did not weary or turn back,
And she had passed by many a track
Where foot of horse and man had pressed ;

And wounded men had met the maiden,
 And plunderers with booty laden :
 But never one did her alarm
 With word of scorn, or deed of harm.

Because the innocent spirit bears
 A charm against the evil power,
 And God's good angels every hour,
 Watch round it unawares.
 And never yet, I ween, was ward
 Of sentinel, or portal barred,
 Like those white wings of theirs.

And she as sweetly, soundly slept,
 While the night shadows round her crept,
 In that deep forest's gloom ;
 While far away the wolf did howl,
 And to and fro the large white owl,
 Went flitting o'er her head,
 As in the quiet turret room,
 On her own silken bed.

The child is in the lone greenwood,
 She hears the white owl hooting near,
 She hears the murmur of the flood.
 She kneeleth low on bended knee,
 "Good Christ, keep Thou my father dear,
 All through this dreadful night," she saith,
 "And save him from the soldier's death,
 And make him to love me."

The morning sun roused up the child,
Touching the lids of her sealed eyes ;
And she sat up, and almost smiled,
First in her innocent surprise :
So strange unto her earnest gaze,
So fresh and beautiful did seem
All nature in its morning haze ;
While bright the bladed grass did gleam,
With every dewdrop like a beam
Fresh fallen from the skies.

The child has taken hastily
The pitcher in her little hand ;
She wanders through that lovely land,
Herself a thing more fair to see,
Than opening flower or dewy sod,
A witness of the truth of God,
Of kindly thoughts, and holy powers,
Still lingering on this earth of ours.

And telling the cold-hearted world,
What love can dare and do.—
Her golden hair is all uncurled,
Her cheek is white, her lip is blue,
Her little feet are swollen sore,
And still she journeys as before,
Her heart is brave and true.

She passed the tufted birchen bower,
The elderbush all white with flower,
She passed the line of forest trees ;—

And all at once the fearful sight,
 Whereon her eye had sought to dwell,
 Now in its nearness terrible,
 The battle-field of deadly fight,
 Trampled and strewn, she sees.

The eyes of the dead men did glare,
 Through the still misty morning air,
 Up, with a fixed and glassy stare,
 Into the lone child's face.
 She did not turn back to the wood,
 Only she trembled as she stood,
 Looking on them a little space.

And in her frightened heart she saith,
 "How strange and stiff the slumberers lie :
 Do warriors sleep with open eye,
 That they may watch each other?
 Or haply this cold trance is death,—
 And yet they look not like my mother,
 When she lay cold, and stiff abed,
 And maidens told me she was dead."

Still on, and on, across the plain,
 She hastens through the heaps of slain.
 Why stays she in her ghastly walk
 To trace the image half concealed
 In blood and dust on yonder shield?
 Ah! well she knows that grey goshawk,
 And the soiled plume of white and red,
 Still streaming from that prostrate head.

Long time, long time the child did linger
O'er the close steel vizor barred,
Ere she unclasped with her slight finger
The iron cold and hard,
And when it yielded to the strength
Of her true purpose, and at length
Her father's face before her lay,
She shrank a little space away ;
And dared not kiss his rigid brow
As she knelt by him on the sod,
And heard him mutter hoarse and low,
"Give water for the love of God."

And still she shivered as she set
His dark head on her little knee,
And her hand trembled as she wet
His pale parched lips most tenderly.

The Baron drank an eager draught,
At the small pitcher's brim,
And the life ebbing as he quaffed,
Lit up again his dark eye dim,
And thrilled his pulse, and moved his limb.
An earnest glance he lifted up,
To her who gave that pitying cup,
And looked on her in strange amaze,
While she, her blue eyes opened wide,
Sat in the terror of that gaze,
And had not power to draw aside.

He murmured, "'Tis a vision wild,
 O God, have mercy on my sin ;
 Proud man, bad father have I been,
 She was my only child.

"I had no other thing on earth,—
 I never loved her from her birth,—
 And comes the false fiend to upbraid
 My spirit in its dying time,
 With the pale image of my crime?
 It cannot be the maid."

O, fearful sinner ! God is good ;
 They're real lips of flesh and blood,
 That press thy brow, and strive to speak,
 They're real tears as warm and bright,
 As e'er from eyes of living light,
 Have fallen, when woman's heart was weak,
 That drop upon thy bloodless cheek.

How could his soul so long in ire,
 The spell of her sweet love withstand ?
 Those tears to him are drops of fire,
 And still he feels that light cool hand
 Heaping the hot coals on his head.
 "My child, I have not merited
 This mercy at thine hand," he said.

He tries to raise him from the ground,
 The staunch'd blood gushes free and warm
 Again from out his gaping wound,
 He fainteth on her arm.

“O hasten, hasten, holy man,
The bloody wound gapes in his side,
Thine hand hath skill to staunch the tide.”

Closely did the old priest scan
The child's pale face in wonderment,
Whose little blood-stained hand was pressed
So closely on his dark serge vest,
And then he turned and with her went.

He was a man of love and prayer,
Come from his lowly chapel near,
At break of day to wander there
The voice of penitence to hear,
To shrive, to comfort, and to pray,
Ere the poor spirit passed away.

And when he stood with lifted rood
Beside the man of sin and blood,
And saw with sweet caresses mild,
And cooling cup, the gentle child
Over the bleeding warrior bent,
He almost deemed her in his need,
A ministering angel, sent
To help his holy deed.

He staunched the warrior's gaping wound,
He bore him from the battle ground,
He watched him many a weary day,
He and the child in mute distress,
And prayed and counselled as he lay,
And soothed his spirit's bitterness.

O, sickness is a teacher good
 Through its long hours of silent thought,
 And souls that have all else withstood,
 Strong pain hath tamed and taught.

And fierce remorse is hard to bear,
 But holy penitence is sweet,
 It beareth fruit of contrite prayer,
 Of righteous deeds most meet,
 In love and earnestness to tell,
 Before the face of man and Heaven,
 Of punishment deserved too well,
 For one dear Sake forgiven.

An altered man the Baron rides
 Back from that bloody battle field ;
 He loves no more the spear and shield ;
 An altered man he glides
 All up the chapel chancel fair,
 In other mood he kneels in prayer.

And he hath cast his pride away,
 And when of late on council day,
 The haughty Eldred passed him by,
 And took the highest place,
 There came no anger in his eye,
 No flush on his calm face.
 "Good sooth, the Baron groweth meek,"
 The knights said each in other's ear ;
 Full well Sir Otho marked the jeer,
 And yet he did not speak.

All through his lands, the poor men bless
The lord who is so high and great,
Yet knows to pity their distress.—
There are twelve poor children motherless
Fed daily at his gate.
For woes that little children share
His heart has a peculiar care,
All other woes above.
His child no more is desolate,
She hath a father's love.

The child is in the turret tall,
But not alone as heretofore,
The warder paces on the wall,
The Moldau murmurs to the shore,
The child kneels at her father's knee,
Her eye is bright, her voice is clear,
“Good Christ, keep Thou my father dear,”
Thus ever prayeth she,
“Down on us two Thy blessing pour,
And make my heart to love him more,
Who dearly loveth me.”

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE HILLS.

“IT is the place of tombs,” the maiden said ;
“The graveyard where our fathers' ashes rest ;
A rude and lonely cradle have they here—
God rest their souls.” She crossed her brow and
breast,

Then took her pitcher up, which she had set
 Down on the mountain side, to gaze awhile
 On the inquiring stranger, and pass'd on.
 Over the loose low wall the strange man stepp'd,
 And through grey tombstones bedded half in earth,
 And new-made mounds of green uneven turf,
 Till by the ruin'd chapel's western door
 He paused, reclining on a broad flat stone,
 Which some poor mourner, seeking sepulture
 For his beloved within that holiest place,
 From the old chancel pavement had upturn.
 Here stay'd the stranger, nor with passive mien,
 Nor eyes unlit with rapturous delight,
 Look'd on the scene around ; for beautiful
 The lonely spot those ancient peasants found,
 Wherein to wear away their long repose ;
 Perchance because they deem'd it sin and shame
 That man should build no altar there to God,
 Where earth had rear'd so eloquent a shrine
 To praise Him in her rugged loveliness.
 Perchance (for those were rude, uneasy times),
 The fathers of the hamlet there had set
 Their lowly temple, calling on those hills,
 On those steep pathless heights, to guard the shrine
 From rapine of the fierce marauding Dane.

The bounding river, like a broad blue belt
 Encircled half that lone sepulchral mound,
 And tall, dark mountains girded it about ;

Cold barren heights, whereon there never slept
The graceful shadow of the greenwood tree ;
And the rude wind that whisper'd there at even,
Had wander'd through no perfume-laden grove ;
But all was pasture bare, or purple heath,
With here and there perchance a darker patch,
Where, in its little plot of labour'd land,
The blue smoke curl'd from some poor peasant's
thatch.

North, east, and south the rugged barrier frown'd,
But in the narrow gorge to westward set,
Like a long gleam of silver light, the sea
Slept in the distance. He had never thought,
Who look'd in quiet on that narrow strip,
It were a portion of those restless waves
That bore of old the venturous Genoese,
When first he laugh'd to scorn the western wind
And bravely baffled, in his generous quest,
Unworthy scorn, and jealousy, and fear.
He had not deem'd that glittering drop a part,
Which like a blue gem slept between the hills,
A part of that immeasurable waste.
Thus man looks fondly on his passing life,
A narrow space within two limits bound,
Forgetting that he sees but one small drop
Of the immense eternity beyond.

Now slanting lay the sunbeams on the turf,
And the white clouds passed over the sun's face

Making strange shadows on the mountain side,
 And the sea eagle wheel'd around the height,
 And the goat bleated through the calm, still air ;
 So still, you heard afar the clanking tread
 Of laden horse, as upward from the glen
 The mountain road precipitous he trod,
 And, passing each poor wayside dwelling, waked
 The angry clamour of the watchful cur.

There are who love to look on Nature's face,
 But have no heart to worship at her shrine.
 Fair in her teeming fruitfulness she is
 To them, but dead, a thing without a soul.
 They hear no praises in her wild bird's song,
 They scent no incense rising from her flowers,
 The winds of heaven are voiceless unto them,
 The ancient hills are not green altars rear'd
 To Him who piled them ; in His open hand
 They see no bounty, in His wise decree
 No wisdom and no order, nor perceive
 In yon blue sky the open gate of heaven.
 Such and so ignorant of joy's chief spring
 Was he who linger'd by the poor man's grave,
 And look'd along the valley ; he was one
 On whom high culture, feelings, powers of mind,
 Like seed upon the barren rock had been
 Scatter'd, and bore no fruit ; yet was his mind
 Polish'd, and of fine thought susceptible.
 The calm of nature, and the wild bird's note,

And the sweet voice of song ; these on his ear
Fell like a charm, and soothed his weary soul,
And made his spirit drunk with harmony.
Albeit the utterances that had come
To visit him in childhood, by that stream
And from those mountain gorges, long had ceased
To haunt him with their holy whisperings,
Who had forgotten God ; and in his ways
And in his heart set up the idol, self.
Yet it was pleasure thus to sit, and have
All senses moulded into sympathy
With the sweet silence of that summer even.
The radiant sun declining touch'd with gold
The silver sea, when through the tombs there came
One toward the Solitary, with firm step
That loiter'd yet, and paused anon to gaze
Down the broad vale, to court the merry breeze
That, as he raised his hat in courtesy,
From his high brow blew back the clustering locks,
Where time had laid no hand. They greeted then
As though the meeting were of each foreseen ;
And soon the Pastor by the stranger sate :
For, of the wild rude flock that scatter'd dwelt
Amid those rugged mountain fastnesses,
He was the shepherd and the minister.

Four rude white walls are in the valley set,
Down by the river ; to the eastward turn'd
One pointed window ; on the bare slate roof

Nor tower, nor spire, nor even time-honour'd cross
 Points up to heaven ; but one lone bell is hung,
 That, when the wind sweeps down the mountain
 gorge,

Shakes fitfully above the empty shrine—
 That is the temple of his ministry.
 And yon low dwelling—where the blue smoke curls
 From verdant clumps of newly planted trees,
 Where the small garden blushes to the sun,
 Where the green turf is trimm'd, and through the
 sward
 Spring daisies white, and daffodils in spring,
 And violets—his pastoral abode.

Blue lakes there are hid far within the wilds
 Of the new world ; bright solitary lakes
 Where never the keen fisher's net was spread,
 Nor the swift oar has ruffled the smooth wave ;
 But fair green islands sleep upon the tide,
 And graceful trees dip in their drooping boughs.
 In depth of the untraversed waste they lie.
 The clamorous wild duck shelters there her brood,
 The green moss grows luxuriant on the bank,
 And the waves rippling for a moment break
 The heaven reflected in their azure depths.
 Thus was it with the Pastor of the vale ;
 Lowly, and placid, and beneficent,
 He look'd to heaven from that sequester'd place,
 And caught its impress : for the good man's life

Is like a mirror wherein others see,
'Though broken oft-times, many times obscure,
An image of that thing they ought to be.

Nor had he come to dwell a hermit here,
Of the world wearied, by the world contemn'd.
But in the strength and vigour of his days,
Ere yet the crown was wither'd on his brow,
Which in the throng of academic courts
His youth in eager conflict had borne off.
Duty, stern summoner, had hither called ;
He heard and came—not passively alone,
But gladly ; as he deemed it honour high
To labour in the loneliest, lowest spot
Of his great Master's vineyard ; there he brought
The energy, the patience, the strong mind
That in the world had won for him high place,
And honour, and esteem, and gentle cares,
'And graceful condescension ; for in him
The intellectual current that flow'd on,
Deep in the soul, was calm as powerful,
And with an even wave bore gently up
The flowers of love, and cheerfulness, and peace,
That lay like lilies floating on the tide.

“'Tis marvellous,” the stranger said, “how much
We love familiar scenes ; this mountain view
Needs some relief of woodland green to break
The outline of its rugged majesty ;

And yet, methinks, I would not see displaced
 One purple heath-flower on the mountain side.
 That hollow in the hills were fairer far
 Did twisted trunks and spreading branches shade
 Its narrow glen ; and that broad river's course,
 How lovely were it winding amid banks
 Where silver birch should wave, or willow bough
 Droop o'er it ; yet I would not see it changed.
 But for thy portion of this desert glen
 Thou wilt not tell me thou dost wish unchanged
 The dwellers in this lonely wilderness ? ”

“ The people,” said the Pastor, “ like the place,
 Are cultureless and rugged, needing much
 Of ornament, and discipline, and care ;
 Yet are there features in their character—
 Shadows, and lights, and passing gleams, whereon
 The eye, as thine on yonder hill to-night,
 Delights to linger and should grieve to lose.
 But in the hamlets that so thickly stud
 This populous valley, many souls there be
 Who own me not, but him their shepherd name,
 Who for their sins, in that time-honour'd tongue
 Of them unknown, unutter'd, pours the prayer
 Within those walls that proudly arrogate
 (Shame on the coward hearts that yielded it)
 The white cross gleaming in the western ray.
 Yet even they have wrecks of better things ;
 Some pearls there are, yet cast upon the shore

Amid the weeds that error's wave flings up,
Relics of purer times, sweet simple rites,
Which when I meet I cannot chose but love."

"It may be so," his friend rejoined ; "for me,
I love not to uplift the graceful veil
That fancy flings round the external things
Of this too real world ; I would not delve
Into the bosom of the earth for gold
While on its surface spring so many flowers.
Yon hamlet-dwelling, where the curling smoke
Hangs in blue wreaths around the open door,
How meetly mingle with the mountain hues
The stains on its thatch'd roof ; how softly falls
The passing sunbeam on that silver mist ;
But thou wilt lift the latch and enter in,
And poverty shall greet thee, discontent,
Disease, and discord, haply lawless guilt,
And crouching superstition, worse than all.
I would not follow thee so far, to pluck
The roses from my garland, to dispel
The charm of distance and of ignorance."

The Pastor answered, "There are things in life
That for the very roughness of their truth
Pierce through the veil of graceful poetry ;
But not for this should charity forbear
To enter in and soothe the rugged part :
He is no mariner who courts the wave
In the calm sunshine, and when tempests lour,

A trembling coward, hides his face and flees.
 And Duty wears a halo of her own ;
 There is a borrow'd light in her calm eye
 That sheds around all rude and common things
 A chasten'd charm proud Fancy never knew.
 Much that thou fearest, many things perchance
 That thou conceivest not, in daily walks
 And visits to this people have I met—
 Wrongs unredress'd, and sorrows unassuaged,
 And patient industry that toil'd in vain,
 By want attended. Circumstance and time
 And numbers are against them, and have sway'd
 Their spirits with an evil influence.
 Dwellers are here too many for the soil ;
 Their soul is broken ; poverty and need
 Have press'd too hardly on them, and have made
 Each to his fellow harsh and cold of heart ;
 They have lost trust ; suspicion, and deceit,
 And crouching guile that fears to be betray'd,
 And pride are theirs, and darkest ignorance.
 The mean oppress the meaner ; and the fires
 Of ancient hates and feudal jealousies
 Sleep in their hearts, till wrath or injury
 Rouse the fierce flames : yet in the darksome web
 Are many goodly golden threads entwined.
 Love have I met, deep feelings brave and true,
 And meek content ; and to the will of God,
 In want, submission, fortitude in grief,
 And natural affection's lively flow,
 And charity that round the peasant's hearth

Sprang freely as the heath-flower on his hills,
And piety, and rev'rent duty, whence
The fierceness of their superstitious zeal,
As though even virtue's self had run to seed
And brought forth vice.

“ We are set here below,
Each in his place to work the will of heaven
In faith and quietness ; we shall not see
The current of man's evil nature change,
And earth grow new beneath our charmèd touch ;
But silently, as coming of the spring,
God's purpose slowly worketh on within ;
And all man's righteous efforts, like the dew,
The sap in the sweet flowers, the gentle breeze,
Shall operate conjointly with His will
The glorious spring-time of a world renew'd.”

He finish'd, and the stranger had not framed
His careless answer, when there came a sound
Like the low plashing of the summer sea
Along its pebbly margin, or the stir
Of whispering winds among the leafless trees.
Both started and look'd round : “ I know it,” then
The Pastor said, “ it is that woman's voice :
Each night she sits upon yon new-made grave ;
Dost thou not mark it by the western wall,
Deck'd with rude crosses twined with garlands
white,—
A southern rite ? She is not of this land—

That mournful woman. Scarce three days are gone
 Since here I heard the funeral note of woe,
 And saw the train wind up the mountain path.
 Four peasants, for the love of charity,
 (That seed that in the Irish poor man's breast
 Springs so abundant,) bore the coffin bare ;
 She and some women following alone.
 They told me he was a poor travelling man,
 Who had lain down and died in Owen's hut,
 Of want or weariness ; they knew not how
 Nor whence he came : that woman was his wife."
 The stranger said, " Ye must have many such
 In this o'er-peopled land, who on its face
 Die shelterless, unown'd." The Priest replied,
 " Let us go down and seek to comfort her."

She sat upon the grave, and to and fro
 Rock'd her slight form, wrapp'd in the mantle red,
 That from her brow hung backward to the ground ;
 Nor lack'd that face, albeit colourless
 And stain'd with want and sorrow, token fair
 Of beauty that had lit the dark blue eye,
 And hung in smiles around the red curved lip ;
 And youth extreme (for soon they knit the bond
 That binds the maiden to her peasant lord).

"There is no hope for me," the woman said—
 "My hearth is black ; the sunshine from my heart
 Has past away ; I have no husband now ;

The lip, whose harshest word than flattery
Of other men was sweeter far, is mute ;
The eye is closed whose coldest look was love.
Vein of my heart, what voice shall comfort me ?
Light of my eyes, who now shall smile on me ?
I am alone ; I have no hope, no help."

"He is the resurrection, and the life,
Who hung thereon for thee," the Pastor spake,
And touch'd the white cross rudely garlanded :
"Daughter, the widow's God will comfort thee."

"Now the Lord's blessing be on thee," she said,
"Whoe'er thou art, for by that word I know
Thee good and kind, who thus has solaced me.
Yes, He can hear and help ; yet is it hard,
Hard for the poor, the ignorant, the lone,
So to forget their fate, and look beyond
This cold dead clay ; and yet I know He hears
The voice of woman for His mother's sake."

"Then turn thee unto Him," the Pastor said ;
And he sat down, and with the mourner held
Communion in her grief ; and like the flow
Of mingling waters, on her sorrowing soul
Fell from his pitying eye and soothing lip
Compassion, and concern, and sympathy.
He spake of judgments that seem'd dark and stern,
And said they were sweet Mercy's messengers,

To lead the wanderer home. He spake of One
 Self-named the Father of the fatherless,
 The widow's stay. Then gently her poor soul
 From that cold sod, this dim, deserted earth,
 He lifted up, and show'd angelic homes,
 And holy counsel mingled in his speech ;
 And all with such a touching eloquence,
 The stranger hearken'd mute, and the still air
 Around seem'd perfumed with the good man's words :
 And the pale mourner wept, and bow'd her head
 Down to the unconscious earth, and own'd them true.
 And when he ceased, she bless'd his pious care,
 And then, for simple sorrow deems the load
 She shares with pitying hearts is lighten'd half,
 She lifted up her voice, and told her tale :—

“ Far in the South my father's house was set,
 'Mid those wild hills where Glendalough's deep wave
 Heaves to the echoes of her seven shrines,
 And the clear Avon's ancient waters glide
 Around Ierne's ruined capital.
 And I was nursed amid those relics hoar,
 And fed upon the haunted airs that rock'd
 That wondrous tower whereof no legends tell.
 My knee had bent within our Lady's shrine,
 My foot had climb'd to stern St. Kevin's bed,
 And my young eye had dizzily look'd down
 On the dark waters where his Cathleen sank.
 There was no lighter step in all the glen,

No heart more heedless till young Alick came ;
A dying mother's heavy sin to shrive,
From the black North, a weary pilgrimage,
He came to seek our Lady of the Glen,
And there amid those holy hills perform
A station for her soul's eternal weal.
What boots to tell how I was woo'd and won ;
How by the lake where never skylark sings
He pour'd a song far sweeter to mine ear ;
How through the young green woods of Derrybawn
We roam'd together, when the harvest-moon
Was on the waterfall, and Brocklagh's height
And Comaderry heard his whisper'd vows,
And dark Lugduff.

“ Thus did he lure my steps
From kindred, and from friends, and maiden cares,
And from my childhood's beautiful wild home ;
And still I thought there was no place on earth
So cold and dull but there our mutual love
Should light some sparks of quiet happiness.
I did not err : four pleasant summer years,
Four winters drear we dwelt in bliss together ;
The tears I shed upon my father's neck
Were dried full soon. My mother's weeping face
Haunted my dreams no more ; there only dwelt
The memory of their blessings and their prayers
Enshrined within my heart. A pleasant scene
Was the broad vale beneath us, fair to see
From the grey hill-side where our cabin stood ;

The Morne, like glittering serpent, roll'd his length
 O'er his rough bed around Strabane's white wall,
 And gently, like a bride, the silver Finn
 Came through her meadows, wandering to meet
 His bounding wave by Lifford's silent tower.
 And it was beautiful to trace their course,
 Standing together by the threshold lone
 Of our poor dwelling, when sweet twilight brought
 Short respite to our toil ; for all the day
 He labour'd at the weary loom within,
 Winning scant pittance for my babes and me,
 And I beside him, winding the long thread,
 Rock'd with my foot the cradle of our boy,
 While our young daughter, climbing round my knee
 With pretty prattle chided the long hours,
 Till he would sometimes lay his shuttle down
 And laugh with us. I was the happiest wife,
 The proudest mother then : ah me ! those days
 How fast they fled. Our fifth winter came,
 And with it a third child ; in evil hour
 Of sickliness and danger came he forth ;
 And it was long ere health or strength return'd
 To my wan wither'd cheek and weaken'd frame.
 The season too was hard ; the poor man's loom
 Stood idle now, or rung a gain so small,
 So trivial, 'twas a mockery to toil.
 And yet he labour'd on ; no more at even
 I sate, my hand in his : the regular fall
 Of the dull shuttle sounded in my ear
 Half through the weary night ; and still the sound

Of his dear voice rose o'er it cheerily,
And still he bade me hope, and when his cheek
Faded, he smiled, and told me all was well.

“In the young spring-time, when the days grew
long,
Late labouring and early, we had set
With our own hands the precious roots whereon
Our babes might feed, within a narrow spot,
Rough and uneven, by our mountain home ;
Now their green tops were blacken'd, and the spade
Was ready made to cast our treasure forth.
Stern was the man, and hard of heart, alas !
Of whom we held our dwelling. They whose veins
Hold gentle blood are gentle-hearted ever :
But this poor churl was mean as we ; his heart
No pity had, no patience ; for the rent
Of those four walls he seized our sustenance ;
It was our life, our all ; we had but it ;
I look'd on my poor children, and despair'd,
And he whose steady soul had ever smiled
Through all our trials, making sorrow wear
The hue of his courageous cheerfulness,
Like trees by moonlight whose dark, different dyes
Are changed to silver white—his heart, too, sank
With aspect of our hopeless misery.

“It was a dark December even ; the sleet
Beat coldly on our narrow window pane ;

We sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
And spake no word of comfort ; bit nor sup
Had broken his fast or mine that weary day.
I rock'd the sickly infant on my knee,
And, as it wail'd, the wan fire's flickering light
Fell on my wasted form : he turn'd away,
And took up his fair boy to make him sport,
But the child look'd up in his father's face
And ask'd for food. Then was the measure full ;
The brimming cup of aggravated woe
Ran o'er at last. ' God help me, Rose,' he said,
' I cannot see them starve.' Then quick caught up
The basket and the shovel, and was gone.
It was the longest hour in all my life
Till Alick came again ; not empty,
But laden with full store ; for he had been
To our oppressor's field, and from the pit
Had taken a part ; he said it was his own,
But well I knew the specious plea was false,
And even as he spoke the flush of shame,
Of dark dishonest shame, the first that ever
Mine eye had seen on that broad manly brow,
Rose to his face. He stay'd with me that night,
But ere the morning dawn he fled away.
Oh ! but the rich are happy ; they are not
Goaded to guilt by misery extreme,
Nor till her bosom have been wrung like his,
Let Innocence inexorably judge
'Mid all her gifts, the madness of that hour.

“They sought him like a felon through the land,
And I had died of penury the while,
But for that lady sweet, compassionate,
(God, when she dieth, make her bed in Heaven !)
Who sought me in my need and succour’d me.
Three weeks he came not, three long weary weeks
I sat alone beside my widow’d hearth,
And started when perchance the hollow wind
Howl’d through the mountain passes, or the dog
Stirr’d in his slumber ; for I surely thought
It was his footfall on the snowy path,
And many times I rose, and would look forth ;
Alas ! the pale moon lighted the cold waste,
And I could almost chide her that she look’d
As bright upon my lonely woe, as when
She lit our loves by Glaneola’s brook.
And those two rushing rivers, that had been
The mirrors of our happiness, were there,
In their broad beauty ; only I was changed.
At length he came : his tremulous finger touch’d
The window pane ; the murmur of his voice
Thrill’d to my heart ; I bounded to unlatch
The fragile door, and we were one again.

“That very night across the heather height
Two exiled pilgrims, we fled forth together,
He bearing our two children, I the babe ;
Houseless and poor and desolate we went,
Hoping alone in God and in each other.

Long time we wander'd ; six times the broad moon
 Won her full height, and six times waned again,
 And still we sat beside another's fire.
 All day we roam'd, and nightly made our bed
 Where we found shelter : hardship, hunger, cold,
 Such as ye know not, were our portion then,
 And we had grief : the sickly babe died first ;
 Oh ! it was hard to lay the burden down
 That I had ever borne upon my breast,
 In the cold clay. They told me the good God
 Had taken home the bark that was too frail
 To breast the storm ; and my fair other boy
 Was there to comfort me ; but we love most
 That which has cost us most of toil and pain,
 And I wept wildly for my white-hair'd boy.
 Blind was I then, and of my future fate
 Most ignorant, who, when my foot first touch'd
 The waters of affliction, stood and moan'd,
 Nor saw how high the billows rose around
 To whelm my soul ; and yet I might have known,
 Because there hung a cloud o'er those bright eyes
 That were my sun and star ; even from the night
 When first he stain'd the honest purity
 Of his good name with that dishonest deed.
 The memory of that one evil act
 Clung to his soul through all our sufferings,
 Like weight on some poor drowning mariner
 That drags him down below ; and he would say,
 ' I might have waited : God then in His love

Had seen our honest truth and sent relief.
I was too hasty ; in my grief I sinn'd.'
And day by day he wither'd from my side,
And yet I would not see ; like frighten'd child
That, in his nightly chamber laid alone,
Shuts up his eyes, and deems there cannot be
A danger that he doth not look upon.

“ But wherefore linger ? He was failing long.
A kinsman dwelling in yon distant glen
Took the two children while we wended hither,
For we had heard there was a holy well
By this old chapel, in whose sainted wave
There dwelt a healing virtue for the frame
Decay had smitten ; to this ruin'd shrine
After long travel we drew nigh ; and here
He found indeed what he had sought—relief,
A quiet bed, and for his weary frame
A peaceful lying-down. Poor sufferer,
These healing waters wrought for thee no cure
Whose sickness was a broken heart ; thy bed
Is made with the cold earth-worm for a mate.
How shall I turn and go away without thee ?
And when thy children meet me by the way,
And ask me for their father, and look up
And lisp thy name, what shall I answer them ? ”

Then ceased the mourner's tale ; but not with it
Her voice of lamentation ; that burst forth
In that deep cry most wild, most musical,

That speaks of hopeless anguish for the dead.
 It mingled with the murmur of the tide,
 It mingled with the merry mountain breeze,
 And down the valley fell that single voice
 With a strange power, as when the moaning wind
 Sighs through the forest, and men think they hear
 The mingling of a human voice, and start,
 And pause to listen.

“Said I not aright,”

The Pastor of the stranger then inquired,
 “Amid the strife of powers untrain’d within
 And hard external pressure, which the mind
 Lacks principle and courage to withstand,
 That beautiful and holy things there are?”
 He spoke, and to the mourner pointed out,
 Down the green glen, his homely hermitage,
 And bade her claim the hospitable aid
 Which never the poor tired traveller
 Had sought in vain, or wanderer wanted, there.

THE LAPIDARY’S DAUGHTER.

“UP at Septmonçel in the Jura, where
 The lapidaries work, the damsel dwells.”
 Mine host made answer, standing by the bridge
 Over the Saône at Chalons: “When her sire
 Comes here to seek the jewels for his trade,

She bears him company, to show us all
How fair a flower can blossom in the snow."
"Is it far hence, this village?" said the youth.
"A thousand kilometres, sir, and more
Above the sea ; full ten beyond St. Claude
By the new road, albeit but two, they say,
As a bird flies." Whereat the traveller
Bade him "Good day," and loitered from the inn.

Beyond the land of vines, beyond the heights
Where the last chestnuts wave their giant arms,
And flowers still smile in upland valleys deep ;—
Beyond the nether ridge where the land slopes
Back to its centre, and one hears the voice
Of Brienne roaring in his narrow walls,
And filling all the low Jurassian chain
With noise of torrents ;—far beyond St. Claude,
That still old city lying in the gorge,
Mitred and crosiered, like an abbot dead
Cut out in stone upon a tomb ;—far up
On the high Jura, where the great brown pines
Clasp the scant earth, and lean from cliff to cliff,
Septmonçel lies, a village in the clouds.

Strange how the footsteps of man's luxury
Climb into God's wild nature : mid the pines,
The snow-peaks, and the torrents dwell a race
Cunning of hand to carve the jewel out
Of the blank stone—topaz, or chrysolite,

Or the green emerald, or from Orient brought,
Kept for the bishop's finger, that rare gem,
The delicate-tinted purple amethyst.
In the low chamber lined with rough-hewn wood,
Where day by day the lapidary sees
His frugal fare, rye bread and thin blue milk
Strained from the cheese that seldom decks his board,
Are gems to set a monarch's crown ablaze,
Or glitter on the bodice of his queen.
And while the poor man sitting at his wheel
Cuts scanty out the pittance that supplies
His modest needs, he holds within his hand
The worth of millions. Outside his poor home
Are snow, and clouds, and freezing winds; within
His poverty, his labour, and the gems.
The civilised drives out the natural.
Taste, luxury, art burn out material night,
As light burns out the darkness by itself.
The red man cannot live beside the white;
His glory dwindles, and his race decays.
And so the softening touch of some great art,
Though it but graze the border of his state,
Shall drive the coarser nature out of man,
And teach him taste, and lead to thought refined.
He cannot hold a jewel in his hand
But something of the better mind of courts
Shall fill his soul with untaught courtesy;
A sound of rustling silks, and ermine trailed,
Shall seem to hang about his rugged home;

And in his heart a sense of costly trust,
Of proud possession that yet is not his,
And fills his mind with thoughts above himself.

So the Septmonçelais is kind and grave ;
Meek, but not cringing ; full of self-respect,
As one that works with God's most precious gifts,
And most esteemed of man in every age,
And knows himself more noble than his craft.
For not for him the influences work
That harden and demoralize ; his heart
Is pure and simple, tender as a child's,
Full of all generous pity for the weak,
And comfort for the injured. 'Tis his faith
To help the suppliant, of his mountain home
To make a shelter for the fugitive,
And then defy the world to drag him forth.
Nor worthy trust alone in things without,
But more within, good father, faithful spouse ;
For him no factory opens, calling men
To herd together o'er a hundred looms,
Forgetful of their children and their wives.
He works at home, and loves his simple hearth
And makes it blest ; he is the gem unset,
The tender purple of the amethyst,
The ruby's glory, with no factious aid
Of sycophant gold to show the jewel off.
Such was Laménais, father of Clemence ;
Clemence, whose innocent beauty looking out

From eyes as bright and shy as are a fawn's,
Had so beguiled, at Chalons by the Saône,
The traveller, that he turned, and climbed the Jura.

High was her nest : a moan of murmuring winds
Through peaks snow-laden, sighing as they came ;
The far-off howl of wolves, and further still
The roar of Flumen thundering to his mills,
Had lulled her childhood many a long cold night,
When on the frozen street the moonbeam played
And on blank casements, and the church stood white,
Laying the shadow of her wooden cross
Over the sleeping town. On summer days
A visit to the valleys where the flowers
The latest lingered in some high deep cleft,
Hemmed in by guardian rocks from wind and frost,
Like a sick child that cannot die for care ;
Or from the slippery platform, won with fear,
A venturous peep at Flumen's wall of waves
Tumbling sheer over their tremendous ledge ;
Sometimes to wander mid the great brown stems
Of pines that clasp the rocks with crooked roots,
Or to sit looking through their windy tops :
These were her childhood's pleasures ; or perchance
A place in the procession winding slow
Up the uneven street, with simple pomp
And chant, on some high Feast-day of the Church.
When older grown, she sat beside the wheel
Cutting the stone, that from its polished face

Gave forth no tint, and shot no shade of light,
Deep as her glance, or radiant as her smile.

The little brother slumbered in his crib,
The gay clock ticked against the wainscoting
Carved out of mountain pine ; the noon was hot,
And all the narrow casements were ajar,
No breath to move the curtain—lazily
A creeping sunbeam touched the secretaire
Of polished chestnut-wood, and lingered round
The two rough wheels that, for the daily toil,
Stood in its light, and drew a sudden flash
From the blue sapphire fixed into the wand
That lay in Clemence' hand. Sweet Clemence sang,
Soothing her labour's long monotony.
Alone she sat, save for the slumbering child.
That day the unfrequent factor to St. Claude
Had brought the rude material, the brute form
Their patience must make costly : father, son,
And mother went, and sisters in their teens,
They climbed the downward path ; and Clemence
sang—

Turn, turn, O wheel, and cut the stone,
Form glorious sapphire while I sing ;
Turn, wheel of trial, wheel of life,
And form the jewels for our king.

Blaze, blaze, bright jewel, in mine hand,
A precious thing in rugged spot,

Burn hope, and faith, and noble deed,
The jewels of our lowly lot.

Turn, turn, O wheel, and form the gems
For robe, or ring, or coronet ;
Turn, wheel of trouble, wheel of toil,
And fashion jewels fairer yet.

Wait, wait, bright sapphire, till thou flash,
The pride of some imperial town ;
Wait, living gems, wait, human hearts,
Till Christ shall set you in His crown.

She paused—a shadow fell into the room,
A shadow that she knew, and her heart beat,
And her hand stayed, still poising the blue stone,
But never touching now the biting steel.
For was not this the stranger that had come
Up to Septmonçel many days ago ?
And lingered as the bee in springtime hangs
Over a clover bed, and singles out
One special honey-flower ? Many times
Had he not danced with her, and pressed her hand,
And walked with her from church, and heard her
sing,
And told her of his home in that bright isle,
Whose sons are nobles ? Had he not alone
Breathed in her ear of that delightful land,
And of the long rich flats, and golden hollows,
Golden with grain, and orchards red with fruit,

And stately rivers with an even tread
Going 'twixt grassy banks ; and forest trees
More graceful than her pines, with drooping boughs
That laid aside their burning Autumn garb
And donned a delicate green in early Spring ;
And flowers that bloomed in sunny garden grounds
And looked a very little while on snow ?
Had he not whispered how 'twere sweet to break
Away from winds and mountains, and white peaks
(Herself the only nightingale that sang
In that cold wood, a wood without a tree),
Into a calm of woodlands, and green bowers
Broken with music ; sweet to live and love
Where life should need but love, and love should live
While their hearts beat.

And she had heard him speak,
Not knowing half the evil of his words.
Nor he meaning it all, perchance ; but blind
With passion, cheating partly his own soul,
And saying inly, she should meet no harm.
But as the small bird when the storm is nigh
Sets all his little ruffled feathers up,
And angrily awaits, a round rough ball,
The pelting of the rain-cloud ; some quick sense
Of danger to the innocent maiden came ;
And as he spake she gathered up her thoughts.
She had much need ; with a few plausible words
Of careless preparation he revealed

How by the presbytère beyond the church
 The horses waited that should bear them down,
 With clanging hoofs and clattering of bells,
 Into the valley, whence the snorting train
 That mocks at time and space, should carry them
 From vain pursuit, from mountains and from bonds,
 Even to the borders of that wide salt sea
 That held his white-cliffed island in her lap—
 Him happiest of men, and her set free,
 Too beautiful a bird for such a cage,
 Narrow, and coarse, and full of sordid cares,
 And thankless toil ; but in that other world
 She should move nobly among trees and flowers,
 And never soil her dainty fingers more,
 Nor vex her soul with thinking of to-morrow,
 And be the fairest of a lordly line,
 And wear upon her slender neck such gems
 As now she moulded with her hand, and have
 No care, but love and pleasure all her days,
 And he would be all ties on earth to her,
 Father and brother, and a dearer name.

He ceased ; there burned a light behind her eye,
 A little tremble fluttered in her throat.
 "Nay, but I cannot go with you," she said ;
 "These mountains would reproach me, and the eyes
 Of all the children with regretful gaze
 Would follow me for ever ; most of all
 My mother's and my father's, he whose cares

I share and lighten, sitting at his knee,
Hearing him tell old tales of the good men,
Good men and true, who sought our mountain hold
Out of Franche-Comté from the Spanish yoke ;
—No yoke would they, for conscience or for neck—
Hearing him tell me, too, the law of God,
Of truth, and peace, and filial piety ;
And of the Christ upon His golden Throne,
Who shall come back for us at trump of doom,
Lying due east, with faces towards His coming,
Up in the graveyard yonder ; when the toil
And stir of life is over, and its joys :
For life hath many joys, not sad my lot.
If I should burst the little subtle webs
That bind me to this hut, each broken thread
Would rend away a pleasure from my heart.
And if you call my life a weary life,
'Tis wrapt into its future, like yon ruby
That flashes a new shade with every cut ;
For some queen's finger ground in this poor place.
And souls, perchance, may wear bright tints in
Heaven
From graces wrought by poverty and toil.
And if you say that far-off land is rich
Where you would take me, and a place to love ;
Ah ! but 'tis not the Jura : there's no seam,
No chasm upon the face of that peaked hill
That fronts this window pane, but is my friend.
No land on earth could ever be to me
What this land is. What are your trees and flowers

To this vast nature of the snow and pine,
 And the eternal glacier? dear to home,
 To patience, and to labour, dear to me?
 And if you say that other home is fair,
 And I shall be a queen among your kin,
 (Too soon a queen, and long before my time,)

For what am I to change my social place
 By one rash move, and step upon a stage
 Superior, and with different delights
 And different duties all unknown to me?
 I am not trained to be a noble's wife,
 To sit in idlesse in a painted room;
 (Should I not miss the whirring of my wheel?)
 I am not trained to meet the sea of thought
 That sets about your island; where, they say,
 The tide of civilised life is ever up,
 Even to high-water mark, and hath no ebbs,
 No low flat sands, where ignorant poor souls
 Like mine may wander, picking up small shells,
 As I do now—mean little pleasures scorned
 Of higher intellects.

And if you say
 That I shall some day want another love
 Than father-love, for so God's law has said,
 Well, sir, it must be here, among these walls,
 In this old town, where poor men chisel gems
 And die, and live content beside their wheels.
 I have no yearning for that higher place,
 No fire within me fusing in one mass
 Child loves and home, a thousand golden links.

Here, where my mother to her father's hearth
Came back a wedded wife, and dwelt in peace
And kindly interchange of common love,
And heard her children lisp in her own tongue
The gabbled nothings that a mother loves ;—
Oh, sir, I pray you, do not tempt me more ;
There are wild echoes out about these cliffs
That never seem to rest, but rise, and rise,
If but a herdsman wind his horn, or shrill
The woodman calls his comrades home at eve.
And such an echo many times a day,
Roused by a hundred passing thoughts, would ring
For ever and for ever in her heart,
The false Septmonçelaise, who could forsake
Home, and true love, and her appointed place
Without a father's blessing."

Earnestly

Thus answered she. The gilded clock ticked on,
The little brother sat up in his bed,
With great round eyes that wandered round the
room,
Seeking for her whose face was turned away.
A shadow fell on the rough narrow street,
Fell quickly, passed as quickly, nevermore
To linger by that lattice, nevermore
Seen on the plateau up by Septmonçel.
And Clemence, with a tear, not of regret,
But pitiful, and womanly, and kind,
Looked through her casement into the hot noon.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S WIFE.

AH! well, the sun is sinking,—it will all be over soon ;
When the hungry jackals shriek to-night to the yellow moon,
You will hear them, little daughter, and shudder in your bed,
But I shall be gone, my darling, beyond those bars of red.

For the sun is burning crimson, down on the date-trees' crown,
And the hills in the distance rising show purple, and blue, and brown ;
Rising up height over height, sheer into the hot thin air,
I can see them where I lie, like a tinted marble stair,

Inlaid with green and amber, wrapt in a violet glow,
While the white pagodas shine, and the palm-trees shake below :
But I would give all this glory for one pale northern morn,
For the grey light in its heaven, and the gleam of its golden corn.

It's far away in the West, and it's long ago, my dear,
But the shadows grow sharp and long, as evening
draweth near ;
And all the long day I have heard, across this sultry
heat,
A patter of rain in the leaves, and the salt wave's
tremulous beat.

It was early Autumn weather ; the flax was in the
pool,
And just this time of evening, but a night so calm
and cool,
The curlew came up and cried in the shingle along
the shore,
And the blue hills turned to black, as I stood at my
father's door,

Ah ! why should all this come back to-night on my
dying brain ?—

I heard their footsteps coming, and their voices in the
lane.

Mother was in the byre ; I, too, should have been
there,

But I knew they were talking of me, and I slipped out
unaware.

“Neighbour,” my father was saying, “forty pounds
has the lass,

And if you will not have her, you can even let her
pass.”

Washing, washing, washing, came the tide on the
 black rocks by,
 But my heart beat louder and faster for fear of the
 man's reply.

He was the wealthiest farmer in all our country
 wide,—
 But he was not to my mind, Jane, had he been an
 earl beside.
 Angry and sharp came the answer,—“Forty is little,”
 he said ;
 “You should give your eldest daughter a trifle more
 to wed.”

Spake out then your soldier father,—he stood the next
 to me ;
 I knew it before he said a word, although I could not
 see :
 “I reckon,” said he, “there's that can never be bought
 or sold,
 And if you give me Mary, I ask nor silver nor gold.”

Washing, washing, washing, came the tide up over
 the stones,
 Was it that or my own heart-beating that changed my
 Father's tones ?
 “Forty pounds is her dower, and you shall have her,”
 said he.—
 It's long ago, my darling, and it's far, far over the
 sea.

Ah ! why should all this come back to-night, when my
brain is weak ?—

The rush of the wild south-wester, and the soft spray
on my cheek,—

I've forgotten so many things, but this lives in my
breast,

Like the blaze of a crimson dawn burnt into a gloomy
west.

I've forgotten so many things, or they pass me by in a
maze,—

The Sepoys' murderous battle, and Lucknow's weary
days ;

The dropping shot on the rampart, the sight of your
Father's blood ;

And the wail, and the fear, and the hunger, behind
those walls of mud.

They pass me by like spectres, as I go down to the
grave,

But a music tender and strange comes to me over the
wave ;

The church stands under the wood, where the hill dips
to the loch,

She sings as a mother sings, when she makes the
cradle rock.

Solemnly moves the pastor's lip, and as he prays and
reads,

The words of love and of promise drop down like
golden beads ;—

Oh ! it's well that strain has lingered within me to
this day,
For it's little I've heard of Christ in this land where
Christians sway

Is it well, O land of glory ! to send thy brave sons
forth
From thy sunny southland meadows, thy grey cliff-
guarded North ?
You give them bread in the barracks, and weapons for
the strife,
But not a Sword to fight the fiend, and not the Bread
of Life.

From your valleys crowned with Churches, a dry Cross
on their brow,
You send them out, with never a one to bid them
keep their vow.
They fight your battles bravely ; they die for you,
sword in hand,
And leave their fair-faced orphans behind in a heathen
land,—

Behind, with never a Church-bell rung, never a chanted
psalm,
But hellish rite, and song impure, and the idol 'neath
the palm.
They may grow up in that darkness ; there's none to
care or know—
O rich men over in England ! O mothers ! should this
be so ?

There's never a heart among you, up to the Queen on
her throne,

But thrills when the terrible tale of this Indian War is
known :

Never an eye but weeps, where her soldiers' arms are
piled—

You give him tears and honour, give gold for his
perishing child.

Hush ! hush ! they are passing away, the long wash of
the sea ;

And the singing down in the Church makes music no
more for me :

I am drifting slowly homeward, and though there be
clouds afar,

They touch but the sails of the ship that crosses the
harbour bar.

For it's not the dying sun that shines in my dying
eyes,

But a trail of the glory of Heaven over the mountain
lies ;

So lift me up, my darling, 'tis a gleam of the Golden
Floor,

Through the Gate that is all one pearl, where Christ
has passed before.

I have served Him badly, my child, weakly, below my
desire,

Fearing, and falling, and rising, yet evermore coming
nigher ;

But as the sunbeam draws all other lights into its ray,
 As the hand takes tenderly in the bird that wandered
 away,—

So the love of that Heart Divine absorbs my poor weak
 love,

So the Hand of my Saviour in Heaven takes in His
 weary dove ;

And I could go so gladly, but ever there rises a
 mist—

'Tis you and your little sister—betwixt my soul and
 Christ

THE TWIN MUTES ; TAUGHT AND UNTAUGHT.

WHERE the thorn grows by a ruined abbey,
 In a valley of our grey north land,
 Sits a lonely woman 'mid the gravestones,
 Rocking to and fro with claspèd hand.

Two rough stones, uncarven and unlettered,
 Stand to guard that double-mounded grave,
 Darkly brown in the untrodden churchyard,
 Where the starflowers and the harebells wave.

“ Ah, my grief is not extreme, O stranger !
 Many a mother mourns a buried child ;
 Many a hearth that's silent in the Autumn
 Was not voiceless when the Summer smiled.

“ But our sorrows are of different texture ;
Through the black there runs a silver thread :
Griefs there are susceptible of comfort,
Tears not salt above the happy dead.

“ Tender joy amid her wildest anguish
Hath the mother, waiting in the calm
Of the death-hush by her angel's cradle,
When she thinketh of the crown and palm :

“ And the ear that ached with the long tension,
When the eye gave weary sorrow scope,
Hears at night the voices of the dying
Breathe again their last low words of hope.

“ In mine ear there are no voices ringing ;
One pale smile is all that memory holds,—
Smile that flickers like a streak at sunset,
That a night of gloomy cloud enfolds.

“ On that mountain, stranger ! where the heather
Casts a tint of purple and dull red,
And a darker streak along the meadow
Shows from far the torrent's rocky bed ;—

“ Where the broken lines of larch and alder
To the roof a scanty shelter yield,
And the furze hedge, like a golden girdle,
Clasps one narrow cultivated field,—

“ Lies mine homestead. In that whitewashed dwelling,

Joys, and pains, and sorrows have I known ;
Looked on the dear faces of my children,
Seen their smiles, and heard their dying moan.

“ Five times had I heard the birth-cry feeble
In those walls, like music in mine ear,—
Five times, and no son’s voice on my bosom
Cried the cry that mothers love to hear.

“ But the sixth time,—more of pain and wailing,
More of pleasure after long alarms ;
For a boy was in the double blessing,—
Son and daughter slept within mine arms.

“ Ah, what rapture was it all the summer,
Sitting underneath the alder tree,
While the breeze came freely up the mountain,
And my twin babes smiled upon my knee !

“ Piped the thrush on many a cloudy evening,
Poising on the larch-top overhead ;
Cried the brown bird from the heather near us,
And the torrent warbled in its bed.

“ But the twain upon my bosom lying
Were as dead to voice of bird or man,
As the stone that under those blue waters
Heard no rippling music as they ran.

“ Silence, silence in the hearts that bounded
 With each passionate pulse of love or hate ;
No articulate language or expression,
 When the soul rushed to its prison-gate.

“ Only sometimes through their bars of azure,
 The wild eyes, with glances keen and fond,
Told some secret of that unsearched nature,
 Of the unfathomed depth that lay beyond.

“ Came the lady to our lonely mountain,
 Pleaded gently with her lips of rose ;
Pleaded with her eyes as blue as heaven,
 Spake of endless joys and endless woes.

“ Told me art had bridged that gulf of silence,—
 That the delicate finger-language drew
From the deaf-mute’s heart its secret strivings,
 Gave him back the truths that others knew.

“ And she prayed me by all Christian duty,
 And she urged me when I wept and strove ;—
For the place was far, my son was precious,
 And I loved him with a cruel love.

“ Love ! ah no, sweet love is true and tender,
 Self-forgetting ; flinging at the feet
Of the loved one all her own emotions :
 For my thought such name were all unmeet.

“So I gave the girl, and to my bosom
 Hugged the boy in his long soundless night ;—
 Gave the life of an immortal spirit
 For the bareness of a short delight.

“Years came, years went, he grew up on this mountain,
 A strange creature, passionate, wild, and strong ;
 Untaught, savage—wanting, like the savage,
 Natural vent for rapture, or for wrong.

“He was smitten,—when the furze in April,
 To the wind that cometh from the east,
 Shakes like gold bells all its hardy blossoms,
 The death arrow struck into his breast.

“And she, too—like that strange wire that vibrates
 Thousand miles along to the same strain,—
 His twin sister, through her similar nature,
 In her far home felt the same sharp pain.

“And she came to die beside the hearthstone,
 Where we watched him withering, day by day ;
 On her wan cheek the same burning hectic,
 In her eye the same ethereal ray.

“But she came back gentle, patient, tutored,
 Climbing noble heights of self-control ;
 On her brow the conscious calm of knowledge,
 And the Christian’s comfort in her soul.

“ Ah, mine heart ! how throbbed it with reproaches,
When the weak wan fingers met to pray !
When the eyes looked sweetly up to heaven,
While my poor boy laughed, and turned away.

“ Thus they died. Athwart the red leaves falling
Rushed the first cold winds of Autumn time,
When the ears that never heard their howling
Opened to some great eternal chime.

“ She went first : the Angel on the threshold
Saw upon her face the look Divine ;
Saw her tracing with her dying finger,
On my hand, her dear Redeemer’s sign.

“ And he took her. Softly, without motion,
Dropped down gently the small finger’s tip,
And I looked in her dear eyes and closed them,
With the smile still lingering on her lip.

“ But the boy !—he felt the darkness gather,
As the Angel’s dusky wing drew near :
In his eyes there was a cruel question,
As he looked up in his doubt and fear.

“ On his dying face the shadow darkened :
He rose up and clung unto my side.
I had lost him, but I could not save him ;
And the shade grew darker as he died.”

DYING AMONG THE PINES.

DYING among the pines, the living pines,
 That hold their heads green all the Winter
 through,
 And from their dark trunks, seamed with silver lines,
 Drop down all day their healing balm like dew,

Where the soft beat of the low pulsing sea
 Scarce ruffles on the level silver strand,
 So well the pine woods, hanging on her lea,
 Filter the rough winds ere they touch the sand.

Dying, still dying,—far out in the wood,
 Over the sand, there lies a sacred ground,
 Where quaint white wreath and roughly carven rood
 Tell that the toil-worn fishers rest have found,

Out in the wood, beyond the sandy reach
 Of the white domes. Ah me ! 'tis far to lie !
 There are no northern daisies by this beach ;
 She had not need to come so far to die.

As when from some great ship in mid seas wrecked,
 A baby corpse is washed on some green isle ;
 For the short sleep that was so long bedecked
 In purest lawn, and wearing still a smile ;

Which finding, the dark natives, with white teeth
And plumèd heads, lay covered in a cave,—
So leave the English lady underneath
The southern pines, beside the fisher's grave.

Through the green boughs aslant the warm sunbeams
Shall wrap her feet as in a white lace shroud,—
Surely this wealth of natural life beseems
Her better than the raindrop or the cloud.

What dim, faint gleams that symbol life unrolls
Of the great Life whereof the door is Death !
And that sweet love of Christ, that to our souls
Is sun, and light, and shade, and balmy breath !

Dying among the pines : ah, lightly lie,
White sand, that bearest nor violet, nor moss ;
This earth is hallowed under every sky,
A wreath of glory hangs on every cross.

A TALE OF THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

LONG years have come, long years have gone,
Since dawned one bright spring day,
On the purple hills of Asia,
On Smyrna's silver bay.

And the breeze with perfume laden,
Came sweetly from the shore,
As a little Smyrniote maiden
Played at her father's door.

"O, father, dearest father,"
 Thus did the maiden say,
 "Why do the people gather
 Along the public way?

"And why, with flowers and odours,
 My tresses have they dressed?
 And laced my silver sandals,
 And tied my broidered vest?

"Shall we the sacred garlands twine
 For heaven's high queen above?
 Or go before his altar shrine,
 To sacrifice to Jove?

"Or shall the whirling chariot, sire,
 Go bounding o'er the plain?
 Or the fleet coursers, snorting fire,
 Spring from the silken rein?

"Or shall sweet music linger,
 From harp, or viol clear,
 Beneath the pressing finger?
 Where go we, father dear?"

And the gay Greek made answer,
 Without a tear, or sigh,
 "We go to the amphitheatre,
 To see the Christian die."

No pity turned that young cheek pale,
No sorrow thrilled her heart,
But she has called for her white veil,
All eager to depart.

For through the court by fountains dewed,
Her father's perfumed court,
She heard the maddened multitude
Rush onward to the sport.

And she has caught her father's hand,
And chidden his delay,
And through the marble porch they pass,
And up the crowded way.

And still the throng more eager grew,
And still with quickened pace,
On rolled the mighty living mass,
Unto the public place.

As waters mingle in one sea,
Most strange it was to view,
How thronged that amphitheatre
The Gentile and the Jew.

The Roman with his cold proud lip,
Half curled in cruel scorn,
The Syrian soft, the polished Greek,
The slave, and the free born,

The high-souled, and the sensitive,
They filled that fearful spot,
Ah ! mercy hath no place on earth,
Where God's true love is not.

There, beauty sat with jewelled brow,
And rolled the large soft eye,
And conscious stretched the neck of snow,
To see an old man die.

And the best blood of Asia,
Sat smiling at her side ;
Alas for human nature !
And alas for worldly pride !

An ancient man with long white hair,
And noble mien was he,
On whom that people came to gaze,
In his last agony.

He looked in all the faces round,
Stage rising over stage,
And some grew pale with terror,
And some grew white with rage.

His was the only placid brow,
The only eye serene ;
So calm looks out the clear blue heaven,
Dark rolling clouds between.

There stood the Asian's pagan priest,
There frowned Nicetas dark,
And the Consul stern looked down on him,
And the haughty Irenarch.

All cold, all proud, all pitiless,—
He turned to the kindling pile,
And his steady lip a moment moved,
As with a conqueror's smile.

Then up and down and through the crowd,
One voice rose wide and high,
“Away with the godless Christian!
False Polycarp to die.”

And half the little maiden wished
She had not come to see :
When she was aware of some one near,
Lamenting bitterly.

And lo ! a little Parthian slave,
Close to her side was press'd ;
The scourge had scarred his shoulder,
The brand had marked his breast.

And ever, as the people called,
“False Polycarp to die,”
The tears came fast and faster still,
From the little slave boy's eye.

The shout has sunk on the green hill side,
On the sea, and on the city :
“What makes you weep, what makes you weep?”
Said the child in childish pity.

Ah ! little we think how one kind word
May soothe another's pain !
The boy's bright eye looked through his tears,
As sunbeams look through rain.

And he has turned to the little maid,
And brushed his tears away,
“I weep for my good lord Polycarp,
For he must die to-day.”

“O love him not,” she answered,
“A godless man is he.”
“He hath a God,” said the slave boy,
“A God not known to thee.

“He told me of that good great God,
Who made the bond and free,
Who set them all in their place on earth,
And loveth them equally.

“He told me of His Saviour Son,
The God Who dwelt with man,
Who bore their sin, and punishment,
And washed them clean again.

“ He told me of the Holy Spirit,
That leaveth us not alone,
His gift, Who knows our weaknesses,
For they were once His own.

“ He buried me in the cleansing sea,
He traced the Cross on my brow,
In the name of the Holy Trinity,
I am a Christian now.

“ But they have bound the honoured hand,
That led me to the fold,
And they will seal the lips, that spake
In words so kind and bold.

“ Who now shall tend the wandering lambs ? ”
And the slave boy wept aloud ;
For once again that taunting cry
Rose, gathering, through the crowd.

“ Ha, thou that troublest Asia,
Ha, thou that wouldst o’ercast
The altars of the glorious gods,
Thine hour is come at last.

“ Mad fool, deny the Crucified ! ”
Ah, senseless, and depraved,
Thus mocked they at the dying Saint,
Thus God’s dear mercy braved.

There came a sound above their heads,
Like a rush of many wings ;
And the little slave boy heard a voice
As when an angel sings.

That strain the maiden might not hear,
Nor the deep sweet words it said,
“ Fear not, My servant Polycarp,
Have thou no doubt, or dread.”

Now they have bound him to the stake,
And the slave boy weepeth not,
And the Martyr lifted up his hands,
As the flame grew fierce and hot.

He looked to earth, he looked to sea,
Calm slept each purple hill,
How glorious was the golden light,
The wave how calm and still !

And his eye one moment rested
On the city, and the plain,
And where the distant sails shone white,
Along the Grecian main.

Perchance it lingered o'er that sea,
Because his thought had gone
Back to the exile Hebrew's isle,
His own beloved S. John.

A fond, but scarce a sad farewell,
That long look seemed to take,
Then, the full eye was fixed on Heaven,
And the dying Martyr spake :

“I bless Thee, Holiest Father,
I thank Thee, Blessed Son,
Because the golden crown is near,
The race is nearly run.

“God of all things created,
Angels, and earthly power,
I praise Thee for the agony
Of this departing hour :

“That Thou hast deemed Thy servant meet
With all Thy Martyr band,
To drink Christ’s cup of suffering :
Who shall hereafter stand,

“In soul, and body, incorrupt,
Around Thy glory’s throne ;
Therefore I praise, and magnify,
Th’ Eternal Three in One.”

O wonderful ! most wonderful !
The flame burns hot, and red,
It toucheth him not, it hath not singed
One hair on the old man’s head.

But over him, like a golden arch,
The broad flame flickered and played,
He stood unhurt in the burning fire,
And fervently he prayed.

The Pagan people yelled in wrath,
The Roman drew his sword,
He pierced the side of Polycarp,
And forth the red blood poured.

God's elements are merciful,
Man only mocks His will ;
The raging fire had spared the Saint,
The sword had power to kill.

Dim, dim, before that innocent blood
Waxed the reproachful fire,
He lieth a costly sacrifice,
On an unconsumèd pyre.

The maiden plucked her father's robe,
She turned her head aside,
"Come home, come home in haste, my sire,
We have seen enough," she cried.

The slave boy too, has looked his last,
On him he loved so well,
And he has turned to his master's home,
And yet no tear-drop fell.

And well it was : we need not weep
For the dead Saints, the blest,
Who have come home triumphantly,
To everlasting rest.

But for the mocker, the deceived,
For them the tear may flow,
And for the souls by sin aggrieved,
Who still strive on below.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

THE silence of a southern day,
When all the air is sick with heat,
O'er forest leagues that stretch away
Before the traveller's weary feet ;

He sees no restive leaflets quiver,
No glancing rays that meet and part,
The very beat of the broad river
Is even, as a silent heart ;

And strange-shaped flowers of gorgeous dyes,
Unmoved by any wandering breeze,
Look out with their great scarlet eyes,
And watch him from the giant trees.

Surely no brother of his race
Came e'er before to these wild woods,
To startle, with his pallid face,
The brightness of their solitudes.

And yet the path before him breaks
Across the tangled thicket drear,
A straighter track than wild beast makes,
Or antelope that bounds in fear.

And as he moves there seems to spring,
In his soul's depth, a consciousness—
As though some other living thing
Were with him in the wilderness.

The pathway broadens—and behold,
In the wood's heart, a chamber hewn,
Where Dryad, of the days of old,
Had loved to come and rest at noon !

Or if but England's sky were bent,
And yonder turf were not so brown,
The fairies might hold parliament
At night, when stars were raining down ;

And in the midst a little mound,
As it had been a small child's grave,
With the green tendrils twisted round
Of plant whence purple blossoms wave.

Calm sleep the dead within the church,
Where simple voices sing and pray,
And calm beyond the ivied porch,
Where village children pause to play.

Their bed is blest, their dirge was sung,
Their dust is with their fathers' dust,
But sure his heart was sorely wrung
Who here could leave his dead in trust.

The lonely wanderer pass'd in haste—
"It is a fearful spot," he saith ;
"There is no life in all the waste,
And yet this shrine of human death."

Yea, life is near—a thin blue wreath
Comes curling through the foliage dark—
A settler's hut lies hid beneath,
And now he hears the watch-dog's bark.

Bright gleam'd the exile's lustrous eye ;
No stranger to his haunts had come,
While, year by year, that forest high
Hung changeless o'er his lonely home.

Long time were greeting hands entwined,
Long time they cheer'd the social board
With many an earnest question kind,
And eager answer freely pour'd.

But when the sun's great heat was quell'd
Beneath the western ocean's wave,
The stranger's hand the exile held,
And led him to the forest-grave.

There, while the round moon rose afar,
 Making the listener's face look pale,
 While, one by one, broke each bright star
 Unmark'd, he told his simple tale.

"Green grow the valleys of the west,
 Bright bound the streams of dark Tyrone,
 There are my father's bones at rest,
 Where I shall never lay my own.

"Here drowsy Nature lies asleep,
 Crush'd by her own abundant treasure,
 But there her restless pulses leap
 For ever to a changeful measure ;

"To moaning of the fitful gale
 Through hollows in the purple hill,
 To rivers rattling down the vale,
 Short showers, and sunbeams shorter still

"Ours was a lonely mountain place,
 Girt round with berried rowan trees :
 Good Sir, the wind on that hill's face,
 It would not let them grow like these.

"But, looking down the mountain bare,
 We saw the white church by the river,
 And we could hear, when winds were fair,
 O'er the low porch, the one bell quiver.

“And though the path was hard to climb
Across the bog and up the brae,
God’s minister came many a time,
Nor ever blamed the rugged way.

“Ah me ! it is a woeful thing
Never to hear one blessed word
Till sparks, that else might heavenward spring,
Die out for want of being stirr’d.

“The world was round us all the week,
Hard work was ours from morn till even,
The words that good man used to speak
Brought to our souls a glimpse of heaven.

“A wife I had, no truer breast
E’er shared a poor man’s grief and joy,
Nor wanted to our mountain nest
Love’s dearest pledges—girl and boy.

“Two died and left me,—first, alas !
The mother went, and then the son ;
Ah well ! the hallow’d churchyard grass
Grows over them—God’s will be done.

“And Rose and I were left alone,
A six-year child without a mother,
And still,” he said, “though she is gone,
We are alone with one another.

“ In thought my comrade all day long,
 She creeps into my dreams at night,
 The burden of a wordless song,
 An image true to all but sight.

“ Ever a short, low cough I hear,
 There lies in mine a thin, small hand,
 Or a voice singeth in mine ear ;
 The voice that haunted the old land,

“ When that brave mountain breeze of ours
 That dash'd the scent from golden furze,
 And swept across the heather flowers,
 Touch'd not a brighter cheek than hers.

“ Why tell again the tale of tears
 Told by a thousand hearts before,
 The anguish of those famine years,
 The useless toil, the straiten'd store ?

“ How, of the land we loved forsaken,
 And spurn'd from off her blighted face,
 We dared the dark deep, tempest-shaken,
 And found an exile's resting place ?

“ Who lauds the lily's silver crown,
 He little thinks how, night by night,
 From heaven's great heart the dews dropp'd down
 That fed its leaves of dazzling white.

“Little ye care at home to scan
How good insensibly is cherish'd,
How holy habits form the man,
And souls without their dew have perish'd.

“How, heeding not God's blessed day,
All days grow godless as they fall,
And he who has no hour to pray
Forgets, at last, to pray at all.

“How, sever'd from each symbol rite,
By Heaven to human weakness lent,
Each pledge of things beyond the sight,
Worship, and priest, and sacrament,

“We wander'd through a weary plain,
Where our souls fainted as we trod,
No golden link in labour's chain,
No sweet seventh day for rest and God.

‘Still round the child there hung a spell
Of old traditionary rule,
Of texts the Pastor used to tell,
And hymns she learn'd at Sunday school.

“My heart has bled to hear her sing,
Or lisp ‘Our Father’ in her play,
And, but it was so strange a thing,
I could myself have knelt to pray.

“Let summer winds blow wild at will,
New buds will deck earth’s wasted bosom ;
O death ! thy blast was sterner still,
It tore away my only blossom.

“It would have moved a heart of stone
To see how fast my darling faded,
As a young olive dies alone,
By forest trees too closely shaded.

“And as she wither’d, form and feature,
The smooth round cheek, the dimpled chin,---
It seem’d her spiritual nature
Glow’d with a stronger life within.

“The struggling soul look’d through the bars
Of those blue eyes so strangely bright ;
Sweet eyes, they burn’d like two young stars
Before the moon is up at night.

“And she would tell me more and more
About the things she learn’d of old,
As memory open’d all her store
When sickness found the key of gold.

“’Twas after a long day of pain,
When the night fell her brain grew weak,
The fever burn’d along her vein,
And strew’d false roses on her cheek.

“I watch’d beside her in the gloom,
I counted every short, thick breath ;
There was another in the room
Keeping watch, too,—and that was Death.

“I saw the red moon through the trees,
I heard afar the wild dog crying ;
That her sweet soul was ill at ease
I knew, she was so long of dying.

“And ‘Call the Rector, Father dear,’
Loud in the noon of night she said ;
‘I cannot go until I hear
A prayer beside my dying bed.’

“Then would she sleep—Oh that long night !
How slow it went, and yet how fast,
While waver’d on her life’s pale light,
And flicker’d, and went out at last !

“‘Will he not come?’ she cried again ;
Then—God forgive me that I lied—
‘He cometh, darling, up the glen,’
I answer’d, and she smiled, and died.”

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"She watched for the return of her son from America in her home by the Foyle, near Derry."

THERE'S no one on the long white road,
 The night is closing o'er ;
 O mother ! cease to look abroad,
 And let me shut the door.

"Now here, and there, a twinkling light
 Comes out along the bay,
 The little ships lie still and white,
 And no one comes this way."

She turned her straining eyes within,
 She sighed both long and low.
 "Shut up the door, take out the pin,
 "Then, if it must be so.

"But, daughter, set the wick alight,
 "And put it in the pane ;
 "If any should come home to-night,
 "He'll see it through the rain.

"Nay, leave the pin beneath the latch,
 "If some one push the door,
 "Across my broken dreams I'll hear
 "His footstep on the floor,"

She crouch'd within the ingle nook,
She spread her fingers sere,
Her failed eyes had a far-off look,
Despite her four-score year.

And if in youth they had been fair,
'Twas not the charm they had,
Not the old beauty lingering there,
But something weird and sad.

The daughter, in the fire-light pale,
A woman grey and wan,
Sat listening, while half dream, half wail,
Her words went wandering on.

"O river that dost never halt
"Till down beyond the bar,
"Thou meet'st the breakers green and salt
"That bore my lads afar.

"O sea betwixt our slighted isle
"And that wide bounteous West,
"That has such magic in her smile
"To lure away our best,

"Bring back, bring back the guiding keel,
"Bring fast the homebound ship,
"Mine eyes look out, I faint to feel
"The touch of hand, and lip.

"And is that land so much more fair,
"So much more rich that shore
"Than this, where prodigal of care
"I nursed the sons I bore?

"I nursed them at my yielding breast,
"I reared them at my knee,
"They left me for the golden West,
"They left me for the sea.

"With hungry heart, and eyes that strove
"In vain their eyes to meet,
"And all my lavish mother's love
"Beat backward to my feet ;

"Like that broad stream that runs, and raves,
"And floweth grandly out,
"But the salt billows catch its waves,
"And fling them all about ;

"The bitter world washed out my claim,
"In childhood it was dear,
"But youth forgets, and manhood came,
"And dashed it far and near.

"But when I think of the old time,
"Soft fingers, eyes that met,
"In spite of age, in spite of clime,
"I wonder they forget.

"And if they live, their life is strong,
"Forgotten here I die ;
"I question with my heart, and long,
"And cannot answer why,

"Till by Christ's grace I walk in white
"Where His redeemed go,
"And know the reason of God's right,
"Or never care to know.

"But outbound ships come home again,
"They sail 'neath sun and moon,
"Put thou the candle in the pane,
"They may be coming soon."

"Calm lie the lights below the town,
"There's not a ship in sight ;
"O mother ! cease and lay you down,
"They will not come to-night."

SORROW ON THE SEA.

A WHITE sail, shifting in the sun,
Drops slowly down the shadowy lake,
The heaving billows hardly make
A silver track in her green wake,
So lazily they run.

Down, down she drops, the feathery clouds
 Lie loosen'd on the distant hills,
 An oar-splash in the silence thrills,
 Helping the wind that never fills
 Her sail, but flaps her shrouds.

Down where those headlands, wildly fair,
 Each with a beauty of its own,
 Brown heather tuft, or dark grey stone,
 Stand double, one in ocean thrown,
 One cutting the clear air.

She drops, that scarcely seems to move,
 Where calm those colour'd pictures sleep
 In the still bosom of the deep ;
 As o'er man's heart the shadows creep
 Of our life's grief and love.

Vain image ! all that light and dark
 Shall with the sun-gleams come and go ;
 With time and change it is not so,
 Their shadows on the heart they throw,
 But, ah ! they leave their mark !

Change, change, O tide ! Thy cold salt wave,
 The same by rock and silver strand,
 Unscathed shall leave the shadowy land,
 Unstain'd shall bear the sunset's brand,
 And kiss the coral cave.

But with our hearts 'tis different far :
The tide of life may ebb and flow,
Still the great love shall lurk below,
Still the deep wound of the great woe,
 Shall never, never scar.

A woman sitteth silently
In the boat's stern, nor weeps nor sighs ;
But gazes where that dark rock lies,
As if the glare of dead men's eyes
 Look'd at her through the sea.

Soul, sight, and sense, in one dark mist
Hang o'er the spot ; the boatmen say :—
“ Poor soul ! five years gone and a day,
He went down in that treacherous bay,
 And still she keeps her tryst.”

Out of the heart of that great town,
Where turbid Clyde awhile must stray
'Mid warehouse vast and busy quay,
Then leaves them, rushing through the spray,
 Down to his Highlands brown :

Out of the noise of toil and crime,
The cry for wealth, the hot pursuit :
To where the sun set grandly mute,
O'er Cumbræ wild, and greener Bute,
 And Arran's heights sublime,

Where, as the headlands of Argyle
 Grew dim, and faded on the lee,
 Fair Antrim's cliffs rose from the sea,
 And the shafts carven wondrously,
 Of the huge giant's pile,

She came—out of the crush and gloom,
 Into the ocean's broken blue,
 The glory of the distant view ;
 Still her poor heart, too sadly true,
 Beat but to one low tomb.

In the old abbey's keeping laid,
 Where shadows into shadows merge,
 He lieth sweetly : while the surge,
 Repentant, sings a ceaseless dirge
 Around the graves it made.

There will she find a vent for tears,
 And hug the turf, and sing : “ Alas,
 There is so long a time to pass
 Ere I shall lie beneath this grass,
 I am so young in years ! ”

Or in a calmer mood she sits,
 All a long summer's day alone,
 And decks the grave with flowers new blown,
 And plucks the grey moss from the stone,
 And weeps and prays by fits.

To her great loneliness of grief
No human voice draws ever nigh ;
Ah, mountain airs that pass me by !
Ah, blue drifts in the clouded sky !
Can ye not bring relief ?

Dark headlands rooted in the wave,
With sunset glories on your face,
And storm-tost billows at your base,
Can ye not tell of woe by grace
Made noble, pure, and brave ?

Can ye not tell of holy calm
In some high region where the mind—
This dust and ashes left behind—
For bleeding love a salve shall find,
For separation, balm ?

That sunless land is bright and green ;
Its flowers are fair ; but evermore
Cold death hangs looming on the shore,
And we but think how sad and sore
The entering in hath been.

As if a bird, her wings spread wide
For scented groves in sunnier land,
Should linger in the mud and sand,
Where from some short low-lying strand
Creeps back the northern tide.

As if, through that blind-driving mist,
The golden hills we could not see,
Nor feel how fast the shadows flee,
How long the bright eternity,
There with our risen Christ.

Who sits for ever by the cross,
And only kisses the pierced feet,
And hears the painful pulses beat,
Though that great agony be sweet ;
Surely he hath a loss.

He never brought his spice and myrrh,
And watch'd all night where Jesus lay,
Till the grave heaved at break of day,
And the seal'd stone was roll'd away ;
He never heard the stir

Of wings that pant, and harps that quiver,
When He who died that heaven to win,
The King of Glory, enter'd in,
An intercessor for our sin,
At God's right hand for ever.

Bear, bear her where that music rolls,
And let her lie at those pierced feet,
(But treading now the golden street,)
And let her hear the strains that greet
His own redeemèd souls.

Let grief's long passion pass away,
That parting never more to be,
The cold low grave beside the sea,
The shriek of his death agony,
The rock in the blue bay.

Bear her where only such a heart
Can cease to sorrow and to yearn—
For only there love meets return,
And only there eyes never mourn,
And loved ones never part.

Then bring her back where burden'd Clyde
Round many a lashing wheel raves white,
There, calm and still in faith's dear might,
Her loving heart shall read you right,
Strains of the hill and tide.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE GRETCHEN, little Gretchen
Wanders up and down the street,
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those damp dark houses,
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The old year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty,
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggar's in the street.

With the little box of matches,
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle,
The wind blows every way ;

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly
By firelight in the room ;

And groups of busy children
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against their bursting lips,

With grave and earnest faces
Are whispering each other,
Of presents for the new year, made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers,
Comes warmly to her cheek ;

No little arms are round her,
Ah me ! that there should be
With so much happiness on earth
So much of misery !

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in Autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones,
And bounty to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen
Goes coldly on her way ;
There's no one looketh out at her,
There's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate,
No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle,
Where two great houses meet,
And she curls up beneath her
For warmth her little feet ;

And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly,
Up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.

Then all the bells together,
Their merry music poured ;
They were ringing in the feast,
The Circumcision of the Lord.

And she thought as she sat lonely,
And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
To hear in olden time.

And she remembered her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang,
When summer's twilight fell ;

Of good men, and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild ;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
And desolate, and lone ;
And she thought the song had told her,
He was ever with His own.

And all the poor and hungry,
And forsaken ones are His :
“ How good of Him to look on me,
In such a place as this.”—

Colder it grows, and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
And see if He were there.

The single match has kindled,
And by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen,
The wall was rent in two ;

And she could see the room within,
The room all warm and bright,
With the fire-glow red, and dusky,
And the tapers all alight.

And there were kindred gathered
Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine, and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savour,
She could hear what they did say :
Then all was darkness once again,
The match had burnt away.

She struck another hastily,
And now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber,
A glorious Christmas tree ;

The branches were all laden,
With such things as children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden,
She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them,
And to join the welcome shout :
When darkness fell around her,
For the little match was out.

Another, yet another she
Has tried, they will not light,
Till all her little store she took,
And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place,
Was lighted with the glare,
And lo, there hung a little Child,
Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on His forehead,
And a spear-wound in His side,
And cruel nail-prints in His feet,
And in His hands spread wide.

And He looked upon her gently,
And she felt that He had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow,
Ay, equal to her own.

And He pointed to the laden board,
And to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said,
“ Will Gretchen come with Me ? ”

The poor child felt her pulses fail,
She felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears,
Like her dead mother's hymn.

And she folded both her thin white hands,
And turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said,
"With Thee, with Thee, O Lord."

The chilly winter morning
Breaks up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapped in vapour,
On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was wild and stormy,
The morn is cold and grey,
And good church bells are ringing
Christ's Circumcision day.

And holy men are praying
In many a holy place ;
And little children's angels
Sing songs before His face.

In her scant and tattered garment,
With her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid,
She answers not their call.

They have lifted her up fearfully,
They shuddered as they said,
“It was a bitter, bitter night,
The child is frozen dead.”

The Angels sang their greeting,
For one more redeemed from sin ;
Men said, “It was a bitter night,
Would no one let her in ?”

And they shuddered as they spoke of her,
And sighed ;—they could not see,
How much of happiness there was,
With so much misery.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PRAYERS.*

I.

THE CASTLE.

IN an ancient Lombard castle,
Knightly castle, bravely held,
Was a book with golden letters,
Treasured in the days of eld.

* “A legend, I believe of Italian origin, of a lady of rank who vexed herself with the thought that her domestic interfered with her devotional duties. On one occasion when she had been called away from church, she found, on returning, that the pages that she had missed in her Breviary had been re-written in letters of gold, and that an angel had taken her place and prayed in her stead during her absence.”—LORD LINDSAY'S *Christian Art*, vol. I. CCIV.

Hoary missal, silver-claspen,
Yellow with the touch of age ;
Dimly traced, the matin service
Moulder'd on the parchment page.

None and compline dark and faded,
Golden all the vesper prayer.
Hearken to the dainty legend
How those lines transfigured were.

There's a censer full of odours
On the sea of glass in Heaven ;
Prayers and cries that God's good angel
Carries upward, morn and even.

Ah ! perchance some sighs he beareth,
Voiceless, on the eternal stairs,
Some good work, in love's hot furnace,
Molten into golden prayers.

From his castle by the forest
Rides the princely Count to Rome,
And his bride, the fair Beata,
Keeps her quiet state at home.

Noble, with a gentle presence,
Moves the lady 'mid her train ;
Knight, and dame, and old retainer
Fret not at her silken rein.

On the wall the warder paces,
In the court the pages play,
And the small bell in the chapel
Duly calls them forth to pray.

From her turret-chamber's lattice
Looks the fair Beata forth,
Sees the sun-tinged white snow mountains
Rosy in the distant north ;

Sees below the peasant's cottage,
In its smoke-wreath blue and grey,
And the sea of the great forest
Creeping many a mile away.

All the rich Italian summers
Darkly green it swell'd and roll'd,
Then the Autumn came and mark'd it
With his brand of red and gold.

Full of song, and love, and gladness,
Leaps her heart at every breeze,
Dances with the chequer'd sunlight,
Laughs along the moving trees.

Yet it hath a downward yearning,
And a woman's feeling true
For the cares that never touch'd her,
For the pains she never knew.

Through those homes of painful serfdom,
Like a charm she comes to move,
Tells them of a nobler freedom,
Soothes them with a sweeter love.

In the stately castle chapel,
Morn and eve, the prayers are said,
Where the rounded grey stone arches
Stand about the mould'ring dead.

Rays of amethyst and purple
Touch their tombstones on the floor,
And a sunset splendour floods them
Through the open western door.

Morn and eve the lady Countess
Kneels below the altar-stair,
On her fringed crimson cushion,
With a face as grave and fair

As that lady in the chancel,
Kneeling ever, night and day,
With her parted lips of marble,
Frozen into prayers for aye.

Till, perchance, a stream of music
Sweepeth from the choir on high,
And her face grows bright a minute,
And the light behind her eye

Kindles every carven feature
With a flush of love and glory,
Like the sun in a stain'd window
Touching out some grand old story.

But the bells are ringing vespers,
And Beata is not there,—
Streams the sunlight down the arches,
Missing much that presence fair.

And the angels on the columns
Seem to listen for her tread,
With their white and eager faces,
And their marble wings outspread.

"Lay aside thy hood, O Countess,
And thy mantle's russet fold ;
It were late now in the forest,"
Saith the waiting-lady old.

"Take thy coif of pearls and velvet,
Take thy veil of Flanders' lace,
All the bells are ringing vespers,
And 'tis time we were in place."

"Go to church, good Lady Bertha,
Say thy prayers," Beata said ;
"But to-night I must say vespers
By a dying sister's bed,

“ From the blind old woodman’s cottage
 Came a token that I know ;
 Sick to death his maiden lieth,
 On the forest verge below.

“ We shall pray when she, forgotten,
 In her grave, grass-cover’d, lies ;
 But she must not pass unpitied—
 Love is more than sacrifice.

“ We shall pray when she is singing
 At the foot of the great throne ;
 Should she tell our Lord in Heaven
 That we let her die alone ? ”

So the lady took her gospel,
 And she pinn’d the grey cloth hood,
 And pass’d down the winding staircase,
 Through the postern, to the wood,

With a half regretful feeling ;
 For her heart was lingering there—
 On the fringed crimson cushion
 Just below the altar-stair.

Now the Priest is robed for service,
 And the choristers draw near,
 And the bells are ringing—ringing
 In the Lady Bertha’s ear.

II.

THE DEPARTURE.

BUT the lady treads the forest dark,
Where the twisted path is rough and red,
The huge tree trunks, with their knotted bark,
In and out, stand up on either side ;
Down below, their boughs are thin and wide,
But they mingle darkly overhead ;
Only sometimes where the jealous screen,
Broken, shows a glimpse of Heaven between,
And the light falls in a silver flood,
Grows a little patch of purest green,
Where, when in the Spring the flowers unfold,
Lieth a long gleam of blue and gold
Hidden in the heart of the old wood.
And a wider space shows on the verge
Of the forest by a bright stream bound,
That keeps fresh a plot of open ground,
Whence the blind old woodman hears the surge
Of the sea of leaves that toss their foam
Of white blossoms round his lowly home,
Whose poor thatch, amid that living mass
Of rich verdure, lieth dark and brown,
Like a lark's nest, russet in the grass
Of a bare field on a breezy down.

In an inner chamber lay the girl,
Dying, as the Autumn day died out.

The low wind, that bore the leaves about,
 Every now and then, with sudden whirl,
 Through her casement made the curtain flap
 With a weary sound upon the wall ;
 Moved the linen lying on her lap ;
 But she lay and heeded not at all,
 With the brown hands folded close together,
 And the cheek, all stain'd with toil and weather,
 Fading underneath the squalid cap.
 Turn, poor sufferer, give one dying look
 To the forest over the clear brook,
 For the sunset dim in thy low chamber
 Touches it with emerald and amber,
 Clasps its jewels in a golden setting—
 Ah ! she doth not heed, she will not turn,
 She but asks the rapture of forgetting,
 Life has left her few delights to mourn.
 Painful childhood without sport or laughter,
 Cheerless growing up in toil and care,
 Wanting sympathy to make life fair ;
 Outward dulness, and an inward blight—
 Doom of many that we read aright,
 Only in the light of the hereafter.

Now her life ebbs to a new beginning,
 Not alone the end of toil and sinning,
 Not alone the perfect loss of pain,
 But the bursting of a life-long chain,
 And a dark film passing from the eyes,

The soul breaking into that full blaze
That in gleams, and thoughts, and fantasies
Broke but rarely on her earthly days ;
For the shadow of the forest lay
On the crush'd heart of the forest maid ;
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,
And the blue air of long summers play'd
Ever in the green tops of the trees :—
Down below were depths and mysteries,
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell
Of decaying leaves and rotted cones ;
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones,
She, poor foundling at another's hearth,
She, the blind man's helper and his slave,
To whose thought the quiet of the grave
Hardly paid the drudgery of earth.

Till the lady found the forlorn creature,
And she told her all the marvellous story,
Divine love, and suffering, and glory,
That to her abused, neglected nature,
Slowly did a gleam of hope impart—
Gleam that never rose to light her feature,
But it burn'd into her blighted heart :
Gave a meaning to each sound that haunted
Arch on arch, the forest's depth of aisle,
Set to music every wind that chanted,
Made it all a consecrated pile.

For the lady to the chapel stately,
 Though the pages whisper'd in her train,
 Though the Lady Bertha marvell'd greatly,
 Led her once, and oft she came again.
 'Neath the crimson window's blazonry,
 There she saw the priest and people kneeling,
 Trembled at the loud *Laudates* pealing,
 Wept along the solemn Litany ;
 Mark'd the Psalter's long majestic flow,
 With brief pause of sudden *Glorias* riven,
 Heard it warbling at the gates of Heaven,
 Heard it wailing from the depths below.
 But most won the Gospel strain her soul
 When its one clear solitary tone,
 After music, on the hush'd church stole.
 Like a sweet bird that sings on alone
 When the storm of harmony is done,
 Or that voice the Prophet heard of old
 When the tempest died upon the wold.
 And a form divine, great, gentle, wise,
 Slowly out of that grand picture grew,
 Look'd into her soul with human eyes,
 To His heart the desolate creature drew—
 Tender heart that beat so kind and true
 To her wants, and cares, and sympathies.
 Never more His presence fair forsakes her,
 To her weary solitude He follows,
 Meets her in the forest depths and hollows,
 By her rough and toil-worn hand He takes her,

Smiles upon her with His heavenly face,
Till the wood is an enchanted place.
When a beam in summer stray'd, perchance,
Through the boughs that darkly intertwine,
Comes to break a slender silver lance
On the brown trunk of some aged pine,
Falls in shivers on the dappled moss
That doth all its hoary roots emboss ;
She, uplooking to that glorious ray,
Saith : " It cometh from the throne of Christ,
Some good saint hath won the holy tryste,
And Heaven's gate is open wide to-day."
Or when o'er the April sky there pass'd
Clouds that made the forest darkness denser,
And the shadows, by the bare trunks cast,
Weirder, and the distant gloom intenser ;
When, as she sat listening, overhead
Came short silence, and a sound of drops,
And a tossing in the great tree tops,
And she saw across the broken arch
Fall the green tufts of the tassell'd larch,
And the white chestnut flowers, row on row,
And the pine-plumes dashing to and fro.
As the thunder cloud pass'd o'er, she said :
" Sure the saints are round about the King,
And I see the waving palms they bring."
Fair Beata kneeleth at her side,
To her shrunken lip the cordial gives,
Tells her gently that her Saviour lives,

Gently tells her that her Saviour died.
 "Read, O Lady, read those words of sorrow,
 Part of rapture, and of anguish part,
 Which in presence of that awful morrow
 Jesus spake—the dying to the dying,
 When the dear one on His bosom lying,
 Caught them breathing from His breaking heart."
 And the lady from her gospel olden
 Read, while ebb'd the worn-out life away;
 Paused awhile the parting spirit, holden
 By the exquisite beauty of the lay.
 Ah, did ever poem tell so sweetly
 To the saint the rapture of his rest?
 Ah, did requiem ever lull so meetly
 Weary sinner on a Saviour's breast?

But there comes a strange short quiver now
 Creeping darkly up from chin to brow—
 Sweet Beata never look'd on death,
 And she reads on with unbated breath.

But the blind man, sitting at the door,
 Crieth: "Silence, for I hear a shout
 In Heaven, and a rustling on the floor,
 And the sound of something passing out,
 And my hair is lifted with a rush
 Of angels' wings. They have pass'd by me. Hush!"

III.

THE ANGEL.

NOW the bells have ceased to ring,
And the priest begins to pray,
And the loaded censers swing,
And the answers die away—
Wandering through those arches grey,
As the choir responsive sing

Lady Bertha sweepeth in
With a sadly-troubled brow,
Velvet-robed from foot to chin,
And the points of delicate lace
Laid about her wither'd face.
Serf and soldier all make room,
And the pages kneel in order
In the stately lady's train.
Dim the window's pictured pane,
Dim its deep-stain'd flowery border—
All the chancel lies in gloom ;
Lower down along the floor
Gleams of glorious radiance pour,
Not in rays of green or blue
From some old apostle's vest,
Not with light of warmer hue
Won from martyrs' crimson breast,
But the sunset's own soft gleaming

Through the western entrance streaming
Like a line of silver spears
Levell'd when the leader cheers.

Not a bell is ringing now,
But the priest is praying loud,
And the choir is answering,
And the people murmur low,
And the incense, like a cloud,
Curls along the chapel proud,
As the loaded censers swing.
Who is this that comes to pray?
Is it priest with stole of white,
In a silver amice dight,
Or a chorister gone astray,
With a bended golden head
Kneeling on the cushion red,
Where the lady knelt alway?
Stay, O priest, thy solemn tone;
A strange voice is join'd to thine:
O sweet Lady cut in stone,
Lift for once those marble eyes
From the gilded carved shrine
Where thy silent warrior lies
In the dim-lit chancel air;
Never, 'mid the kneeling throng
Come to share thy vigil long,
Was worshipper so rare.
Ah, fair saint! she looks not back,

And the priest unto a Higher
Than the whole angelic choir
Calleth ; so he doth not slack.
But the people pause and stare,
Even the pages dare not wink,
And the rustling ladies shrink,
And the women low are saying,
Each into a hooded face,
“’Tis a blessed angel praying
In our sainted lady’s place.”

But not one of all the host
That beheld and wonder’d most,
After, could the semblance trace
Of that bright angelic creature ;
Though they look’d into his feature,
They but saw a bright face glowing,
Golden tresses like a crown,
And the white wings folded down,
And a silver vesture flowing ;
Like a dream of poet’s weaving,
Or some painter’s fond conceiving
Never to his canvas known ;
Or the sculptor’s warm ideal,
Never wrought into the real
Cold, unbreathing stone.

But a little maiden saith : -
“I have seen it on the day
When my tender mother lay

Struggling with the pangs of death ;
 Such a creature came to stand
 At the bed-side, palm in hand,
 And a crown upon his wand,
 Beckoning as he heavenward flew ;
 Then she slept, and left me too."

" I have seen it," whispering loud,
 Saith a mother in the crowd,
 " When my christen'd babe did lie
 Drest for death, and I sat by
 In a trance of grief and pain :—
 Cold the forehead without stain,
 Dark the dimple and the eye
 That was light and love to mine—
 Faded every rosy line
 Round the sweet mouth stiff and dumb—
 He was there, I saw him come ;
 Laid aside the coffin-lid
 Where my broken flower lay hid,
 And he took it to his breast,
 In his two arms closely prest,
 Upward—upward—through the blue,
 With a carol sweet and wild,
 Bore my darling, and I knew
 Christ had sent him for my child."

Still the angel saith his prayers,
 Reading from Beata's book ;
 Every time the pages shook

A most wondrous fragrance took
All the creeping chapel air,
Like the scent in woods below
When the limes are all a-blow.
He is gone—the prayers are over—
By the altar, on the stair,
Folded in its vellum cover,
He hath laid the missal rare ;
Every prayer the angel told
On its page had turn'd to gold.
Sweet Beata found it there
As the early morning gleam'd,
When she came to thank the Lord
For that weary soul redeem'd,
Trembling at the story quaint
Of her angel visitant.
And she saw each changèd word—
Then she knew that through Heaven's door
Many a gift the angel bears,
And cast it on the crystal floor,
Where love-deeds are golden prayers.

HUMILITY.

“ **B**OW down thy false and froward heart,
Tread meekly day by day ;
Obedience is thy proper part,
Her path is Wisdom's way.

“ With lowly mien, with humble mind,
With chasten'd heart and true,
Bend to the Rulers of thy kind,
And yield them reverence due.”

Thus man's Almighty Lord has said,
But scornful human pride,
Disdainful lifts his haughty head,
And turns his foot aside.

Sweet nature's gentle children all,
A different lore they teach,
And bud and blossom hear her call,
That hath nor form nor speech.

She speaks to them at evening hour,
They hear her and obey ;
Fold meekly up each silken flower,
And turn their heads away.

Nor from beneath their verdant shells,
With clustering dew-drops bright,
Peep once again the snowy bells,
Till morn's returning light.

Thro' this long gloomy night of ours,
God's voice is with us still,
And we should stand like folded flowers,
And wait to work His will.

They watch till bright dawn come again,
 Our dayspring too, is near—
 Yet meekly tread, *they* only reign
 Who serve and suffer here.

CHURCH BELLS.

THE Church bell chimes, how sweet they blend
 With summer breezes, soft and clear,
 Like voice of some beloved friend—
 Returning to the ear ;
 Like echo from his native shore,
 To weary wanderer homeward bound ;
 The dark green wood they murmur o'er,
 And much I love the sound.

They tell of high and holy thought,
 Pure feelings hallowed long,
 Since first in happy childhood brought,
 I walked with yonder throng :
 When, as they whispered, week by week
 The high ones hither trod,
 And here, the peasant came to seek
 An audience of his God.

Back to my soul that music brings
 Dreams of mine early innocence,
 Which ever loved in outward things
 To trace a hidden sense.

And still I thought, when Church bells rang,
 Sweet Angels poured a welcome lay ;
 And Seraph voices, as they sang,
 Bade mortals praise and pray.

That was the day-dream of a boy,
 Yet wearing now my threescore years,
 I know that God's good angels joy
 O'er sinners' contrite tears ;
 And prayers of penitential dread
 Shall fill to-day yon sacred nave ;
 And words of pardon shall be said,
 Through Him who died to save.

Lord, lift thou up each trembling lip,
 Each heart thy Spirit give,
 To hold our holy fellowship,
 To live as angels live ;
 That when for us the last bell tolls
 On Earth, to cold earth given,
 Rejoicing o'er our ransom'd souls,
 Their harps may ring in Heaven.

HOPE.

THE breath of eve blows fresh and free,
 The poor man's day of toil is o'er,
 Come take thine harp, and seek with me
 The elm tree by the cottage door.

The sun has sat on his red brow
All through the radiant summer's day,
And the hot hand hangs weary now,
That wiped the drops of toil away.

And dull and weary too, is she,
That pale worn woman sitting nigh,
The sick babe slumbers on her knee,
The day's long task has dimmed her eye.

And ever thus, time wears away,
One dreary round while life shall last,
To-day is just like yesterday,
To-morrow shall be as the past.

Come, take thine harp and pour the song,
To cheer the poor man's weariness,
For Hope is bright, and Faith is strong,
There's comfort in the worst distress.

But tell him not of hours of ease,
When joy's full cup is o'er the brim,
When pleasure whispers in the breeze,
He'll say such joys are not for him.

Nor tell him of this cold bare earth,
Its daily meed of toil and care,
Its brightest hours, so little worth,
Then leave him to his own despair.

These are not all—thine harp shall tell
 New feelings wrought by inward powers,
 And glorious things invisible,
 That walk with him this world of ours.

Bright angel forms that come and go,
 For ministering spirits given ;
 And saints that feel with him below,
 As souls made perfect feel in heaven.

And thou shalt tell his honoured place,
 In Christ's own Church redeemed and blest,
 The child of an immortal race,
 The heir of everlasting rest.

And cheerly bid him tread the earth,
 And toil within his narrow range ;
 The birthright of his second birth,
 No want can dim, no sorrow change.

His is no mean unhonoured fate,
 Who feels within throb proud and high
 Beginnings of a better state,
 Tokens of immortality.

A glory on his brow is set,
 For He who chose the lowliest part,
 Has left a ray that lingers yet,
 In blessings round the poor of heart.

Then leave him as thy strains decay,
With bounding heart, and radiant mien,
To tread in Faith life's weary way,
Still walking with the things unseen.

THE PILGRIM.

“OH, Pilgrim, Pilgrim, pause awhile,
Footsore and faint art thou,
I read thee gentle by thy smile,
And by thy patient brow.
The cross beams broadly on thy breast,
Thy robe is soiled and rent,
Where have thy weary footsteps prest?
And whither are they bent?”

“Oh, I have walked thro' a strange country,
And strange things have I seen,
And deadlier strife by land or sea,
Good brother, hath not been.
My robe was all as the lily white,
When first I wandered forth,
The red cross on my breast was bright
As stars in the frosty north.

“And high the banner of our King
Flowed o'er our pilgrim band,
But the long way was wearying,
And dark the gloomy strand.

And we must pass that fearful place
To find our Father's home,
And meet the fierce foes, face to face,
That thro' that strange land roam.

"All night dim murmurs filled the air,
And when the bright day broke
It seemed that wild flowers, strangely fair,
Around our pathway woke ;
But when we touched, their leaves were soiled,
And scentless all their bowers,
And the green serpent slumbering coiled
Amid their fairest flowers.

"Large birds flapped o'er us as we walked
Their wings of various dyes,
And evil beasts around us stalked,
With grim and fiery eyes.
Fiercely the grisly monsters came,
But we did never flinch ;
But stood our ground, in our Master's name,
And quelled them inch by inch.

"But hard won was the victory,
And many a wound we bore."
"Good Pilgrim, of thy courtesy,
Where lies that fearful shore ?
For I would brave the fiercest strife
For that dear Master's right.
I'd give whole years of this dull life
For one such glorious fight."

“ Oh Christian Brother, every day
Such foes around thee stand,
They fill thy path, they throng thy way,
In this our English land.
Bad thoughts, bad tempers, dreams of earth,
The small unnoticed sin,
Sit by the board and haunt the hearth,
To tempt thy soul within.

“ And anger shrieks into thine ear,
And passion hears the cry,
And swelling envy lurketh near,
And pride goes prancing by,
And flowers of ease that seem to bless,
Spring round with specious art,
And the green serpent, selfishness,
Lies coiled around thy heart.

“ Oh Christ's true warrior, these are they
'Gainst whom to gird the sword,
To teach thy proud soul to obey,
Like Him thy lowly Lord ;
To watch, to yield, when others press,
To struggle, to deny,
In patience, peace, and gentleness,
Must be thy triumph high.”

THE EVENING HOUR.

FAST fades the busy weary day,
Come, Alice, lay the needle down,
Lo, gentle twilight, cool and grey,
Comes stealing o'er the coppice brown,
Comes stealing over fields and skies ;
Stand with me by our cottage door,
And watch the yellow moon up rise,
She never rose more bright before.

They tell us evening hours are cold,
Her skies are dim, her dews are tears,
Earth weeping that her flowers grow old ;
They do not know how time endears.
They never felt the calm delight
Each year of patient love bestows,
Nor think how yonder river bright,
Grows broader as it onward flows.

And we have won life's evening hour,
I see thy brow no more is smooth ;
I see that time's remorseless power
Has dimmed the golden hairs of youth.
To me, those silver locks of thine
Still shadow eyes as bright and fond
As when they decked the village shrine
And bound us both in holy bond.

Yes, there are charms which time that mars
All outward beauty, cannot blight ;
Pale evening brings her train of stars,
And flowers smell sweetly all the night.
As sweet as in its earliest birth,
The rose still decks my cottage wall ;
Still bright as stars, beside my hearth,
Soft smiles and gentle glances fall.

Round many an English household tree,
The secret lurks of joy like this,
Were woman what she ought to be,
Did man but know his proper bliss.
If clamorous discord were not heard,
Nor temper wove her evil spell,
With stern reproof and angry word,
Where soft-toned peace should love to dwell.

If kind good humour brought her smile,
And meek forbearance harboured there,
And ever ready love the while
Drew nigh, each lightened grief to share :
If faith and hope unearthly shone
Through all their tears, and lit their eyes,
If each with loving hand led on
A fellow pilgrim to the skies.

Then not in vain, o'er man and wife,
The Church had poured her blessing free,
Nor sought in vain in wedded life,

Types of her love and unity.
 Come, Alice, lay the needle by,
 And, grateful that such joys are ours,
 We'll tell them o'er with brimming eye,
 While stars look down on sweet night flowers.

KING EDWARD'S DREAM.*

ON lofty Windsor's terraces and bowers
 Fair fell the radiance of the sun's last ray ;
 And purple beamed her palaces and towers,
 With the calm lustre of departing day.
 The scented air wooed fragrance from the flowers ;
 In the far west a streak of crimson lay ;
 As lingering Phœbus grieved his day was sped,
 And dropped his glowing mantle, ere he fled.

On many a regal chamber, fair to see,
 The dusky light with fitful ray was streaming ;
 Thro' heavy folds of crimson drapery,
 On gorgeous canopies, where gold was beaming ;
 On many a sculptured form's rich tracery ;
 On many a pictured brow of gallant seeming ;
 On many a kingly throne, and queenly bower,
 And sombre silent hall, and darkly frowning tower.

There is a voice of mirth in Windsor's glades,
 For England's nobles join the festive throng ;
 And guide the silken rein, where high-born maids

* Written in early youth.

Blend their sweet voices with the wood-bird's song;
Or urge the bounding steed thro' sylvan shades,
And loudly cheer the panting hound along ;
Yet tho' the pride of England's youth is here,
There lacks her fairest flower, her rose without a peer.

In one vast chamber of that princely pile,
There was a fair and sickly Boy reposing,
While all without, with revelry and smile,
Hailed the glad summer's day so mildly closing :
England's young monarch sat in hall the while,
A volume dark of olden time unclosing ;
And save a Prelate old that stayed beside,
He was alone within that chamber wide.

Pale was the princely brow, and high and fair ;
On the small hand so pensively reclining,
Parted the ringlets of his chestnut hair ;
And in the bright eye, thro' the dark lash shining,
There dwelt a tender melancholy air,
As tho' the gentle soul within were pining,
And longed to lay its mortal vesture down,
And leave its earthly throne, and wear a brighter
crown.

Pallid his hue with many a hectic streak,
It seemed as tho' their ancient contest ended
That deluged England many a bloody week,
The white rose with her red foe still contended

For which should reign upon that fair young cheek.
 His mien was majesty and mildness blended,
 Noble and firm, as Prince's aye should be,
 But meek and gracious in its dignity.

He that would look upon that sweet young brow,
 Must seek some lofty pictured gallery ;
 Where painter's hand would seek to give us now
 The perished forms of England's majesty :
 Or would he sterner memory, I trow,
 He must go tread the tombs of royalty,
 And o'er young Tudor's bier the fond tear shed
 For him the early wise, alas, the early dead.

But for that Prelate, seek no tombstone lone,
 No grass-grown grave, where rustics come to weep,
 No sculptured shrine, or monumental stone,
 Where England lays her hallowed names to sleep :
 For till the hour when God shall claim His own
 From the red pile, and from the stormy deep,
 Till fire and flood alike their dead return,
 Of Cranmer's resting-place thou shalt not learn.

Long on his Pupil looked the Prelate grey,
 And in his eye the big tear gathered warm ;
 For he had watched the progress of decay,
 And marked the tender graces of his form
 Withering before the spoiler, day by day,
 Even as the wild flower shrinks before the storm,
 And well he deemed that he was marked for death,
 That fairest rose of England's royal wreath.

In the full eye, still bright with wonted fire,
The Prelate gazed, and there he seemed to find
His inward musings were of grief and ire,
Troubled his mien, that brought to Cranmer's mind
The fiery glances of his restless sire ;
And yet the look was chastened, sad but kind,
Even as the stream reflects the orb of day,
But burns not, blights not with its gentler ray.

Slowly he laid aside the unheeded book,
And his lip heaved with many a gentle sigh,
As rose leaves tremble, by the soft wind shook,
And the tear glistened in his deep blue eye :
But when he marked that Prelate's anxious look,
And how he watched his inward misery,
Fondly that honoured hand he took, and prest,
And thus revealed the burden of his breast :

“Cranmer, I have a wondrous tale to tell,
“Deem it not fantasy of o'erwrought feeling ;
“When yestereve the night's grey curtain fell,
“I lay and heard the solemn vesper pealing
“From the far chapel, like a funeral knell ;
“An awful sadness o'er my soul came stealing ;
“And fearful visions all the livelong night,
“Came wandering before my fever'd sight.

“Methought I stood alone in greenwood bower,
“It was a lonely, and a silent dell,
“From sultry radiance of the noontide hour
“The long green chestnut branches kept it well ;

" 'Mid the rich grass there blossom'd many a flower ;
 " In the still shade the wood-bird loved to dwell,
 " And a bright stream, as heavenly ether blue,
 " Launched to the breeze, that o'er its waters flew.

" Even while I gazed upon the scene around,
 " That soothed the soul, the while it charmed the
 eye,
 " Amid the breathings of unearthly sound
 " There came on angel pinion floating nigh,
 " A heavenly form, that dropped into the ground
 " One single seed, that tranquil fountain nigh,
 " And then, on radiant wing far upward driven,
 " His bright form mingled with the hues of heaven.

" Methought I bore fresh water from the stream,
 " And o'er that seed the cooling draught I shed ;
 " And first, like tender plant its growth did seem,
 " And then, into a goodly tree it spread :
 " And ever mounting toward the glad daybeam,
 " At length it waved its branches o'er my head,
 " And when they stirred, those branches green and fair,
 " Unwonted fragrance filled the silent air.

" On every waving bough it seemed to me,
 " That golden fruit and snowy flow'rs did spring ;
 " Nor withered stem, nor broken might you see ;
 " Nor weed unsightly to the root did cling.
 " But, seeking shelter from that goodly tree
 " Came many a weary bird on drooping wing ;

“And many a wild flower blossomed in the shade
“Of those green boughs, that seemed not formed to
fade.

“There came a sound, like to the trumpet’s swell
“When hostile armies are on battle bent,
“And a strong whirlwind hurried down the dell ;
“And, true as shaft from foeman’s bow-string sent,
“Full on mine own beloved tree it fell ;
“And many a strong bough from the stem it rent,
“And many a blossom bright was borne away,
“Or soiled, and withered, on the green earth lay.

“The bosom of the earth seemed rent in twain,
“And forth there sprang a mass of living fire,
“And every fair branch scattered on the plain
“Fed the red flame’s unquenchable desire ;
“Till nought of bud, or blossom, did remain,
“Save the cold ashes on their funeral pyre :
“Till from each pile of ashes lone and white,
“There rose a spirit form, I may not tell how bright.

“Ethereal forms, not shaped in earthly mould,
“Were theirs, and angels’ radiant wings they wore,
“Around their heads were crowns of shining gold,
“And one the face of gentle Ridley bore,
“Of Hooper one, and Latimer the old.
“And one beloved and honoured even more,
“For where the martyr fires did fiercest shine,
“Heavenward a spirit rose, and Cranmer it was thine !

" And many another saintly form, and dear,
 " Rose from those glowing piles, in vesture white ;
 " And glancing thro' the silent air, and clear,
 " Shot the red flames in pyramids of light :
 " And volumes vast of smoke came floating near,
 " Hiding that fair tree from my anxious sight.
 " So the dull mist, on Scotia's mountain peaks,
 " Shrouds from the shepherd's eye the lonely home he
 seeks.

" There came a breath from Heaven, all cold and
 chill,
 " As angels sighed above that ruthful scene ;
 " The heavy smoke that did the blue air fill,
 " Fled far before it, down the valley green.
 " And lo, that graceful tree was standing still,
 " More beautiful than it before had been,
 " With riper fruits, and brighter flowers, it stood,
 " The rich boughs waving o'er the silent flood.

" So sleeps awhile in Autumn's changeful hour
 " The calm blue sky ; thick rises the dark cloud
 " That bears from far the storm-gust and the shower,
 " And o'er the fair scene casts its heavy shroud.
 " So came the spoiler's desolating power,
 " Stern voices rose, irreverent and loud,
 " And hasty footsteps trod that tranquil glade,
 " Gathering by that still stream, and round that olive
 shade.

“Two mighty Chieftains did those spoilers lead,
“Sullen and cold their aspect, and their bearing,
“In their dark lowering glance the eye might read
“Many a foul tale of sacrilegious daring,
“Of ruthless fury, and of savage deed :
“Stern was their rigid brow, their eye unsparing,
“Each, ere he struck, did look to heaven and kneel ;
“Fanatic wrath was one, and one mistaken zeal.

“First, with destroying hand, they tore away
“Each snowy flower, and every silver bud ;
“And then they stripped the green leaves from each
 spray,
“And scattered them upon the ruffled flood ;
“Methought I had no power their wrath to stay,
“When I their savage fury had withstood,
“And then the warm tears gushed into mine eyes,
“And veiled the sight of that sad sacrifice.

“Again, again, that other change was done,
“And bright, and beautiful, and all unfearing
“Its blossoms renovate, its spoilers gone,
“I saw my glorious olive tree appearing
“Fresh as the landscape, when the bright day sun
“From Nature’s face the dark night mist is clearing,
“Like a young warrior risen from repose,
“Strengthened, refreshed, and perfected, it rose.

“And all was calm, as noon of summer’s day,
“When scarce the murmuring Zephyr dares to breathe

"Its tell-tale whisper to the trembling spray ;
 "The fair flowers hung in many a snowy wreath,
 "Bowed down to earth the burdened branches lay,
 "And Britain's guardian lion chained beneath,
 "Watched o'er his cherished charge, with eye of fire,
 "And mocked the foeman's rage, and dared the
 scorner's ire.

"Long, long I looked, and still it was the same,
 "No ruder blast upon the water played,
 "No spoiler past, no desolator came,
 "And grateful couched the lion in the shade,
 "Or proudly raised him, when the voice of fame,
 "Waking the echoes of that tranquil glade,
 "With Britain's triumphs rife, came floating by ;
 "Or glory's distant call enkindled his red eye.

"It was a little cloud that rose alone,
 "Casting a shade where nought but light had been ;
 "It was a low sound, like a mourner's tone,
 "That marred the peaceful stillness of the scene :
 "There was a sickly touch of yellow thrown
 "Across its brilliant hue of evergreen ;
 "It was a stranger passed that tree around,
 "Measured its stately girth, and told its boughs, and
 frown'd.

"The name Reform was graven his brow above,
 "Specious his aspect, white the robe he wore,

“Smooth was his speech, full swiftly did he move,
“And sharpest shears, and pruning hook he bore;
“And still, I marked, where’er his weapons drove,
“The brightest branches from their stem he tore;
“While bland Expediency, with traitor smile,
“Approved the reckless task, and aided him the while.

“More open foe red-handed Bigotry
“Showed his rude bloodhounds from afar their
 prey;
“Fiercely they came, Misrule’s dark progeny,
“Clamour and Faction, led the wild array;
“While ever smiled pale Infidelity
“In conscious triumph at the coming fray.
“I looked for him that should the tree have kept,
“For Britain’s guardian lion—and he slept.

“Proud Rome sat near, upon her fallen throne,
“And as she watched, before her prescient eye
“Rose scenes of priestly triumph all her own;
“Visions of crosiered Abbots passed her by,
“Of kingly sceptres at her altar thrown,
“And still she pointed to those branches high,
“And still she sought their fall, for well she knew
“She might not enter where that olive grew.

“Then all confused before my aching vision
“Strange forms on ebon wing swept o’er the earth,
“Not angels’ pinions, radiant and Elysian,
“But fiend-like spirits of Tartarean birth;

"And ever rose the voice of their derision
 "In tones of triumph, mockery, and mirth.
 "' Britain,' they said, 'thy day of strength is o'er
 "' Thy Church is falling, thou'rt a Queen no more.' "

Here paused the Prince, and on the Prelate's arm
 Wistful he laid his small white wasted hand :
 "Oh, have I not good cause for great alarm,
 "The fairest olive in my fertile land
 "Which, we had hoped, unknowing scath or harm,
 "Should proudly, firmly, to all ages stand,
 "For which our hearts have yearned, our lips have
 prayed ;
 "Oh, is my Church to fall, and is there none to aid ? "

"Prince," said the Prelate, "seest thou yon slight
 bark
 Moored by the shore, upon the Thames' blue tide,
 The waters close around it, deep and dark,
 The current swiftly rolls, the stream is wide,
 And they who pass thereby and careless mark
 How frail the skiff, how fast the billows glide,
 Might deem each wave of force to bear away
 And break the fragile shell, or overwhelm it in the spray.

"And yet it hath sure anchorage, below
 In the blue depth where never eye has sought ;
 And tho' the sullen billows madly flow
 Crested with angry foam, with ruin fraught,

Vainly they come ; unheeded onward go ;
That anchor'd bark is firm, it fears not aught,
But ever doth it ride triumphantly,
And stems the waves, however rude they be.

“So to man's faithless ken it doth appear
The Church thou lov'st is but as shallop frail,
And when the tide of earthly wrath or fear
Doth round her foam, they deem it shall prevail,
And that her hour of ruin draweth near ;
Yet she abideth firm ; she shall not fail ;
She hath an anchor too, man may not see,
Thy God will guard His Church, His favoured olive
tree.”

IV

MEMORIAL VERSES

THE GRAVE AT SPITZBERGEN.*

Above, the vast eternal snows,
The glaciers' rosy peaks,
Touch'd with pale tints of blue and rose
When the short sunbeam breaks.

Below, the land-lock'd quiet bay,
The black rocks stretching far,
And the great ice-floes out at sea
That beat against the bar.

* "Half imbedded in the black moss at his feet, there lay a grey deal coffin, falling to pieces with age; the lid was gone, blown off probably by the wind, and within were stretched the bleaching bones of a human skeleton. A rude cross at the head of the grave still stood partially upright, and a half-obliterated Dutch inscription preserved a record of the dead man's name and age, Van der Shelling, Comman. Jacob Moor, ob. 2 June, 1758, æt. 44."—*Letters from High Latitudes*.

No sound along the wide snow plains,
No echo in the deep,
But Nature evermore remains
Wrapp'd in a breathless sleep.

No blade of grass waves in the air
Along the ghastly hill—
Caught by the marvellous silence there
The very streams stand still.

Never to fall, each frozen river
Hangs on the sheer descent,
Like wishes unfulfill'd for ever,
Or words that find no vent.

Only at times, from some ice rock,
A glacier breaks away,
And startles, with a thunder-shock,
The mountain and the bay.

O frozen cliffs ! O motionless snows !
We glide into the creek,
And question of your grim repose,
The lips that will not speak.

In your cold beauty, vast and drear,
Ye lie so still and grand ;
But no heart-stirrings meet us here—
Unsympathizing strand !

No sound in all this sparkling waste,
No voice in Heaven above,—
To some strange region have we pass'd,
Beyond the reach of love?

Ah, no ! some link there needs must be
Where Christian foot has trod,
Of the great chain of sympathy
'Twixt man and man, and God.

And, lo ! there lie a dead man's bones,
Uncover'd, where we tread,
An open coffin 'mid the stones,
A rude cross at his head.

The wild white cliffs—the vast still main—
The patch of scant black moss ;
But still the form to rise again,
And still the letter'd cross.

And he whom tender Christian hands
Laid on this barbarous coast,
Who knoweth from what happier lands,
Or by what fortune tost ?

Whether 'mid Amsterdam's brown piles
His stone-prest grave should be,
Where washes round her many isles
The azure Zuyder Zee ;

Or by some vast cathedral wall
His fathers laid them down,
Where chimes are rung and shadows fall,
In an old Flemish town ;

Or whether, 'neath some village turt,
Where children come to weep,
And lighter treads the unletter'd serf,
He should have gone to sleep,

To drone of bees and summer gnats,
In some great linden-tree,
Where the old Rhine, through fertile flats,
Goes sobbing to the sea.

What matters—though these frozen stones
Their burden could not bear,
But gave again his coffin'd bones
Into the freezing air ;

Though here, to snows and storms exposed,
They bleach'd a hundred years,
Never by human hand composed,
Nor wet with human tears ;

Though only the shy rein-deer made
In the black moss a trace,
Or the white bears came out and play'd
In sunshine by the place ;

Still, silent, from the blacken'd heath,
 Rose that eternal sign,
Memorial of a human death,
 And of a love divine.

Still, type of triumph and of woe,
 Symbol of hope and shame,
It told the everlasting snow
 That single Christian name.

Sleep on, poor wanderer of the main,
 Who camest here to die,
No mother's hand to soothe thy pain,
 No wife to close thine eye.

Sleep well in thy vast sepulchre,
 Far from our cares and fears,
The great white hills that never stir
 Have watch'd thee round for years.

The skies have lit thee with their sheen,
 Or wrapp'd in leaden gloom ;
The glaciers' splinter'd peaks have been
 The pillars of thy tomb.

Green be their graves who came of old
 From Holland o'er the main,
And left the simple cross that told
 Where Christian dust has lain.

Green be their graves beyond the sea,
Who witness'd in this place
The resurrection mystery,
And our dear Saviour's grace ;

Who taught us, at this solemn tryst
On the bleak North sea shore,
That the redeeming love of Christ
Is with us evermore.

THE GRAVE OF MRS. HEMANS.

(IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.)

THIS her grave ! Ah me ! she should be sleeping
In some grass-green churchyard far away,
Where in Spring the violets are peeping,
And the birds sing through the Summer's day.

Silver rays, through bowers of ivy crawling,
At calm noon, should lie along her feet ;
Folding flowers, and solemn shadows falling
At soft eve, should make her slumbers sweet.

And the wind in the tall trees should lend her
Musical delight on stormy days,
With a sound half chivalrous, half tender,
Like the echo of her own wild lays.

Was it meet to leave her in the city
Where no sun could fall upon her face?
Lift the cold, grey stone, in love and pity
Bear her out unto a fairer place.

Ah, no more—within the poet's bosom
There are gleams that mock external gloom,
Flowers expanding, like the captive's blossom,
'Twixt the flagstones of his prison room!

For this wealth of beauty all around him,
Buds that haunt him with their azure eyes,
Seas whose blue horizons scarcely bound him,
Cloud-capp'd hills that rush into the skies,—

Sunset gleams that rose-tipp'd clouds make duller,
Murmuring streams that into distance lead;
They but give his fair creations colour,
Are but symbols of the Poet's creed.

For our nature is the clay he fashions,
Finds his faith within the hearts of men,
Gives his mighty language to their passions,
Moves the soul, and lays it calm again.

Where their toils, and pleasures, and heart-burnings
Shall come round him with the busy throng;
Lay the lips that set their griefs and yearnings
To the music of his noble song.

Is not England's greatest glory granted
In the centre of her busiest life,
And her old memorial abbey haunted
With a murmur of perpetual strife?

Thousand curious, careless glances scan it,
And the corner where her poets lie,
Listening, underneath their weight of granite,
To the sea of life that surges by.

True, like fair ship in a land-lock'd haven,
Where no storm may touch the shelter'd wave,
Shakespeare, by his own immortal Avon,
Sleepeth ever in his guarded grave.

True, our Wordsworth hath not left his mountains,
He lies tranquil in their grand embrace,
Lull'd his ear by Rotha's silver fountains,
Rydal's shadow on his silent face.

True, the white moon, like a lonely warder,
Guards a fair tomb in a ruin'd aisle,
Where the gentle Minstrel of the Border
Hath all Dryburgh for a burial pile.

But the veriest child of Nature's teaching,
Whom she took a peasant from the plough,
Stoop'd her highest laurels to his reaching :
On her daisied bosom rests not now,

High aspiring genius, earthly troubles,
In a close, mean suburb lie asleep ;
Not where silver Nith, or Cluden bubbles,
Not where banks of bonny Doune are steep.

Let the Poet lie among his brothers,
Where great words of Christian truth shall be ;
He that hath most fellowship with others
Is most Christ-like in his sympathy.

And all Nature's charms, the bright, the real,
Are but shadows, though they live and move,
Of his own more beautiful ideal,
Of his dream of purity and love.

Let the golden spring-flowers streak the meadows,
Let the storm gleam on the mountain's fall,
Greater than the sunlight, or the shadows,
Is the song divine that paints them all.

Therefore leave her in the gloom and riot ;
Hope and truth shall be her grave-flowers here,
Human hearts throb round her, for the quiet
Of the calm day, and the starlight clear ;

For the music-breathing wind of summer
Words of love and pity shall be said ;
And her own strain tell the careless comer,
Pass not lightly by our Poet's bed.

SOUTHEY'S GRAVE

THERE never beam'd a brighter day
On ancient Skiddaw's glorious height,
Sweet Keswick water never lay
Wrapp'd in a flood of purer light,
When, woo'd by the delicious power
That rules the haunted mountain-land,
We roam'd, one golden summer hour,
By that wild lake's enchanted strand.

"And where does Southey sleep?" we said.
The peasant boy made answer none,
But toward that old white church he led,
And o'er its wall of guardian stone,
A bright and lonely burial ground,
Between the mountain and the wave,—
The boy stood by one low green mound
And answered: "This is Southey's grave!"

Things are there to the inward eye
That mingle in as sweet accord
As hues that on the mountains lie,
Or notes in one wild measure pour'd;
And sure that grave at Skiddaw's feet,
The waving grass, the chequer'd skies,
Calm Nature's lover! seem'd most meet
With thy soul's dream to harmonise.

What though no clustering arches fair
Around thy sculptured marble rise,
Nor lingering sunbeam thither bear
The storied window's gorgeous dyes ;
Nor stream of choral chanting sweet,
Borne down the minster's mighty aisle,
With ocean-swell of organ, meet
Beside thy monumental pile ?

Thou sleepest in a statelier fane,
High heaven's blue arch is o'er thee bent,
And winds and waves a sweeter strain
Make round thy mountain monument ;
And sunbeams, when departing night
Rolls back the mists from Gowdar's crest,
Break through their clouds in rosy light,
To lie along thy quiet breast.

Yes ! many a shrine our feet have sought,
Where pillar'd aisle and fretted nave
Told man, the richly blest, had brought
Some portion back to Him who gave ;
And thoughts of rapturous awe we knew,
But sweeter none than when we stay'd
By that green grave where daisies grew,
In Nature's own cathedral laid.

THE GRAVE BY ST. COLUMBA'S CROSS.*

NOW the storm is hush'd and over, past the fever's
cruel pain,
Bear him gently, bear him kindly, O thou wildly
rolling main.

From his wild home on the foreland to our sullen
Northern shore,
On thine heart that beateth ever, bear the heart that
beats no more.

There's a wailing on the waters, take him slowly from
the boat,
Bear him up the rugged shingle, lift her anchor, let
her float.

Harsh her keel grates on the sandbank, with a sound
like human pain,
For that burden so belovèd she shall never bear
again.

Bear him gently, bear him fondly, by the bay-indented
shore,
'Neath the purple-shadow'd Errigle, from far and lone
Gweedore ;

* The Rev. T. Wolfe died in the discharge of his pastoral duties at Carrickfin, a peninsula on the coast of Donegal, and was interred beside the old cross of St. Columba, in the graveyard at Myragh, Christmas Eve, 1858.

By the black rock, and the sand-reach, washed brown
with charging surf,
To the cross of St. Columba, lying dark along the
turf.

They are foot-sore, they are weary, they must turn
away at last,
Those poor hearts that loved him dearly, and whose
dream of light is past.

All the high hopes and the cheering that one steadfast
human heart,
In the strength of Christ's great mercy, can to other
men impart—

They are over, for the pastor, for the friend is borne
along,
Linger fondly o'er the coffin, sing again his chosen
song.

Onward, onward, like the booming from a distant
cannon borne,
Comes the roar of the Atlantic, rushing madly on the
Horn ;

And Muciksh, like a giant huge, all the dim horizon
guards,
When the risen sun looks golden, on the winter woods
of Ards.

Pause again, ye weary bearers, lay him down a little
while,

Ye must wait the mourner's coming, in the lowly
church's aisle ;

Through the misty moon he cometh, let him clasp
that coffin bare,

For he saw not the last anguish, for he heard not the
last prayer :

Let him cling to that poor shadow, till beside the
cross they part ;

High words upon his trembling lip, grief's arrow in his
heart.

Ah, often, in the glorious land of the cedar and the
palm,

He shall draw that golden arrow out, and find it tipp'd
with balm,—

It shall tell to him, who labours in the red heat of the
sun,

Of the green land where he resteth, of the work so
early done.

In the south, where suns are brighter, and the breeze
more softly blows,

And calm lakes, like silver dewdrops in the bosom of
a rose,

Lie alone in purple mountains, with the shadows of
their crests,
In a hush of lonely grandeur, sleeping ever on their
breasts,

There were three who went together, when the blessed
Christmas broke,
Brought red berries from the holly, and green ivy
from the oak ;

That the types of life immortal for the feast of life
might wave :
Now keep the three their Christmas Eve,—ah me !
by an open grave.

They keep their tryste—but two of them with hearts
by sorrow riven,
And those words that sink in anguish, though they
come to raise to Heaven.

Hear the tender voice that trembles as the “Dust to
dust” is said,
See the tears that with the earth fall on the beautiful
young head :

And none—not love, not thrilling thoughts that tender
memories lend,
Not the hot tears of his brother, not the sweet voice
of his friend—

Can touch that heart, or link again that delicate chain
of life,
That strain'd against the fever's grasp, and was shiver'd
in the strife.

But whether now he strikes his harp, with the holy
Seraphim,
Who sang in the fields at midnight the first great
Christmas hymn,

Or whether, 'neath that awful shrine, where the weary
saints find rest,
He meets the souls who dropp'd asleep before him on
Jesus' breast,

He is safe, he is blest, where sin and sorrow can vex
no more,
Where the works of the saints do follow them through
the pearly door.

And if, in their high communion, our tears can his
spirit move,
'Tis but with a wond'ring pity, born of sublimer love.

Now let him lie, the west'ring sun sinks into his ocean
bed,
And the breeze that cannot reach him howls around
his coffin'd head.

Leave him lying where he would be, in the shadow of
the cross :

Hoarsely sighs the wind of even, and we see the
breakers toss,

And the dark rocks about Torraighe look like battle-
ments of gold ;

O, the glory of that amber over waves of sapphire
roll'd !

And O, that we were safe at last, in the golden city's
street,

With the jasper walls above us, and the crystal at our
feet !

IN MEMORIAM.

THE HONOURABLE ARTHUR O'NEIL,

WHO DIED AT SUEZ, 1870.

THE hills are stained with purple dyes,
And crimson, such as only come
Sun-silver'd out of northern skies ;
And round our home.

The broad breeze-wrinkled inland sea
Breaks on a thousand ripples bright,
The shadowy lines of hill and tree ;
In the calm light,

At distance mass'd, the woodlands melt
 Into huge heaps of green, and gold,
Round that grim fortress, where the Celt
 Held state of old.

The wild woods gleam, the Castle hears
 No sound save voice of happy life.
O wild Red Sea, that all the years
 Hast heard the strife

Of those two Continents that lock
 In hard embrace thy restless deep,
Was thine a bosom fit to rock
 Our Arthur's sleep?

Still by thy low grey-sanded shore
 Dark nomad tribes at random stray,
And Europe's sons pass o'er and o'er,
 Restless as they.

Still from the reed-encumber'd creek
 The lazy land breeze curls the tide,
Where hour by hour he grew more weak,
 And sank and died.

Oh fading eye that wont to strain
 Tenderly toward the dim north land,
Thin hand that long'd to press again
 A father's hand

And take the hallowed bread and wine,
That while the kneeling kindred pray
His soul with words of love divine
Might pass away.

Dear heart, to faith and duty true,
That simply worked and meekly died ;
Pale lips that thro' that aching blue,
Unbroken, wide,

Above, around them, long'd instead
For cools, and calms, and clouds of home,
And waked from feverish dreams, and said,
"I see her come."

In vain,—'Tis Suez,—new hope beguiles,
Poor lips, fond heart, in vain they pant
For Europe's old poetic Isles,
Her blue Levant.

For when the ship, her sails unfurled,
Saw that the cloven strait was free,
And boldly plunged from world to world,
Ah, where was he ?

Yet better thus—though love makes home—
To die upon this God-touched main,
Where Israel went into the foam
And rose again.

Sure the tired soul, life's journey done,
Had here a dying chamber grand,
Close by the isthmus that leads on
To God's own land,

Under the sky in whose blue breast,
A little way on Charran's sod,
The ladder of the dream did rest,
By angels trod—

That everlasting sky whose light
Look'd on the long spice-laden train,
The camels of the Ishmaelite,
And Joseph's pain—

The same that after heard the great
Wail of the Egyptians night and day,
When the embalm'd went back in state
To Machpelah.—

The same that all her star lamps lit
For child, and mother, wandering lone
When out of Egypt, as 'twas writ,
God call'd His Son.

For what is home, and what is love?
But God's broad presence, and the sense
Of Christ's great work beneath, above,
Tender, immense,

Making all climes, and every age,
One to the saved soul, that in faith
Treads after life's sore pilgrimage
The isthmus Death.—

That which no human hand may cleave :—
Thou hast gone up it to thy rest,
Thee in that bright new world we leave
On Jesus' breast.

Safe from life's restless, passionate tide,
No wave can whelm, no foe pursue,
God made a wall on either side,
And led thee through.

Sleep well, thy Machpelah is found
'Mid kindred dust, 'neath northern skies,
And only love shall watch the ground
Where Arthur lies.

DEATH OF THE KAISER.

HUSH ! the drama of that long existence,
All its shifts and scenes are overpast,
The proud life that made such strong resistance
To death's summons has gone forth at last.

Still'd awhile were strivings and desires,
While the expecting nations held their breath
To vibrations of the fateful wires,
To the tolling of the bells of death.

Tell it gently by those olive gardens
Sloping sweetly to the tideless main,
Where dear love and fearful hope are wardens
By that bed of patience, and of pain.

Tell it gently—break not on their grieving
Filial agony and wifely fear—
Crowns and sceptres, ruling and achieving,
Name them not amid the silence here.

Who would count the spray like silver flying,
Love the mighty wave's sonorous flow,
When the gallant man-of-war is lying
Gored upon the cruel rocks below?

Nerveless now the hand that should have taken
From his strong right hand the sword of state.
Ah, stern keeper of thy rights unshaken,
Thou hast died too early or too late!

Near a century of Europe's story
Interwoven hath been with thy name;
Thou hast watch'd the grandeur and the glory,
Passing dynasties, and blighted fame—

Seen the great Usurper's fall and rising
Who perchance look'd coldly on thy face,
Never of that young bold hand surmising
That it held the fortune of his race.

What to thee the greatness of thy nation?
What to thee the splendour of thy state?
Or thine Empire's strong consolidation,
Europe's loud applause and France's hate?

What to thee the clarion of the Kaiser
Bidding all th' Alsatian echoes wake?—
But whate'er of nobler, better, wiser,
Self-forgetting, done for duty's sake—

Whatsoe'er of mild and gentle, rather
Claiming sympathy than kingly sway,
Making all the Germans call thee "Father,"
This shall follow to the far away.

Hush! the long, long silver cord is broken—
Lay the trophies by the stately bed,
God receive him!—let not more be spoken,
For to-day a great man lieth dead.

March 9, 1888.

IN MEMORIAM.

MAXIMILIAN DUDLEY DIGGES DALISON,

LIEUTENANT IN THE SCOTS GUARDS.

*Killed in action at the Battle of Hasheen, near Suakim,
March 20th, 1885.*

BENEATH the grey Egyptian sands,
Where the red sun burns out the green,
Here lies, laid down by soldier's hands,
Who died for country and for Queen—
The heart that thrill'd at duty's call,
The voice we ne'er shall hear again ;
The gallant form belov'd of all
That fought and fell beside his men.

What though the red wind-driven dust
Heap the rude cross above his grave,
Love has her tears, and faith her trust,
And Christ, his hope, is strong to save.
Sleep well, O Soldier : trumpet tone
Thine ear shall startle yet once more,
When the Great Captain calls His own
Out of all graves by sea and shore.

IN MEMORIAM.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR KAVANAGH.

30TH DECEMBER, 1889.

LAY him down, lay him down in the full eye of
Heaven,
Beside these grey walls in the fields of his home,
Where Princes, perchance, of his line have been
shriven,
And peasants for prayer and for comfort have
come.

Lay him down—in all Erin no temple so fit is
To cradle the bravest and best of his name ;
The soft winds of even shall sing his *Dimittis*,
And stars for his lyke-wake at midnight shall flame.

Meet resting this spot in its wildness and beauty
For the Patriot true in a nation's despite,
The man that was faithful to God and to duty,
Whose judgment unerring still held to the right ;

Whose soul was so grand in its simple reliance,
Who steadfastly purposed and patiently wrought,
Who feared not opposers, nor quailed at defiance,
And smiled at the honours that found him un-
sought.

Devoted, heart-true to the people who scorned him,
Who craftily injured and cruelly spoke—
Unable to value the gifts that adorned him,
Or fathom the love of the heart that they broke.

Ingrate and forgetful—Ah ! tenderly leave him ;
The Arms everlasting around him are cast—
No chiding can chafe or ingratitude grieve him
Who sleeps in the Lord when his labour is past.

IN MEMORIAM A. T.

WE walk by sense, we walk by sight,
A veil is on our eyes,
It hides the spirit world of light,
That all around us lies.

It mocks the mourner's eager ken,
The mother's yearning fond,
But children pure, and childlike men,
Can sometimes see beyond.

"To be with Christ is better," sigh'd
The Apostle worn and proved,
"Come, Lord, O quickly come !" he cried,
The man that Jesus loved.

And still athwart the cloud unroll'd
Some gleams to them are given,
Whose angels evermore behold
The Father's face in Heaven.

And still the same fair home they paint,
By the same hope beguiled,—
So much is childlike in the Saint,
And saintlike in the child.

And he, with Christ's redeeming sign
Scarce dried upon his face,
A Lamb just offered at the shrine,
Still wrapt in his embrace,

With prescience of another clime,
That scarce another seems,
So fair to him the things of Time,
So pure are all his dreams,

He passes in with folded hands,
A prayer on his last breath,
He sees no strait between the lands,
Nor knows that this is death,

But thinks beyond the sun and stars,
Beyond where eye can ken,
His little hand shall lift the bars
And take his lov'd ones in.

So let him lie, the sweet hands laid
 Unfolded on his breast,
The "tender Shepherd" as he prayed,
 Has rocked His lamb to rest.

A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

I N the Church's shadow holy,
 Where the tall yews darkly wave,
Spring the wild flowers, sweet and lowly,
 O'er our Brother's early grave.
Mother, haste ; the sunset brightly
 Tints yon western cloud with red,
Fair young sister, tread thou lightly
 Thro' the calm and quiet dead.

With the summer breezes blending,
 With the vesper's lingering chime,
Sweet soft voices, hence ascending,
 Fill the solemn twilight time.
Thus they whisper : " Mourners weary,
 Dry the fond and fruitless tear ;
Hopeless heart, or spirit dreary,
 Christian kindred, bring not here.

" We would speak of chastened gladness,
 Mindful of our former trust,
Whom with words of hopeful sadness,
 Earth to earth, and dust to dust,

Ye with thought of future glory,
Here have laid with prayers and vows,
Like red leaves in forest hoary,
Fallen from the Autumn boughs.

“Like departing stars, whose morrow
Is in climes more bright and blest,
Stand not ye in idle sorrow
Brooding o’er our churchyard rest.
Ye still erring, and still mortal,
Striving yet with sin and care,
Turn ye to yon old grey portal,
Seek the courts of praise and prayer.

“In the certain hope he giveth,
Three days bound in mortal sleep,
In whose life, whoever liveth,
Death’s cold hand shall never keep ;
Bend ye by yon hallowed altar,
Shed the penitential tear,
Ask the faith that shall not falter,
Learn the love that knows not fear.

“Then, once more with cheerful faces,
Patient hearts and spirits bold,
Each within your earthly places,
Fight where we have fought of old,
That when toil, strife, pain, are over,
And the same sweet dirge is said,
You the same green turf may cover,
Resting with the blessed dead.”

V

OCCASIONAL
AND MISCELLANEOUS

“THE WORK OF WOMAN’S HAND.”

*Written for the Royal British Exhibition, Chicago,
1893.*

AS waves that smile at morn are weak
To show wild ocean tempest stirred,
So, feebly does expression speak,
So far the theme transcends the word.

For words from depths of fancy brought
Faint echoes are, though sweet or strong,
And he who singeth all his thought
Will never rouse the world with song.

Theme beyond thought ! in mystery steeped,
The living Love that walked of yore,
Where Hermon stood, and Jordan leaped
Against his vine-empurpled shore ;

That thrilled a slumbering world, and broke
The chain that fettered woman's life,
And to a nobler purpose woke
Her,—toy of ease, or cause of strife.

The beauty and the strength He gave,
The love refined that shed the nard,
The courage that could watch His grave
Regardless of the Roman guard.

And still she holds her precious gifts,
Hath smiles to cheer, and charm to win,
The heart that feels, the hand that lifts,
The foot that seeks the haunts of sin.

Not alms profuse at random thrown,
Not class 'gainst class her lip would teach,
But brave self-help, sweet mercy shown,
And free dependence each on each ;

And honest toil that need supplies,
God's first best gift to man's right hand,
When forfeit of his Paradise
He wandered forth to till the land.

Now to that World's Show o'er the sea
She saith, " O man, I send my share—
The needle's delicate tracery,
The fresh design, the fabric fair.

“ I bring my best of hand, and loom,
From teeming cities thronged of men,
From Highland hills enwrapt in gloom,
From English glade and Irish glen.”

Load the good ship, and speed her well,
Beyond old England's furthest rock,
And those grey cliffs that sentinel
Ierne 'gainst the billow's shock !

Across the wide uncultured plain,
The brown Atlantic lone, and vast,
That swells, and sinks, and swells again
And whitens as she hurries past.

Our sisters hear, and answering pour
Their part ; from spice-embalmèd isle,
Canadian coast, and Indian shore,
And where Australian pastures smile.

So bring them forth, and proudly lay
In that fair place, a whole world's mart,
Where flow'rs shall bloom, and waters play,
And powers inventive blend with art.

Till our great kindred race abroad,
And wandering men from many a land,
Shall see them lie 'mid gem and gaud,
And praise the work of woman's hand.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EUTHANASIA.

I.

THE PARTING.

I GO—the night-lamp flickers
 In crystal socket deep,
 As throbbing to the murmurs
 Of thy short, restless sleep.

On thy pale brow the shadows
 Of the closed curtains fall,
 I watch the long dark figures
 They cast on the cold wall.

And I can see thee heaving
 The long white counterpane,—
 When shall I keep the night-watch
 By thy sick couch again ?

I go—the cold bright morning
 Breaks up in the grey sky,
 On wood, and stream, and valley,
 And those green hills that lie

All to the blue sea looking ;
 And through the breaking dark
 I hear the pigeon cooing,
 The first song of the lark.

O time, O youth, O gladness,
How swiftly have ye sped
Since we have watched the sunsets
From yon green mountain head !

Where is the step that bounded
So lightly from the ground,
The ring of that sweet laughter
That hath no fellow sound ;

The large dark eye, all radiant
With glad and glorious thought ?
O suffering, O sorrow,
How surely have ye wrought !

Now wasted form, and languor,
And lowly-breathed word,
And pain, and unrest weary,
And pale lips roughly stirr'd.

Hush, false and vain repining,
Nor drop hot tears of mine !
Doth man not cut the diamond
That it may brighter shine ?

Do we not cast the fine gold
Into the cleansing fire ?
Is not the child most cherish'd
Still chasten'd of its sire ?

And saints wear crowns of glory
Through Heaven's eternal years,
With brightest rays around them—
All framed from earthly tears.

Hush ! there are unseen watchers
Round the blest sufferer now,
And angel-hands, all gently,
Smooth down her pale high brow !

Hush ! He is here in presence
Who knew all pain and care,
Nor ever layeth on His own
A cross they cannot bear !

Hush ! for a dear hand beckons
Her soul to the bright shore,
Like Summer hasting after
The young Spring gone before !

I go—O parting sorrow,
O anguish of vain tears,
Why will ye mock me—bringing
The shades of our past years ?

Twin spirit to my spirit,
When thou hast left my side
What other love shall comfort ?
What other voice shall guide ?

Hush ! in our high communion
 There is no broken link,
 And lights gleam through the shadows
 On the dark river's brink !

One hope, one faith, one heaven ;
 These years how fast they speed ;
 There is no endless parting,
 No, *never*, in our creed.

II.

THE LAST COMMUNION.

I MAY not chafe thy weary temple,
 I may not kiss thy dear pale face ;
 But spirit answereth to spirit,
 And loving thought o'erleapeth space.

And thus within thy far sick-chamber
 Mine heart communion holds with thine,
 I see the kneeling kindred gather,
 The broken bread, the hallow'd wine.

Hush, heaving sigh ! Hush, murmur'd whisper !
 Swell forth, ye words of love and dread !
 "Take, eat, His life for you was given ;
 Drink ye ; His blood for you was shed !"

Dim grows thy dark eye, kneeling mother,
 There's anguish on thy bended brow ;
 Ay, weep, there come no second flowers
 When Autumn strips the laden bough.

O broken spirit, meek-eyed creature,
 Well may thy brimming eyes run o'er,
 Since yet a darker drop may mingle
 Within the cup so full before !

And thou, too, honour'd one and cherish'd,
 Most happy wife and mother blest,
 There comes a cloud o'er thy pure heaven
 Which not the brightness of the rest,

Which not even his dear love who kneeleth
 Close at thy side can banish quite ;
 For stars that have an equal lustre
 Yet shine not with each other's light.

Come, gentle nurse, come, fair young sisters,
 Draw closer still the narrowing chain,
 Another golden link must sever,
 Ye cannot commune thus again.

Once more, once more—death's deepening shadow
 Broods o'er our little field of light,
 Ere yet the heavy cloud is scatter'd
 That wrapp'd our fairest from our sight,

Whom, as we linger by thy pillow,
Dear saint, in look, in smile, in tone,
We trace again, like skies reflecting
The sunlight when the sun is gone.

Still swells the Eucharistic measure,
The feast of love and life is o'er,
The angels joining, and archangels,
And saints who rest and sin no more.

Ah ! not at Christ's own altar kneeling,
Our hearts should thrill, our eyes grow dim,
As though we had not known His presence,
And were not ever one in Him.

The dead—they are the truly living,
They live to God, to love, to us ;
Why should the prescience of brief parting
Sadden the Christian spirit thus ?

Nay, gently lay her on His bosom,—
Nay, gladly give her to His care,
Lest we forget in our own sorrow
How bright the crown His ransom'd wear.

III.

THE CHILD IN THE SICK-ROOM.

THE glorious sun sinks slowly o'er
The purple ocean broad and even,
While, pale and pure, one little star
Rides up the eastern heaven.

The sunset hues of coming death
Have touch'd her cheek, and lit her eye ;
The mother hath borne in her babe
To greet her ere she die.

With solemn look, and passive arms,
That stretch not now for love's embrace,
He looketh long and earnestly
On that sweet, holy face,

As if the soul, untainted yet,
And fresh from the Redeemer's touch,
New-washed in His own blood, who loves
His little ones so much,

With that bright spirit purified,
In suffering faithful to the end,
Held some mysterious communing
We could not comprehend.

As if to him unveil'd had been
 Angelic forms and mysteries,
And awfully the parting soul
 Look'd through her bright dark eyes.

Gaze on, the sunlight lingers yet—
 The brow is there, with genius fraught,
The parted lips that pour'd so well
 The music of her thought.

The brow all calm, the face all fair,
 The eye all brilliant as of yore,
Each line by beauty so refined,
 It could refine no more.

Gaze on—and Oh, as Eastern skies
 Glow when the western heaven is bright,
Perchance thy soul may catch a gleam
 From yonder fading light !

Because her lips for thee have vow'd,
 Have pray'd for thee in hours of pain,
It cannot be, thou precious child,
 Those prayers shall prove in vain.

But they will bring a blessing back,
 As ofttimes 'neath the summer moon
The dewy mists that heavenward rise
 Fall down in showers at noon.

And thou wilt be a holy saint,
 Christ's soldier true in fights to come,
 Wilt bear His cross as patiently,
 And go as gladly home.

Gaze on, gaze on, some scenes there are
 Too fair to ruffle with a sigh,
 So let us learn of childish awe,
 And wait in silence by !

IV.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—To E. G. H.

I KNOW thou art awake to-night—
 Thy tears are flowing fast,
 Keeping our Saint's nativity
 And dreaming of the past.

Thou weepst for the calm sweet smile
 That ne'er again can charm,
 For the dear head that, hour by hour,
 Droop'd meekly on thine arm ;

For the young lip where wisdom hung—
 The honey on the rose ;
 For the high spirit calm'd and bow'd—
 Faith's beautiful repose.

Ah ! which of us that watch'd that tide
Of ebbing life depart,
Can hear its echoing surge to-night,
Nor tears unbidden start ?

But tears so blended as they rise,
Of mingled joy and woe ;
Like sourceless streams, we cannot tell
What fountain bids them flow.

That gush of sorrow—could she rest
Again upon thy side,
Uplooking with those patient eyes,
Perchance she would not chide.

But couldst thou see her whom thy care
So tended, worn and faint,
Clothed with the beauty of the blest,
The glory of the Saint—

That beauty of the spirit-land
Beyond our brightest dream—
Sure in thy soul the tide of joy
Would drown that darker stream.

And varying thought in gentle strife
Would all thy soul employ,
Of holy human tenderness
With earnest Christian joy.

So keep we watch to-night, my love,
 And ever, at His feet
 Who bade His angel at this hour
 Steal on her slumber sweet ;

And suffer'd not his ruffling wing
 To break upon her ear,
 But will'd that she should never know
 Death's agony and fear.

O Christ, our stay, our strength, as hers,
 Make, too, our dying bed,
 'Tis but in presence of Thy love
 We dare recall the dead !

V.

THE PLACE OF REMEMBRANCE.

WHERE wouldst thou think of her ? Where the
 young flowers
 Spring through the turf where so often she lay,
 Wearily watching the long summer hours,
 Last of her lifetime, fleet slowly away ?

There by the garden-wall, cover'd with roses,
 Where, in the shelter, she linger'd so late,
 Under the tree where the shadow reposes,
 Over the spot where at noontime she sate ?

Down the green walk where you drew her so slowly,
Patient and sweet in her helpless decay,
In her own chamber, the haunted and holy,
There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day?

Where wouldst thou think of her, darkling and dreary?
In the lone room where her spirit took flight,
Passing away, as a child that is weary
Turns to its cradle, nor wishes Good-night?

Where, like a wild dream, thy heart still remembers
The lingering smile on the motionless clay—
A flame that lives on in the light of its embers—
There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day?

Not in the greenwood glade—hearts need not borrow
Helps from dead nature to teach them to weep,
Not in that lonely room;—why should thy sorrow
Brood o'er her, silent and shrouded in sleep?

Go to the altar, where, morning and even,
The low voice has mingled, the bright head bow'd
down,
Pouring her heart out in commune with Heaven,
Taking His cross up who gave her the crown.

Everywhere, everywhere holdeth communion,
Loving and cheering, her spirit with thine,
But in a holier, happier union,
Meet you with praises to-night at the shrine.

Then in the vale, when the waters are swelling,
 Go where the desolate bird finds a nest,
 Go to His holy and beautiful dwelling,
 The courts of the Lord, where she dwelt and was
 blest.

Where the Church mingles her happy departed,
 Victors gone home with the strugglers who stay,
 Bringing forth balm for the desolate-hearted,—
 There shouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day !

VI.

RECOLLECTIONS.—TO F. L.

I HAVE been dwelling on enchanted ground,
 Looking on thee, and dreaming of the past ;
 A spell of shrouded faces and lost sound
 Thou hast around me cast.

Sorrow and joy, thought within thought enshrined,
 Childhood and youth I have lived o'er again,
 As one chance note unlinketh to the mind
 The whole of a sweet strain.

Thus, with the truest love my heart has known,
 Thy kindred form so dearly blended seems,
 Thine accents have an echo of the tone
 That haunts me in my dreams.

A thousand thrilling thoughts thou bring'st to me
Of our old days of happiness on earth ;
I tremble at thy smile, thy laughter free,
Thy little words of mirth.

And I have mused until I seem'd to stray,
With thee and others, down a twilight glade,
Where sweet pale faces gleam'd upon our way,
And silver voices pray'd.

Shadows, and smiles, and gifted words were there,
It was the dream-land of our by-gone hours,
Just on the verge methought grew fresh and fair,
Two rathe and sunny flowers.

Pure balmy germs they grew within their shells,
Two cherish'd things, love-tended night and day,
With blue eyes peeping from their silver bells,
And breath as sweet as May.

There was a spirit with us in the grove—
I saw her linger where the first flower grew,
Breathe o'er it gently words of hope and love,
And leave it bathed in dew.

Now from thy presence, and its soothing power,
From voice, and look, and day-dream of the heart,
From balmy breath of childhood's opening flower,
Dear one, I must depart.

Go thou unto thy gleeful nursery,
Where voices mingle soft, and bright eyes gleam,
And when thy fair-hair'd children climb thy knee,
Read thou my parting dream.

ADDED FOR C. L.

He said he was forgotten in the strain,
When we roam'd through that love-enchanted spot,
As if there could be, of thy joy or pain,
A dream where he was not.

As if her sainted lips had ever pray'd,
Or her eyes fill'd for thee in thankfulness,
Nor blest his love true-hearted who had made
Her darling's happiness.

In every swelling chord are many notes
So closely blended, they seem all the same,
As, high and far, the glorious measure floats,—
We do not ask their name.

VII.

LINES.

THE stars sink one by one from sight,
No trace of them we find ;
They vanish from the brow of night,
And none is left behind
Alone,
And none is left behind.

The sun goes to his ocean-bed,
In all his rays enshrined,
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,
And leaveth none behind.

The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their work aside and fled,
And we are left behind
Alone,
And we are left behind.

The dear old friends of early time,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

Pale stars, red sun, ye come again,
For whom no heart has pined,
We call our darlings back in vain,
Still are we left behind
Alone,
Still are we left behind.

Oh, dear ones, teach us so to run
 Our race, in sun and wind,
 That we may win where ye have won,
 Though we be left behind
 Awhile,
 Though we be left behind !

VIII.

THE LAST EVENING.

LINGER a moment ere 'tis o'er—
 This last of our sweet evening hours.
 As wanderers, leaving some fair shore,
 Might pause to snatch a few bright flowers,
 Which on their beating hearts they lay,
 Memorials of that sunny clime ;
 Dear friends, shall we not bear away
 Thoughts of this happy time ?

Have we no flowers of memory
 Close at our hearts to treasure fair,
 Perchance to wither as they lie,
 But sometimes still to scent our air ?
 Bright thoughts of love and joy to come,
 In hours of toil and weariness,
 And bring us, in each distant home,
 Gleams of this happiness.

Shall we not dream when twilight shades,
Drop o'er the dark earth's quiet face,
How soft they touch'd the greenwood glade
Around our happy trysting place,
How blithely heart with heart did blend,
How gentle was our sportive strife,
Sisters and kin, each chosen friend,
Dear brother, and young wife ?

Will there not come, when vespers chime,
And one of all the band shall hear
An echo from our service-time,
Deep thrilling to each heart and ear ?
The spirits, by one impulse stirr'd,
Swelling the church's even-song,
The voice that falter'd o'er her word
So solemn, deep, and strong.

Ah ! were we then in truth alone ?
Had not each loving heart a dream,—
A glorious vision of its own,
That all too bright for words did seem,—
Whereat the tear unbidden springs ;
And yet it has no shade of gloom ;
As if two angels waved their wings
Across the quiet room ?

Friends, gentle friends, the world is wide,
And few the scatter'd sweets we find,

We would not cast such flowers aside,
 Though we must leave the root behind.
 Then pause awhile on this last night,
 And linger o'er our parting strain,
 This commune sweet, this converse light,
 When will they come again ?

IX.

THE CHAPEL.

To E. C. L. on occasion of a Chapel being pulled down to build
 a Church on the site.

LET none rebuke our sorrow, vainly swelling,
 Nor say we sin to taste, dishonour art,
 Because the bareness of this poor low dwelling
 Had grown entwined about our heart.

Because no show of cluster'd arches bending,
 Nor slender shaft, nor storied window clear,
 Nor fretted roof, on pillars proud ascending,
 Can give the charm that linger'd here.

For what is taste, but the heart's earnest striving
 After the beautiful in form and thought,
 From the pure past a nicer sense deriving,
 And ever by fair Nature taught ;

A strong creative instinct, making real
 Dreams framed from earth, or drawn down from
 above ?
 These barren walls could give one bright ideal,
 And the heart's *beautiful* is love.

Here, where no thrill of rapturous emotion,
 From impulse wrought by outward cause, might
 stir ;
 Only His shrine, who claim'd our first devotion,
 And that calm, peaceful thought of her.

This was the casket where our hearts embalm'd her,
 A reliquary fitting for a saint,
 Here, where His love had met, His mercy calm'd
 her
 When her poor human heart did faint.

True, we have other records ; there are places
 Rich with the fragrance of her hours most bright,
 When, full of gladness, look'd into our faces
 Those dark eyes, dancing in soft light.

There is the room where her sick presence lingers,
 The couch whereon she lay, the book she read,
 The last words traced by her weak, weary fingers ;
 But these are relics of the dead.

These tell us of the ear that could not hear us
 In our worst anguish, of the close-seal'd eyes ;
 Here was the spiritual presence near us
 Of the saved soul that never dies.

Still on her place, when a dim ray fell slanting,
 There was a sound, known to our hearts alone,
 Of angels' wings ; still with the choir's low chanting
 Mingled her gentle undertone.

So shall it be no more,—a crimson splendour
 Shall break that wandering sunbeam's silver line,
 And bid it fall in tinted radiance tender
 On the pure pavement by the shrine.

Down the long nave, the deep, full organ pealing,
 A hundred echoes, lingering, shall draw
 From roof, and niche, and sculptured angel kneeling
 In the fair fane she never saw.

Why are our hearts fill'd with so many yearnings
 And adverse claims—that each to other call—
 Admiring thought, and zeal, and inward burnings,
 And this deep, mournful love through all ?

We would not check the work of your adoring ;
 We love when art, and wealth, and fervour meet,
 Their gifts most bright, most beautiful outpouring,
 Sweet ointment for our Master's feet.

Still let us grieve—even as a mother weepeth
For some poor sickly child, in mercy ta'en ;
Deep in her heart his little spot she keepeth,
But wishes him not back again.

And if there be who meet us with upbraiding,
Call back the lost loves of your early years,
The deep, sad thoughts that ask no outward aiding,
And leave us our few silent tears.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL.

ROUND wild Dunree's unshelter'd rock,
That hears the broad Atlantic beat,
The salt waves of the great sea lough
Wash'd to the poet's feet.

Like jewel in a frosted setting
Was that sweet day in winter time,
And all day long those blue waves fretting
Had mingled with his rhyme.

No harsher sound the distance broke,
Where Inch, a giant fast asleep,
Lay folded in his purple cloak,
Upon a purple deep.

The round sun sinking slowly down
Behind Rathmullan far away,
Saw other hills eternal crown
Mulroy's romantic bay.

All round his burning amber bed,
Were rosy clouds, and crimson fringed,
And lines of golden light that led
Through dark doors, silver-hinged.

Burn, burn, O sun ! along the west ;
Ye fringed cloudlets shift and gleam,
Fill with bright shapes the poet's breast,
Give colour to his dream.

For, like a relic in a shroud
Of crimson silk, within its shrine,
His heart lies in a chapel proud,
Wrapt in a vision fine.

A glorious trance of bridal pomp,
Of tossing plume and jewell'd hair,
Of pawing steed and swelling trump,
Brave men and women fair.

No need of light clouds set on fire
To paint the royal pageant's pride,
When passes to the blazing choir
That graceful child-like bride.

When, proud of heart, but calm and grave,
The matron queen of all the land,
Comes pacing up the banner'd nave,
Her children in her hand.

Hush, weltering wave, and streams that dash
Down mountain clefts—ye charm no more,
He hears the organ's mighty crash,
He hears the anthem pour.

They pass,—they pause—prince, princess, queen,
And now the herald's task is done,
Dies slowly down the gorgeous scene
The word that makes them one.

Ah me! there's many a peasant's eye
That looks on purple Inch to-day,
And only sees a headland high,
A shadow in the bay.

There's many a curious, careless face
Has look'd along that glittering line,
Seen but the beauty and the grace,
And mark'd the jewels shine.

They saw the fairest court on earth,
They saw the monarch most beloved,
Nor dream'd beneath that mask of mirth
What holier feelings moved.

They praised the regal mantle's flow,
 They praised the diamonds richly piled,
 While all the time the heart below
 Was yearning for her child.

On the bride's brow, so young, so pale,
 They watch'd the whiter myrtles set,
 But not the glances through her veil,
 Half love and half regret.

Ah, what dear household memories press'd
 Through all their hearts!—what prayers were
 pour'd
 'To Him whose hallowing presence bless'd,
 Of old, the bridal board.

What broken links of joy there fell,
 While still smiled on that face serene!
 What tears were those—beseeming well
 The mother and the queen!

Go, Bride, fair home afar be thine,
 And happy even as her own;
 We grudge thee to that grand old Rhine,
 And to thy German throne.

Old England gives thee from her arms,
 She gives thee with all blessings crown'd,
 All surest vows, all holiest charms
 Wherewith true hearts are bound.

One general thrill of love and hope
Has stirr'd in all our island hearts—
From wooded plain, and pasture slope,
And crowded city marts,

To where, from rude cliffs beetling high,
The great sea-eagle northward shrieks,
And the long rolling billows lie
In mountain guarded creeks.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

WIDE let the venturous sea-bird roam,
A speck on ocean's bosom cast,
Touch with white breast the whiter foam,
And shriek before the rising blast.

But give her, when her wing is weary,
A home beyond the cliff's bare verge,
That, resting in her rocky eyry,
Her eye may scan the rolling surge.

Beyond, where bravest sea-bird dares,
The seaman's eager prow has driven ;
And far beyond the line that bears
The mingled blue of sea and heaven :

His ship has drifted to the gale,
Where, many a night, the full round moon
Saw but herself and that white sail
O'er all the central ocean strewn ;

Where, many a night, each cold, pale star
Look'd kindly on his lonely watch,
Telling of cottage homes afar,
And lattice lights beneath the thatch.

He brought the gold of other lands,
He braved the battle's stormy rage ;
Give him a home, where kindly hands
Shall rock the cradle of his age.

No grey-hair'd wife may soothe his grief,
No child may guide his tottering limb,
The honey on the wither'd leaf,
The charms of life are not for him.

But give him on his own loved shore,
A quiet haven, where the brawl
Of the chafed sea shall vex no more,
Or only come at memory's call ;

And let some gentle pastoral tone
Speak to his soul of pardon'd sin,
Till mercy melt the heart of stone,
And hope, with sorrow, enter in ;

Till, as of old, when out at sea
His country far behind him faded,
Some brighter isle before would be,
With golden vales by palm-trees shaded.

So, as his life fades slow and calm,
And all of earth in distance dies,
The land that bears the heavenly palm
Shall break on faith's fast-closing eyes.

THE OLD MECHANIC ON THE PARISH CHURCH BELLS.

THE Church bell chimes, how sweet they blend
With summer breezes, soft and clear,
Like voice of some beloved friend—
Returning to the ear ;
Like echo from his native shore,
To weary wanderer homeward bound ;
The dark green wood they murmur o'er,
And much I love the sound.

They tell of high and holy thought,
Pure feelings hallowed long,
Since first in happy childhood brought,
I walked with yonder throng :
When, as they whispered, week by week
The high ones hither trod,
And here, the peasant came to seek
An audience of his God.

Back to my soul that music brings
 Dreams of mine early innocence,
Which ever loved in outward things
 To trace a hidden sense.
And still I thought, when Church bells rang
 Sweet Angels poured a welcome lay ;
And Seraph voices, as they sang,
 Bade mortals praise and pray.

That was the day-dream of a boy,
 Yet wearing now my threescore years,
I know that God's good angels joy
 O'er sinners' contrite tears ;
And prayers of penitential dread
 Shall fill to-day yon sacred nave ;
And words of pardon shall be said,
 Through Him who died to save.

Lord, lift thou up each trembling lip,
 Each heart thy Spirit give,
To hold our holy fellowship,
 To live as angels live ;
That when for us the last bell tolls
 On Earth, to cold earth given,
Rejoicing o'er our ransom'd souls,
 Their harps may ring in Heaven.

LENT LILIES.

FAIR children of unwilling spring,
They grow beside our leafless bowers,
And gentle hopes and perfumes bring,
To cheer our cold and dreary hours.
To sunless skies and scentless gale
They lift their leaves of golden hue,
Sweet Friend, they tell a cheering tale,
Our Lent has lilies, too.

For through this penitential time
Together have we watch'd and pray'd,
Together heard the matin chime,
And seen the tender evening fade ;
We trod the steep appointed way,
We wash'd with tear-drops penitent,
In meek obedience, day by day,
The lilies of our Lent.

And not in vain these hours of woe
For haughty sons of sinful clay,
More rugged path He trod below
Who wash'd our heavy guilt away.
Yet cheerly tread—He rose who died,
Bright hope with all our grief is blent,
And we may wear, at Easter-tide,
The lilies of our Lent.

And when the toilsome strife is past,
 All fasts, and fears, and vigils done,
 How brightly then shall dawn, at last,
 The everlasting Easter sun :
 On eyes that tears shall never wet,
 On hearts for ever pure and true ;
 Oh, dearly loved and rarely met,
 Our Lent has lilies, too !

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD.

I.

NO voice nor sound for me had power,
 I walk'd as in a sunlit night,
 The stillness of the midnight hour
 Was round me all the noonday bright.

I saw the dark blue streamlet glide
 The wild wind bow'd the forest trees,
 I heard no murmur in the tide,
 No music in the rushing breeze.

I saw bright eyes on bright eyes bent,
 The speaking glance I knew full well,
 But the lips moved—and what they sent
 To other lips I could not tell.

And, like to water cold and lone
Hid down in some deep sunless cave,
The current of my thoughts flow'd on ;
No light was on the gloomy wave.

I walk'd the dew-bespangled sod,
I look'd into the broad blue sky,
I wist not of the good great God,
I never dream'd of things on high.

II.

My soul is not untutor'd now,
Even words and tongues for me have might,
My thought has learn'd a calmer flow,
And the dark waters leap in light ;

They tell me hill, and stream, and tree,
Can breathe to God no grateful lays,
Yet all day long they seem to me
In loveliness to speak His praise.

And I have learn'd a dearer lore,
Of blood-bought mercy freely won,
And my freed lip above shall pour
The praise in silence here begun.

Oh, happiest, who, running o'er
 With God's good gifts in mercy given,
 Turn from their own abundant store
 To teach the dumb the songs of Heaven.

And tenfold more unblest than mine
 His hopeless, heartless, thankless lot,
 Who hears on earth no voice Divine,
 Whose lip can speak, and praises not.

ON THE LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE
 OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT
 CONSTANTINOPLE

BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, OCT. 19, 1858.

NOW no more fair Stamboul hears the rattle
 Of the warriors' harness at her gates ;
 Sees no more the tide of Europe's battle
 Hotly pressing through her azure straits.

Queen-like, from her terraces and gardens,
 She looks down, along those waters blue,
 On those turrets twain, her ancient wardens,
 Guardians of the old world and the new.

From her throne the languid European
 Sees the old camp on the Asian shore,
 Sees the foam-wreaths on the far Ægean,
 And the white sails flitting slowly o'er.

Sees no more the gathering host that wander'd
To that wild peninsula afar,
To the desolate fort where England squander'd
So much life in one brief winter's war.

When the full ship, with her living burden,
Pass'd so near, she heard the canvas strain,
As she rush'd in haste, for glory's guerdon,
Toward the rock-reefs of that stormy main.

When the waifs of that great strife and anguish,
Like spars borne on a receding tide,
Came back wounded, came back sick to languish
In her shadow, on the Asian side ;

To those walls, where sick men, breathing faintly,
Heard an angel rustling in the gloom,
And a woman's presence, calm and stately,
Lighted up the melancholy room.

Look down, Stamboul, from thy fair dome swelling,
Where Sophia's broken crosses lie,
And thine Imaums, night and day, are telling,
In God's face, that everlasting lie.

Not in anger come we to upbraid thee,
Not with war-ships floating on thy bay,
Not with brand and banner come to aid thee,
Stand we by thy Golden Horn to-day.

Lay the stone, O statesman tried and hoary,
'Tis no marble monument of war,
But a trophy to thine England's glory,
Unto distant ages, nobler far.

But a tribute, meeter and more solemn,
To our lost ones by that rough Black Sea,
Than triumphal arch or granite column,
Graven all with names of victory.

They have had their dirges in our sorrows
When the chill'd blood left the cheek and brow,
In that voiceless agony that borrows
An expression out of silent woe.

And their names writ down in Britain's story,
The best page she shows to future years,
And their cold brows twined with wreaths of glory ;
Ah, those laurels wet with woman's tears !

Not yet time, with surely-healing fingers,
To our beggar'd love has brought relief,
Still a vain thought of requital lingers,
And an aching memory of grief.

This, our vengeance for the gallant bosoms,
In those cruel trenches, night by night,
Chill'd to death, as snow-encumber'd blossoms
Fall down, and are trampled out of sight.

This, our vengeance for the young life wasted
In the hot charge and the vain attack,
The assault to which so many hastened,
And the charge from which so few came back.

This, our memory of the true and fearless,
Spotless honour, uncomplaining toil,
And the Christian zeal, the valour peerless,
And the tenderness war could not spoil.

Here we raise their monument for ever,
Singing for them, till the world shall end,
"In Memoriam," such as poet never
Set to Heaven's own music for his friend.

Here we rear the white cross and the altar,
Day by day the page of truth unfold,
Chant their dirges from dear England's Psalter,
Read their requiem from her Bible old.

Blend their memory with these aisles of beauty,
Grave them on the window's storied line ;
Meet it is that men who died for duty
Be embalm'd in such a noble shrine ;

Where the voice of praise and prayer habitual,
In due order, rises day and night,
Where the calm voice of that grand old ritual
Calls the soldier to a better fight.

Sleep, O warriors ! cold your place of burial
 In that rough Crimean valley lies,
 While our church-spire cleaves the blue ethereal,
 And all Nature smiles beneath our eyes.

Sleep, O warriors ! all your toil and striving,
 In one glorious mission end at last ;
 Here to speak salvation for the living,
 Hope in death, and pardon for the past.

All your strength and valour now are blending
 In one note of love, that swells and thrills
 Like a strain of martial music, ending
 In long echoes drawn from sylvan hills ;

For all acts that make our hearts to quiver
 With a strong emotion as we read,
 Are divine, and go back to the Giver.
 High endurance, courage, generous deed,

Come from Christ, and, unto Christ returning,
 Find their full acceptance only there,
 In that centre of all noble yearning,
 In that type of all perfection fair.

Here we leave you in His Church, embalming
 Your dear names with thoughts of love and peace
 Till He come to reign, all discord calming,
 And the warfare of the world shall cease.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE sick man in his chamber,
Through the long weary night
Toss'd on his restless pillow,
How longs he for the light !

He counts the hours that linger,
Heavy with clouds and rain,
And a great weight of darkness
Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar,
While glimmers the pale night-light,
And fades the midnight star.

Till eastward in the heaven
He sees, at last, the sign,
O'er the far purple mountains ;
A single silver line ;

It broadens, and it deepens
To a sea of red and gold,
With clouds of rosy amber
Around its glory roll'd :

Till each pane of his window
Is silver'd o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the dusky floor.

The sick soul lieth weary
In the world's soft unrest,
With clouds of care and sorrow,
And weight of sins opprest.

Out of the night she crieth,
Out of the narrow room :—
“O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom ?

“Break on this night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope
Through wastes of vain endeavours,
'Neath stars of fruitless hope,

“O'er the great hills of sadness
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and losses,
And black with many a sin.

“Rise, rise above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings,
Break into the dark chambers
Where pain in secret stings.

“ Come, while the morning tarries
Our waiting eyes to bless,
Look through the lowly lattice,
Bright Sun of Righteousness !

“ Set, for the hearts that love Thee,
Thy token up above,
The white rays of redemption,
And the red fire of love.

“ Out of our gloom we call Thee,
Out of our helpless night :
Sun of the world, sweet Saviour,
Show us Thy perfect light ! ”

PRIVILEGES WITHDRAWN.

To J.

THOU hast been dwelling in a gleam
Of glorious light sent straight from heaven,
It mingled with thy morning beam,
It broke the twilight of thine even.

It came with concord of sweet sound,
With herald strain of church bells ringing,
With words of mercy breathing round,
And chanted prayer, and choral singing.

Along thy daily path it lay,
For inward peace, for added grace,
And thou didst linger in the ray,
The world shut out a little space.

'Tis past, or if it lingers yet,
Poor weary heart, 'tis not for thee—
Still morn and eve those sweet bells set,
Chime to the murmurs of the sea.

Still by the fair shrine, never cease,
The cry of penitence and prayer,
The answering voice of hope and peace,
And pardon—but thou art not there.

In vain the distant measure thrills
Thine heart, and vibrates in thine ear,
'Tis but an echo from the hills
That cheats the home-sick mountaineer.

'Tis but the wild wave's murmuring tone,
In ocean shell far inland heard—
Yet say not—dream not thus alone,
Is heavenward thought to rapture stirred.

Sweet are the strains that upward float,
When Christian hearts in rapture meet,
And passing sweet the priestly note,
That leads them to a Saviour's feet.

But these denied, let no quick word,
Nor thought o'er fond, nor hopeless sigh,
O, living temple of the Lord !
Sin to thine inward commune high.

Thou hast a shrine no hand can close,
No duty leave its courts untrod ;
Where the true heart in secret knows
The Presence of the Spirit's God.

There grief may all her woes reveal,
There penitence may bring her shame,
Submission by the altar kneel,
And self-devotion feed the flame.

There patience wearing duty's chain,
And meek-faced love and pure desire,
May breathe within as sweet a strain
As ever thrilled from yonder choir.

There, though thine heart in vain should yearn
For other voice estranged or dumb,
If thine own incense duly burn,
The great High Priest Himself shall come.

Ah ! dream in sorrowing mood no more,
Of vows unpaid, unpardoned sin,
Thou art not shut from Eden's door,
Thy truest Heaven is found within.

Deep in that wounded heart of thine
 The temple of thy refuge lies,
 Thyself the odour and the shrine,
 And thine own will the sacrifice.

THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN AND I. —

“My child, God will let us meet again.”

SHE stands upon the verge of maidenhood,
 The world of woman's life before her lies ;
 Forms of the great and beautiful and good
 Loom through the mist, that shrouds it from her eyes.

She stands and trembles, like a dove forsaking
 For the first time, her native forest glade,
 And startled hears life's heavy surges breaking
 Along the shore where childhood's roses fade.

And as she gazes, on her innocent face
 There falls a shadow, solemn, deep, but fair,
 A form of love and earnestness and grace
 Bends o'er her path, and broods a moment there.

Type of that love and strength (her earthly dower)
 Christ gave His Church to comfort and to chide,
 The bearer of a great transmitted power,
 The key to open, and the staff to guide.

Close in his shadow yet awhile she lingers,
 As birds shrink into shelter at hot noon,
 And tears drop slowly thro' her close prest fingers,
 For he must pass and leave her lonely soon.

His gifted hand is on her golden hair,
His mellow voice is whispering calm and mild
The priestly benediction and the prayer,
And "God will let us meet again, my child."

Then smile across thy tears, our drooping dove,
There's not a pang, a feeling, vainly given,
No form of trust, or reverence, or love,
But hath its perfecting in earth or heaven.

Yea, even childhood's chaplet of pure flowers,
That wither at thy feet so mournfully,
Shall crown thy brow again, in after hours
Of childlike faith, and meek humility.

And he, though nevermore, if heaven decree,
His hand shall press thy locks of drooping gold,
Though ne'er again thine eye his face should see,
And far apart each wave of life be rolled,

Yet, when he poureth out with fervid glance
To the great Shepherd, all a shepherd's cares,
Sure, for the little lamb he met by chance
His soul will plead, and meet thee in his prayers.

Sure, when ye kneel in commune with your Lord,
Ye two shall meet—nor haply thus alone,
I know thy spirit drank each low breathed word,
Nor doubted once of its prophetic tone.

Still if thou wilt, of benedictial greeting,
 Dream on, with kindling eye and glowing cheek,
 Why should thy God deny an earthly meeting?
 Those hands to bless thee and those lips to speak?

And ever to thine heart that word be nigh,
 To soothe each fond regret, each parting pain,
 When bright things only rise to pass thee by,
 Soft whispering—"God will let us meet again."

Ah! was he making tryste in Paradise?
 Had he too heard the tones that seem to stray
 Around thee, bringing tears into our eyes
 As angels whispered: "Sister, come away"?

Had he too marked in that sweet face of thine
 The awful nameless charm we shrink to see?
 And traced therein each barely sharpened line,
 The tender tint, the moulded symmetry?

The light behind the eyes so richly bright,
 As if the struggling spirit nearer drew
 Unto its prison gates, and prone for flight
 Looked forth impatient from their bars of blue?

Ah! if these signs betoken that we fear,
 How shall we teach our hearts that soothing strain?
 How shall we learn awhile to miss thee here,
 And murmur—"God will let us meet again"?

THE PROJECTED TAYLOR CATHEDRAL
AT BELFAST.

FAITHFUL to his origin immortal,
To the image wherein he was made,
Man looks down through Time's mysterious portal,
Makes himself a trophy in the shade ;

Draws from out his heart's impassioned fountains
Words that linger on with deathless tone ;
Or, as envious of the eternal mountains,
Carves an immortality in stone.

Still the poet felt that inward longing,
Struggled still to speak his inward want,
Sound some words to catch the high thoughts throng-
ing,
Some world-music for his heavenly chant.

The boy painter brooding in the meadows,
Or in peasant cot at evening's fall,
Traced in sand his soul's fast-coming shadows,
Dashed them out in charcoal on the wall.

Art, her dreams from touch to touch unfolded
By that marvellous power that man calls taste,
Laid the chisel on the mass unmoulded,
Reared her fairy fabrics in the waste.

All of genius, pity, true devotion,
 Finds an utterance beautiful or strong,
 High Heaven itself has no untold emotion,
 Seraph's love hath still the seraph's song.

So, to-day, there comes a noble yearning
 To our hearts, a vision to our eyes,
 Fair as when we see red sunsets burning
 Golden fanes into the western skies,

And that worthier thought that whispers proudly,
 "Leave our sons some token of our life ;
 Leave them something that shall speak more loudly
 Than the voices of our sin and strife."

Finest forms that in her hours most gifted
 Fancy weaves, or taste delighted piles,
 And that strange thrill of the heart uplifted
 That comes to us in Cathedral aisles.

Every rich and beautiful ideal,
 Love that gives, and faith that scorns to doubt,
 Ah ! we go to-day to make them real,
 Ah ! we go to work our impulse out.

Too long taste has wept, and love grown weary,
 Looking for a sign along the land :
 Let the hammers ringing in the quarry
 Bring forth something beautiful and grand,

Worthy of her mountains everlasting,
Purple-tinted, sleeping on the lakes :
Worthy of her bold sea headlands, casting
Broken shadows where the white surge breaks.

Long ago she made her rude endeavour—
Scattered churches with no grudging hand,
Flung them down by fertile field and river,
In green valleys and by sea-washed strand.

Witness olden oaks and silver birches,
That have trembled over Glendalough
To the seven bells of her seven churches—
Shannon's waves and Cashel's guardian rock.

Witness Muckross mid her woodlands shady,
Cast in ruins round her haunted tree,
And that shrine where sleep the knight and lady
Evermore at Howth beside the sea.

Knight and dame, and old Cistercian friar,
In your marble sleep by lough and glen :
Purer faith shall win to impulse higher
Us gain-loving and world-weary men.

Now no more by lonely vale and forest
Rear we carven arch or oriel fair,
But where the great toil of life is sorest,
And the strife of voices fills the air.

This no time for wounded hearts eschewing
Care and pain, a vain world left behind,
But an age of earnest, busy doing,
Hand with hand, and eager mind to mind.

And, beyond the sense of natural beauty,
Than fair contemplation Heaven-inclined
Higher far is calm courageous duty,
Working in God's sight for human kind.

For our age goes onward ; ever goaded,
Man by man they strive in earnest sort ;
Commerce stirs, and the good ship comes loaded
With fresh riches to the teeming port.

Let our token in the populous city,
Where the workman wearies at his craft,
Where the wheels are turning without pity,
And the black smoke rolls from the tall shaft.

For a great cathedral is the people's,
Speaking to them of the better part ;
And the music out of heaven-set steeples,
Blesses trade and sanctifies the heart.

Never will the marble arch grow duller
For the tread of feet beneath its span,
Never the rich window lose its colour
For the wondering eyes of gazing man.

Where the dense crowd presses in our alleys,
And the palace of the merchant stands,
And the bay is leaden with the galleys,
And the streets with men of other lands—

Here, where breezes, from the channel blowing,
Lift the smoke-veil on our city laid,
Stately rows of marble arches, showing,
Soon shall mock the forest's green arcade.

Soon the gorgeous oriel shall glisten,
Tingeing all things, from the chancel floor
To the angel heads that seem to listen
From the corbels at the western door.

Soon, like voice of wind and wave sonorous,
Keeping time upon our northern shore,
From the white-robed choir, in sweetest chorus,
Alleluias down the nave shall pour.

And since, like a child for ever turning
Where it saw its absent mother last,
With a tender retrospective yearning
Human hearts go back into the past,

And we love from out its shades to gather
Spirits sympathetic with our own,
Saying fondly of the friend or father,
“He had loved it well if he had known”—

So to-day there is a memory mingled
 With our labours, and an honoured name,
Not chosen causeless, or unduly singled,
 Worthy winner of a world-wide fame :

Who, like some vast treasure-coffer holden
 Of the waves, and cast up on our strand,
Opened all his gems and fancies golden
 In this lovely corner of the land :

Whose great genius, prodigally given
 To each theme that tasked its wondrous powers,
Like a lark sang at the gate of Heaven,
 Like a wild bee wandered in the flowers.

For each fine conception he found issue
 And embroidered with some rare conceit,
Every corner of the silken tissue
 That he laid down at his Saviour's feet.

Speaks the silver pen for time no longer,
 Loosed the chord, and snapped the golden string ;
But we claim his memory till a stronger
 Or a sweeter make our Minster sing.

Here embalmed, until that future ask it,
 Lay it, steeped in colours rich and rare.
Keep the relic in a noble casket,
 Carven marble arch and symbol fair.

Nothing is too precious for our Master,
Nothing rich enough our zeal to prove.
With the ointment break the alabaster,
Golden tresses wet with tears of love.

Surely, when low penitential voices
With the loud laudates mingle free,
Up above, the heavenly host rejoices,
Standing round about the crystal sea.

Surely Christ in heaven, our love possessing,
Will look down upon this holy place ;
Bless us with the good Centurion's blessing,
Fill us with the fulness of His grace.

A CONSECRATION HYMN.*

THAT good saint who first, 'mid rock and heather
Reared a rude church here for prayer and
praise,
Where the wild kern and his chief together
Came to worship in the olden days,

From the old cathedral where he moulders,
Could he rise, with his pale face, and stand
Here with us, the cope upon his shoulders,
And the cross he preached in his right hand ;

* Written upon the occasion of the opening of the Church of
S. Colmanell, Ahogill, diocese of Connor.

He, the dead man, passionless and quiet,
 Who has slept out all our restless years,
 Our long ages of neglect and riot,
 Fierce endeavours, fond regretful tears ;

From beneath his shrine of carven granite
 Could he come again to hear men say,
 In their jargon of the mart and senate,
 “ ’Tis the many that make truth to-day ” ;

Of earth’s cares and angers disencumbered,
 All her pitiful strifes and Christless lore,
 Would he tell us, “ Go, ye are outnumbered,
 Rear no churches, preach no gospel more ” ?

Haply rather, standing where the tender
 Autumn light has touched this mass of stone,
 And the shadow of the tall spire slender
 Lies along the land he calls his own ;

Where the light shows in the windows painted
 Sapphire blue, or green as emerald sod,
 In dear memory of the loved and sainted,
 And unto the glory of our God ;

Where, in the pure chancel set in order,
 Duly wait for all the Bread and Wine,
 And fair texts in their illumined border
 From the dead walls speak a truth divine ;

And the arches echo Hymn and Psalter,
Nor the living stones are wanting there ;
Priest and Prelate, robed beside the altar,
And the crowd that swell the alternate prayer ;—

Rather would the old man's eye be filling,
From his lip thanksgiving loud be wrung,
As he heard that grander ritual thrilling
Round him in the noble Saxon tongue.

We, with deeper, more intense thanksgiving,
Make our finished offering to the Lord ;
Not from dead men's lips, but from the living,
Should the loud laudates here be poured.

Still some tokens to our hearts are given,
Types of better days around us stand,
As the sailor, by the wild waves driven,
Sees a green leaf, prophesying land.

So stand earnest of our Church's story—
Still, fair steeple, lift the Cross on high ;
Tinge, O sunlight ! tinge it with thy glory,
On low roof and leaded chancel lie.

So stand speaking unto distant ages,
With the eloquent silence of thy stone,
That faith works out all that love engages,
That Christ's strength in weakness is made known.

VI

TRANSLATIONS

THE ROSE OF THE INFANTA.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

SHE is so little—in her hand a rose ;
A stern duenna watches where she goes.
What sees she ! Ah, she knows not—the clear
shine
Of waters shadow'd by the birch and pine.
What lies before ?—a swan with silver wing,
The wave that murmurs to the branch's swing,
Or the deep garden flourishing below ?
Fair as an angel frozen into snow,
The royal child looks on, and hardly seems to know.

As in a depth of glory far away,
Down the green park, a lofty palace lay,
There drank the deer from many a crystal pond,
And the starr'd peacock gemm'd the shade beyond.

Around that child all nature seem'd more bright,
Her innocence was as an added light.
Rubies and diamonds strew'd the path she trode,
And jets of sapphire from the dolphins flow'd.
Still at the water's side she holds her place.
Her bodice bright is set with Genoa lace.

O'er her rich robe, through every satin fold,
Wanders an arabesque in threads of gold.
From its green urn, the rose, unfolding grand,
Weighs down the exquisite smallness of her hand.
And when the child bends to the red leaf's tip
Her laughing nostril, and her carmine lip,
The royal flower purpureal kissing there
Hides more than half that young face, bright and
fair,
So that the eye, deceived, can scarcely speak
Where shows the rose, or where the rose-red cheek.
Her eyes look bluer from their dark brown frame ;
Sweet eyes, sweet form, and Mary's sweeter name.
All joy, enchantment, perfume, waits she there,
Heaven in her glance, her very name a prayer.

Yet 'neath thy sky, and before life and fate,
Poor child, she feels herself so vaguely great.
With stately grace she gives her presence high
To dawn, to spring, to shadows flitting by,
To the dark sunset glories of the heaven,
And all the wild magnificence of even :

On nature waits, eternal and serene,
With all the graveness of a little queen.
She never sees a man but on her knee ;
She Duchess of Brabant one day will be,
And rule Sardinia, or the Flemish crowd—
She is the Infanta, five years old, and proud.

Thus it is with King's children, for they wear
A shadowy circlet on their foreheads fair ;
Their tottering steps are toward a kingly chair.
Calmly she waits, and breathes her gather'd flower
Till one shall cull for her imperial power.
Already her eye saith, " It is my right ;"
Even love flows from her mingled with affright.
If some one, seeing her so fragile stand,
Were it to save her should put forth his hand,
Ere he had made a step, or breath'd a vow,
The scaffold's shadow were upon his brow.

While the child laughs, beyond the bastion thick
Of that vast palace, Roman Catholic,
Whose every turret like a mitre shows,
Behind the lattice something fearful goes.
Men shake to see a shadow from beneath,
Passing from pane to pane, like vapoury wreath,
Pale, black, and still, it glides from room to room,
Or stands a whole day, motionless in its gloom,
In the same spot, like ghost upon a tomb,

Or glues its dark brow to the casement wan,
Dim shade that lengthens as the night draws on.
Its step funereal lingers like the swing
Of passing bell—'tis death, or else the king.

'Tis he, the man by whom men live or die ;
But could one look beyond that phantom eye,
As by the wall he leans a little space,
And see what shadows fill his soul's dark place,
Not the fair child, the waters clear, the flowers
Golden with sunset—not the birds, the bowers—
No ; 'neath that eye, those fatal brows that keep
The fathomless brain, like ocean dark and deep,
There, as in moving mirage, should one find
A fleet of ships that go before the wind :
On the foam'd wave, and 'neath the starlight pale,
'The strain and rattle of a fleet in sail,
And through the fog an isle on her white rock,
Hearkening from far the thunder's coming shock.

Still by the water's edge doth silent stand
The Infanta, with the rosebud in her hand,
Caresses it with eyes as blue as heaven.
Sudden a breeze—such breeze as panting even,
From her full heart, flings out to field and brake—
Ruffles the waters, bids the rushes shake,
And makes through all their green recesses swell
The massive myrtle and the asphodel.

To the fair child it comes, and tears away
 On its strong wind the rose-flower from the spray,
 On the wild waters casts it, bruised and torn,
 And the Infanta only holds a thorn.
 Frighten'd, perplex'd, she follows with her eyes
 Into the basin where her ruin lies,
 Looks up to heaven, and questions of the breeze
 That had not fear'd her Highness to displease.
 But all the pond is changed—anon so clear,
 Now black it swells as though with rage and fear ;
 A mimic sea, its small waves rise and fall,
 And the poor rose is broken by them all ;
 Its hundred leaves, toss'd wildly round and round,
 Beneath a thousand waves are whelm'd and
 drown'd.
 It was a foundering fleet, you might have said.
 Quoth the duenna, with her face of shade :
 " Madam "—for she had mark'd her ruffled mind—
 All things belong to princes—but the wind."

THE POOR.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

TIS night—within the close-shut cabin door,
 The room is wrapt in shade, save where there
 fall
 Some twilight rays, that creep along the floor,
 And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest
A few white dishes glimmer ; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains drest,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie—
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams ;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout ;
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers ! Ah, 'tis sad to say,
Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
Those ravening wolves that know not ruth nor
rest.

Think how they sport with those belovèd forms,
And how the clarion-blowing wind unties
Above their heads the tresses of the storms !
Perchance even now the child, the husband dies ;

For we can never tell where they may be,
Who, to make head against the tide and gale,
Between them and the starless soundless sea
Have but one bit of plank with one poor sail.

Terrible fear ! we seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows, " Bring them home."
Alas ! what answer gives that troubled roar
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam ?

Janet is sad : her husband is alone,
Wrapp'd in the black shroud of this bitter night ;
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid : " Were they but old they might."
Ah, mother, when they too are on the main,
How wilt thou weep, " Would they were young
again ! "

She takes her lantern—'tis his hour at last ;
She will go forth and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast :
Ah no, not yet ! no breath of morning wakes ;

No line of light o'er the dark water lies :
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn !
The day comes trembling, and the young dawn cries,
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.

Sudden her human eyes that peer and watch
Through the deep shade a mouldering dwelling
find :
No light within—the thin door shakes—the thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,

Yellow and dirty as a swollen rill.

“Ah me!” she saith, “here doth that widow dwell ;

Few days ago my goodman left her ill,
I will go in and see if all be well.”

She strikes the door, she listens ; none replies,
And Janet shudders. “Husbandless, alone,
And with two children, they have scant supplies.
Good neighbour !—she sleeps heavy as a stone.”

She calls again, she knocks,—’tis silence still ;
No sound, no answer. Suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turn’d, and open lay before.

She enter’d, and her lantern lighted all
The house, so still but for the rude wave’s din.
Through the thin roof the plashing raindrops fall ;
But something terrible is couch’d within.

Half-clothed, dark-featur’d, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother, now devoid of life ;
Dishevell’d picture of dead misery,
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The cold and livid arm, already stiff,
Hung o’er the soak’d straw of her wretched bed ;
The mouth lay open horribly, as if
The parting soul with a great cry had fled—

That cry of death which startles the dim ear
Of vast eternity. And, all the while,
Two little children in one cradle near
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them as they lay
Had cast her gown, and wrapp'd her mantle's fold ;
Feeling chill death creep up, she will'd that they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rock'd by their own weight sweetly sleep the twain,
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear,—
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
For, being innocent, they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and ever a drop slides
Through the old rafters where the thatch is weak.
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides,
Like living tears, along her hollow cheek.

And the dull wave sounds ever like a bell :
The dead lies still and listens to the strain ;
For when the radiant spirit leaves its shell,
The poor corpse seems to call it back again.

It seeks the soul thro' the air's dim expanse,
And the pale lip saith to the sunken eye,
"Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance?"
"And where thy balmy breath?" it makes reply.

Alas ! live, love, find primroses in Spring !
Fate hath one end for festival and tear :
Bid your hearts vibrate, make your glasses ring ;
But as dark ocean drinks each streamlet clear,

So, for the kisses that delight the flesh,
For mother's worship, and for children's bloom ;
For song, for smile, for love so fair and fresh,
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the tomb.

And why doth Janet pass so fast away ?
What hath she done within that house of dread ?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle grey,
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed,
With half averted face, and nervous tread ?
What hath she stolen from the awful dead ?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half remorseful thoughts, while the hoarse surge
Howl'd a sad concert to her broken words.

“Ah, my poor husband ! we had five before—
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise, his step? Ah no, the wind.

“That I should be afraid of him I love !
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move ?

Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow,
Wrapp'd in her inward grief, nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light, scarcely clear ;
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets,
Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

" 'Tis thou ! " she cries, and, eager as a lover,
Leaps up, and holds her husband to her breast ;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover.
" 'Tis I, good wife ; " and his broad face express'd

How gay his heart, that Janet's love made light.
" What weather was it ? " " Hard. " " Your
fishing ? " " Bad.

" The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night ;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

" There was a devil in the wind that blew ;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line ;
And once I thought the bark was broken too.
What did you all the night long, Janet mine ? "

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, " I ?
Oh, nought—I sew'd, I watch'd, I was afraid,
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky ;
But it is over. " Shyly then she said—

“ Our neighbour died last night, it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones—
So small, so frail—William and Madeline.
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs.”

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Mutter'd awhile, and scratch'd his head ; at last,
“ We have five children—this makes seven,” said he.

“ Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now—Ah well,
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep.
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

“ Why did He take the mother from those scraps
No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read :
A learnèd man might understand, perhaps.
So little, they can neither work nor need.

“ Go fetch them, wife ; they will be frighten'd sore
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

“ Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even.
When He shall see these strangers in our bow'rs,
More fish, more food will give the God of Heav'n.

“ I will work harder, I will drink no wine,
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou tarry, dear?
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine.”
She drew the curtain, saying—“ They are here.”

LA MÈRE.

AH ! you said too often to your angel,
There are other angels in the sky,
There where nothing suffers, nothing changes,
Sweet it were to enter in on high.
To that dome on marvellous pilasters,
To that tent roof'd o'er with colour'd bars,
That blue garden full of stars like lilies,
And of lilies beautiful as stars.

And you said it was a place most joyous,
All our poor imaginings above,
With the wingèd cherubims for playmates,
And the good God's everlasting love.
Sweet it were to dwell there in all seasons
Like a taper burning day and night,
Near to the Child Jesus and the Virgin,
In that home so beautiful and bright.

But you should have told him, hapless Mother,
Told your child so frail and gentle too,
That you were his all in life's beginning,
But that also he belonged to you.

For the mother watches o'er the infant,
He must rise up in her latter days,
She will need the man that was her baby
To stand by her when her strength decays.

Ah ! you did not tell enough your darling
That God made us in this lower life,
Woman for the man, and man for woman,
In our griefs, our pleasures, and our strife.
So that one sad day—O loss ! O sorrow !
The sweet creature left you all alone,
Ah ! your own hand left the cage door open
Mother ; and your pretty bird has flown.

MON ENFANT.

THAT brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
Beseem my child who weeps and plays,
A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare,
That shows thro' all her features mild.
The poet sees an angel there,
The Father sees his child.

And by the pure gleam of her eyes,
We see how lately that sweet sprite
Has left her native Paradise.
And still she wanders in its light,

All earthly things are but a shade,
 Thro' which she pictures things above,
 And sees the Holy Mother Maid,
 Across her Mother's look of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,
 And virgin souls are whispering near,
 Till by her radiant smile deceived,
 I ask, "Young Angel, lately given,
 "When was thy martyrdom achieved,
 "And what name dost thou bear in Heaven?"

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF MATTHEW
 ARNOLD'S POEMS.

To W. A.

TO mine own poet dreaming, in his mountains,
 Such dreams as solitary moments nurse,
 Go, Poet, that by Castaly's clear fountains
 Hast twined thy glorious verse.

Go—when his wearied heart among the hills
 Lies dead and flat—and breathe thy golden strain,
 Till all the poet in his bosom thrills,
 And high thoughts speak again.

He, too, has heard the bees in Summer weave
 Their drowsy chant 'mid Oxford's scented limes;
 He, too, has watch'd the quickening pulses heave
 The heart of these strange times;

He, too, has felt the pressure of deep thought—
As his soul struggled through the angry throng,
When wrath, or fear, or love too keenly wrought—
Work itself off in song.

His voice, like thine, has rung in that great hall,
Through the deep silence, ere the plaudits stirr'd,
When thousand hearts hung breathless in the thrall
Of his own measured word.

Go—in brief pauses won from sterner duty,
Much needs the soul sweet fancy's wand of gold,
That, touching, tinges with a strange wild beauty
Earth's common things, and cold.

Go—and as sweet a strain perchance shall swell
Where his own fount of song lies sealed and dim,
For, when strange waters drop into the well,
It bubbles to the brim.

TO W. A.

THE torrent has its quiet pool,
Its sylvan spot the mountain brown,
Where daisies grow and lambs lie down
When Summer eves are cool.

Thy soul is full of gravest thought,
Of mighty philosophic themes,
Stern truth and wild poetic dreams,
And actions duty-taught.

Yet has it still its one green place,
Wherein one little lamb lies down,
And, sweeter than the daisy crown,
The thoughts that give it grace.

One quiet spot that knows no shock
Of falling waves that crash and whirl,
Where, safe as undiscover'd pearl,
There lies our little "Joc."

Thou said'st thy father-love was such
As man's great heart might fitly know
When gentle woman bids it glow,
And thrills to each light touch.

But holier still the love, I said,
That draws thee, with a fresh delight,
To those sweet eyes so calmly bright,
That little golden head.

Unselfish love, ennobling, mild,
And pure from passion's stain, I ween,
As that fair brow, late washen clean,
Of thine own christen'd child.

THE STRUGGLE.

WHY do I bid thee from my side?
The fields are pale with autumn light;
A thousand changeful shadows ride
Across the purple height.

Still silent drops the fir-tree's cone
Down on the sloping path below ;
The waters weave their undertone,
Why should I bid thee go ?

Ah ! Dearest, is it that our cup
Of mercy brimmeth o'er the brink
So full—I dare not lift it up
But pause, before I drink ?

Or must we learn to understand
How sharp our dearest joys may be ;
As breezes from the sailor's land,
Still drive him out to sea ?

He turns to greet across the foam
The fragrant gale that cheats him so—
Thou sayest that my heart is home,
And yet, I bid thee go.

Because thou hast a holier place,
Because thy days are dedicate
To serve before thy Master's face,
And at His altar wait.

Because His flock is thine to keep,
His precious gifts are thine to grant ;
A strain of music sounding deep,
Set to a solemn chant.

And I would have my love to float
Another strain into thine heart,
No discord to its highest note,
One with its holiest part.

A love to sorrow and to cheer,
A love to learn thine inward cares,
To fathom somewhat of thy fear,
And mingle in thy prayers.

So sometimes in cathedral proud,
A flower that village maidens wear
Will mix its fragrance with the cloud
Of incense rolling there.

So when angelic hymns aspire,
And priestly notes are sounding grave,
The little children in the choir
Take up the glorious stave.

How quiet lie the fields to-day,
As throbbing to that golden light ;
They have no harder part to play,
They will not wish for night.

Who strains too high will snap the cord,
Tho' first he bade its music flow ;
My heart-strings break upon the word,
Yet must I bid thee go.

VII

SONGS FOR CHILDREN

TWO WAYS.

A WASP and Bee together
Went out on silver wings,
With black and yellow bodies,
And both of them had stings.
Bee suck'd the golden honey
Out of a tulip cup,
And when her thighs were laden,
Went home to store it up.

Wasp got into a cherry,
And stung a little boy,
Who snatch'd the rosy berry,
And then flew off with joy.
O boys and little maidens,
Be you still good and kind ;
Better to store up honey,
Than leave a sting behind.

DREAMS.

BEYOND, beyond the mountain line,
The grey-stone and the boulder,
Beyond the growth of dark green pine,
That crowns its western shoulder,
There lies that fairy land of mine,
Unseen of a beholder.

Its fruits are all like rubies rare,
Its streams are clear as glasses ;
There golden castles hang in air,
And purple grapes in masses,
And noble knights and ladies fair
Come riding down the passes.

Ah me ! they say if I could stand
Upon those mountain ledges,
I should but see on either hand
Plain fields and dusty hedges :
And yet I know my fairy land
Lies somewhere o'er their hedges.

IN THE DISTANCE.

IN the distance, O my lady,
Little lady turn'd of three !
Will the woodland seem as shady ?
Will the sunshine seem as free ?

Will the primrose buds come peeping
Quite as bright beneath the tree?
And the brook sing in its leaping
As they do for you and me?

O my darling, O my daisy,
In the days that are to be,
In the distance dim and hazy
With its lights far out at sea;
When you're tall and fair and stately,
Will you ever care for me?
Will you prize my coming greatly
As you did when you were three?

LONGINGS.

WHEN the sun is high in heaven,
On the first day of the seven,
And the merry church-bells ringing,
Call the people in to prayer;
In my chamber sick and lonely
I lie weary, thinking only
Of the message and the music,
And the worship that are there.

For the bells are ringing still,
Over sea, and shore, and hill,
And the cities where the women
And the men go to and fro.

O the movement, O the pleasure,
As they answer to that measure !
O the weariness of wishing
That I too could rise and go.

Yet the bells will die away,
And the lips will cease to pray,
And the sunshine will not linger
On the valley and the street.
But I know there is a city
Where no sick child seeks for pity,
And where thousand harps are ringing
With a music more complete.

SONGS WRITTEN FOR HULLAH.

WHEN winter's closing shadows fall
Full early on the whitened wall,
When trimly glows the cottage fire
For home returning son and sire,
We'll gather round the brightening blaze
And sing for them our blithest lays.

When summer evenings cool and still
Cast golden gleams on tower and hill,
When dewy mists are curling thin,
The lowly trellised porch within.
While quiet twilight creeps along
We'll sit and sing some tender song.

The thrush beside the cottage door
His wildest warblings loves to pour,
The blackbird trills his notes of glee
From out the poor man's garden tree,
And the sweet night bird gives her strain
Where peasants wander down the lane.

Learn we of them, o'er lowly things
To shed the charm, sweet music brings
By every cottage hearth be heard,
The singing of some sweet home bird,
To pour on labour's charmèd ear,
The soothing strain he loves to hear.

Come and sing a merry measure
With our voices all in time,
And our notes together blending
Like the bells in a sweet chime.

Lo, around us all is thrilling
With a deep melodious tone,
And each chord in earth and heaven
Hath a music of its own.

All the green leaves in the woodland
With a life of sound are stirred,
And far up in the blue ether
Sings the heaven-loving bird.

E'en the wild winds through the mountains
Make strange music as they go,
And the waters moving swiftly
Bear a cadence in their flow.

Thus our Mother Nature teacheth,
With her many voices strong,
For she moveth to a measure
And her every pulse is song.

Come and join in the full chorus
With a glad and grateful sound,
Let not man alone be silent
When all else is singing round.

NON ANGLI SED ANGELI.

O CHILDREN, playing down the lanes,
In England's favoured clime,
Where cross-crown'd churches stud the plains,
And bells on Sundays chime.

Where small feet wander as they list,
And man to man is dear,
And high and low keep holy tryst,
Through all the Christian Year.

Doth even in your memories live,
The time whereof we read,
When Saxon did to Britain give,
Their valour and their creed?

Or came it ever to your thought,
When England's need was sore,
How her own blue-eyed children brought,
Salvation to her shore?

When unto childish grace was given,
To wake a soft surprise,
And not in vain the blue of Heaven
Shone liquid from their eyes,—

How haply where calm rivers glide,
Thro' greenly wooded lands,
Or east or westward where the tide,
Runs up the thirsty sands.

A Saxon Mother's shrieks have rung,
Blue-veined and wild and fair,
A she-wolf raving for her young,
Around her empty lair.

Telling her strong woe-stricken Chief,
“They came across the sea,
“In their beaked ships, and O my grief!
“They tore my boys from me!”

How they the while by Tiber's flood,
With blue wide-open eye,
In Rome's slave-market wondering stood,
And saw the knights go by.

And saw the fair Patricians pass,
Gold fillets in their hair,
But never one that cried, "Alas !
"To sell two things so rare."

How marvelling much and fearing much,
Half terror, half amaze,
They felt the Christian Prelate's touch,
And met his pitying gaze.

Gently his hand was o'er them bent,
Sweetly his shrift was given,
"Not Anglians then, but Angels sent,
"To win their isle to heaven."

And when the great Augustine came,
To evangelize our race,
With lifted cross and words of flame,
And deeds of love and grace,

The Mother saw her sons again,
White-robed and book in palm,
Come chanting down their native glen,
So rich, so sweet a Psalm.

That she, still following that sweet sound,
Of hope and peace, went up,
And, with her sons, a Saviour found
And drank salvation's cup.

Thus all the isle to light awoke,
From Odin's thralldom freed,
And took the gentle Christian yoke,
And learn'd the Christian Creed.

As some wild flower by hill or wave,
God's presence bids us feel,
So the child's beauty in the slave,
Could rouse the Patriarch's zeal.

And thus it was our sires were taught,
God's truth and Christ's dear lore,
And England's blue-eyed children brought,
His message to our shore.

JOANNA.

LORDS of merry England's manors,
Born for tilt with Spanish knight,
Lay your lances, furl your banners,
Here hath been a sterner fight,
Death has slain Joanna.

By the haughty Edward's sorrow,
By the tears of fair Philippe,
Twine no bridal wreaths to-morrow,
Spanish maids draw nigh to weep,
For your queen, Joanna.

Nought of jousting or carousal,
Woe hath been for joy and pride,
Burial for high espousal,
Lowly lay the virgin bride,
Death has wed Joanna.

Gently tomb her, for who knoweth
What of pain and grief to come,
He who all in love bestoweth
Saw, and to His heavenly home
Took the fair Joanna.

In high hope we came to weave thee
Bridal chaplets, Royal Rose !
In a higher hope we leave thee,
Faithfully to blest repose.
Rest in peace, Joanna.

REJECTED.

I PLUCKED a rose to deck her breast,
The brightest blood-red rose of June ;
It could not tinge its place of rest,
But withered there and faded soon.
So Love and sweetness vainly strove
To win a tint—a throb to steal,
For Love is only touched by Love,
And that, she says, she cannot feel.

She took the winter's white snowflake,
Upon my glowing heart to lay ;
The inward fire it could not slake,
But melted all in tears away.
So love lives on in spite of all,
And hope leaps up again, again,
Forgetful of their grievous fall,
Unconquer'd by her cold disdain.

DYING GIRL'S SONG.

WHEN the breath of English meadows
Is fragrant on the breeze,
And the flowers in my own garden
Are musical with bees ;

In the calm and pleasant evenings,
Will ye think of her who died,
Where the summer hath no twilight,
Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

Then when your lips shall name me,
Without or grief, or gloom,
My spirit, like a sunbeam,
Shall glide into the room.

Though ye see me not among you,
Though I breathe not with your breath,
The bond is still between us,
And love outliveth death.

And all that blessed spirits
In the land of rest may do,
To minister to others,
That will I do for you.

In the glimmer of the moonshine,
On your closely curtained beds,
It may be mine to hover
With white wings o'er your heads.

It may be mine to linger
In the fragrant morning air,
And carry up to Heaven
The incense of your prayer.

I may listen to your laughter,
I may watch o'er you in pain ;
Will ye think of me, my darlings,
When ye see me not again ?

In the sweet home where I nursed you,
Will you think of her who died,
Where the summer hath no twilight,
Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

THE LITTLE WHITE GHOST.

THE little white ghost of the dreams I had dream'd
For the boy who was wooing his bride,
In the cold still hour 'twixt day and night,
Came out and stood at my side.
The little white ghost of the first Babe's love,
For the limbs and the fair round head
That nestled and slept at my heart all night,
Came out and stood by my bed.
The little white ghost of my fears and hopes,
And the future a mother can make,
Came out from between his father and me,
As the day began to break.
And why should it not? since it is but a ghost—
And who can give life to the dead?
We cannot give back to the spectres of old
The substance and glow that are fled.
To-morrow will come with a triumph of love,
And the laughter of boys and their shout,
And what of the arm where the baby has lain?
So the little white ghost went out.

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